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CATHOLIC RECORD.

Vol. XIV.—JANUARY, 1878.—No. 81.

WILL MOHAMMEDANISM OUTLIVE THE TURKISH EMPIRE?

Two days before his death, Mohammed went to the mosque for the last time, and asked if he had injured any man. If so, let his own back bear the stripes. "Better be in shame now," said he, "than at the day of judgment." He then went home. A Jewish maidservant prepared for him a dish which she had poisoned, with the intent of testing his supernatural powers. He ate of it and died.

To the question if he had injured any man the modern world is constrained to answer in a positive affirmative. He has been the social and religious death of several nations. The fierce enthusiasm which he inspired in the Saracens blazed like a destroying fire for eight hundred years, and left nought but ashes behind. His religion has cursed Turkey and the East for hundreds of years, and has failed to lift them out of semi-barbarism. Whatever may be the theoretical excellence of the precepts of the Koran, the Moslem influence has been singularly inoperative of good upon the nations which embraced the creed. It deepened the natural fatalistic tendencies of the Oriental mind. It gave a religious sanction to unbridled sensuality. It sowed the seeds of religious rancor and bitterness among races not cultured enough to be theological. It stood as an inseparable obstacle to the Christianizing of the East, or rather it uprooted the faith in nations which had the apostles for their missionaries.

Under all the political reasons for the prosecution of the war in the East, there runs a deep current of religious feeling. The Cross and the Crescent are once more arrayed in deadly conflict. It is true that Greek Christianity is not the purest or mightiest force to summon against the Mohammedan superstition, but still as representative of the eternal and irreconcilable enmity between the creeds, it serves to enlist the sympathies of the Christian world. The divided opinion in England upon the merits of the question is a sad illustration of the decay of that Christian feeling which in the times of Richard Cœur de Lion inflamed the island with the faith and fervor of the Crusades. Then England did not rate all good by the standard of

pounds, shillings, and pence. Whatever be the motives actuating Russia, it is clear that the humiliation and dismemberment of the Turkish Empire must prove fatal to the Mussulman creed, which has so long reared its horrid front in the face of Christian and civilized Europe. The downfall of the Turkish power is the prelude to the disintegration of the Moslem system. As it is, the former tenacity of belief has long since given way to the laxity of morals and the prevalence of sectism. Few pilgrims now wend their way to the shrine of Mecca, the glory of which has departed. The nomadic tribes of Arabia, illiterate and immoral, will lose or corrupt the traditions of the Prophet, and once deprived of a settled organ and government, such as Turkey, Mohammedanism, like ancient paganism, must necessarily disappear from the earth, and be relegated to that chaos of false religions and exploded theories, the history of which serves to astonish, instruct, and humiliate mankind.

It is our intention to sketch the rise and progress of Mohammedanism, to search its inner spirit, its influence upon the world, and the evidences at hand of its speedy dissolution. This forms one of the most curious and instructive chapters in the history of religion, and awakens a feeling of awe and gratitude for the possession of that divine faith which at once secures us against the deceits of our own hearts and the machinations of the evil spirit and his instruments.

Mohammed, the Prophet of Islam, was born A.D. 570, at Mecca, in Arabia. He sprang from a sacerdotal tribe who were intrusted with the care of the Caaba, or sacred stone of the Arabians, which they fabled fell down from heaven, and which, very probably, was an aerolite. This huge black stone still plays a part in Islamism, having been retained by Mohammed in deference to the traditional respect of his tribe. The Sultan yearly sends to Mecca a covering for it, of rich black silk, magnificently embroidered. The Arab, whose marked characteristics Mohammed possessed in an eminent degree, has always been noted for religious feeling. The ancient Magians and Persians were star-worshippers, a form of idolatry which appears to be productive of exalted religious ideas and feelings. The primitive Irish also were Sabeans, or worshippers of the sun. The naked plains of the desert, in which sky and earth seem to meet, afforded to the wandering tribes the most magnificent views of the glory and splendor of the heavenly bodies. There also lingered among them the traditions of the Ishmaelites, and the promise made by God to Abraham, of making his son Ishmael a great people. Mohammed claimed descent from Abraham, and no doubt was familiar with the prophecy which, as we shall see, he was marvellously destined to fulfil.

Of his youth we have no particulars, nor was it until his fortieth year that he claimed to be favored with celestial revelations. He appears to have been a man of a serious and contemplative turn of mind, and frequently passed whole months in retirement. His first revelations came from heaven through the angel Gabriel. He was instructed to destroy idolatry, and to announce himself as the apostle of God. Then he phrased the formula, There is but one God, and Mohammed is the apostle of God. For three years he had made only five converts. His kinsmen with few exceptions kept aloof from him, and regarded his enthusiasm as dangerous to his own safety and the peace of the state. The opposition at length became so violent that he was obliged to flee from Mecca to Medina, a flight or hegira which forms the chronological era of the Moslems (July 16th, A.D. 622).

Stung by his treatment by his

friends and neighbors, the revengeful spirit of Mohammed sought in the sword the most available instrument for retaliating his wrongs and spreading his religion. "I can do with the sword what Moses did with his rod," he exclaimed. The warlike spirit which he infused into his creed held the ascendency over the milder virtues for centuries. The military profession was the path to both temporal and eternal rewards. Paradise was opened to the gallant defender of the Moslem creed. His wounds would shine as glorious suns in the paradise of the blessed. Celestial wings would supply the missing limbs. "One drop of blood," said he, "shed in the cause of religion was more salutary than two months of incessant prayer and fasting." The Koran records the intervention of angelic warriors in several battles. Full of enthusiasm, the Moslem soldiers, assured of eternal happiness, rushed upon the foe with the war-cry of Islam. They are paralleled in modern history by the troopers of Cromwell.

The Bedouin tribes were soon converted by the sword, and after some parleying the inhabitants of Mecca threw open their gates to the Prophet. Mohammed was desirous of enlisting the Jews in his behalf, and an acknowledgment of his prophetic claims; but they obstinately refused to recognize him as the Messiah, and made of him an irreconcilable enemy. He witnessed unmoved the massacre of hundreds of the unfortunate children of Israel. Gibbon thinks it would have been happy for that unfortunate race had they recognized Mohammed as the Expected of Nations (a title which he affected), for he was anxious to number them among the faithful. The many Levitical ordinances of the Koran, such as lustration, purification, and the prohibition of swine's flesh are taken from the Jews, and Jerusalem is one of the three holy cities.

During the lifetime of Mohammed his opinions spread rapidly, and in his dual character of prophet and king he conducted himself admirably. There was nothing *divine* or *supernatural* in his conduct, as we understand the terms. His most complimentary biographers represent him as a man full of human passions, anger, lust, deceitfulness, and revenge. Carlyle makes much ado about the veneration which he inspired among men who were his every-day companions, and argues therefrom that he must have proved his right to the title of prophet; but we must remember that the courtiers of Caligula worshipped his horse as a god. Besides, Mohammed was infinitely superior to the rude and superstitious men that surrounded him, and his other than supernatural qualities, his bravery, his finesse, his magnificent beauty, were all calculated to leave deep impressions upon untutored minds, and to inspire love and admiration in rude bosoms.

The successors of Mohammed spread the terror of the Moslem name from Grenada to Delhi, and founded one of the mightiest dynasties of modern times. The lust for power and pelf was early fostered by Mohammed, who ordained a liberal division of the spoils of conquered territory among his soldiers. This was, no doubt, the most attractive feature in his religion to his first followers, who were famous as merchants and thieves. The idea that made Cromwell's soldiers invincible was the same that inspired the followers of the Prophet. The Calvinistic doctrine of absolute predestination was not more familiar to the conquerors at Worcester than to the Mussulman besiegers of Damascus. Always reckless of life, the Arab had now a reason for death. It was the entrance to a paradise which his sensual mind thoroughly appreciated and enjoyed. Cooling fountains, delightful groves, troops of beautiful damsels, and all the physical gratifications that could be described or

dreamed of, opened upon the dying eyes of the soldier, who thus exchanged a miserable existence on the parched desert for the endless joys of heaven.

In his quest for lay-figures for his heroes, Mr. Carlyle has fixed upon Mohammed as the hero-prophet. Isaiah or Jeremiah did not furnish the proper heroic qualifications. The patience of Daniel, the rapt vision of Ezekiel, or the consummate virtue of Elias do not seem to find favor in the eyes of the hero worshipper. Of course we need not be surprised at his choice of Mohammed, when he selects the beery monk of Wittenberg as the type of the perfect priest. Around Mohammed he marshals his troop of splendors, infinities, eternities, and actualities, which do such service in all the themes he writes upon, from a suit of old clothes, to the galaxies of the universe. He scouts the idea that Mohammed could have been an impostor. "His heats were all burnt out" at forty, though Gibbon's prurient imagination finds ample material in the numerous amours of the Prophet, who so roused his wives' jealousy that nothing but a timely revelation from the angel Gabriel preserved the domestic peace. Carlyle congratulates the Prophet upon "swallowing up" the innumerable sects and idolatries that afflicted Arabia, and he indulges in very flippant comments upon the words by which the Council of Nice determined for all time the consubstantiality of the eternal Son of God with the Father.

With that exquisite coolness and indifference to the *norma loquendi*, which the Scotch Diogenes shows in the manufacture and use of words, he employs in every and any sense the appellation "Prophet," which has a fixed and distinct meaning. A prophet is one who foretells the hidden future by the divine assistance. Mohammed was neither a prophet nor worker of miracles. When besought to work prodigies in attestation of his claims, he angrily replied that the visible world was full of miracles, and that strong faith needed no factitious aids. If he had a deep conviction of his own success, it was the extent of any "faith" that he possessed. But we must understand Carlyle before we perceive that Mohammed was a prophet because he was sincere; because he smote down idols, and displayed the same rough energy and strength of will that made Frederick the Great a prophet, too, after the order of Carlyle. It is a sign of what Carlyle himself would call the mock-heroic to see him building a sacred shrine to a man who must be viewed either as an impostor or enthusiast. Why take *him* as a hero-prophet when, from every nook in Christendom, there starts out a man filled with the purest and holiest love of God and his glory? Why pass over the St. Bernards and Xaviers to bespangle with tawdry praise the garments of one who set himself over the Lord Jesus Christ?

If religious enthusiasm is to be the form of religious truth and sincerity, we find ourselves at sea at once, in the unsafe keeping of all sorts of harebrained apostles and prophets. Happy for the Church if, as Macaulay surmises, we have a process of turning Joanna Southcotes into St. Theresas. All the operations of the Spirit of God are peaceful, profound, unspeakable. There is none of the frenzy of the Pythoness. The spiritual life tends rather to calm and modify our natural impetuosity, while the discipline of the Church soon checks abnormal developments of zeal. If Carlyle's rules for discovering a prophet are to be accepted, we must place the prophetic mantle upon the shoulders of Emanuel Swedenborg and Joseph Smith. Nothing is more contagious than religious excitement. No delusions are more frequent and incurable than religious callings and missions. But Mohammed was not car-

ried away by an excitement which unfitted him for the camp or the cabinet. He was a remarkably cool prophet, and he regulated his prophetic ecstasy with surprising convenience, and with marked attention to the exigencies of certain situations.

Carlyle says that Mohammed wrought good, inasmuch as he destroyed Arabian idolatry. Mohammedanism, says he, is a half Christianity. So much the worse, say we. A lie which is half the truth is ever the worst of lies. It is this horrible aping of Christianity which is so revolting. Mohammed artfully displaces our Redeemer and makes him one of the satellites that revolve around himself. It is absurd to claim for Mohammed the credit of destroying idolatry in nations which either had received or were on the point of receiving the Christian faith. Besides, Arabia was a land in which the patriarchal traditions still survived. Mohammed really opposed the spread of the true Light which enlightens every man that comes into this world. He borrowed from the Nestorians and the Docetæ heretical errors, and added to his doctrine many of the absurdities of the Talmud. He thus closed to his people all the pure reforming influences of Judaism and Christianity by his parody of both.

Why supplement the eternal truth of the unity of God with the fiction of his own apostolate? for, according to him, both *dicta* are to be received as necessary for salvation. The extinction of idolatry was a good which was neutralized by the succeeding superstition. The Caaba with its mystic rites seems preferable to that horrible formula which links the everlasting truth "There is one God" with the lie "Mohammed is his Prophet."

If Carlyle admires the religious idea breaking forth in the flame of noble deeds of high emprise, why does he not turn to that marvellous outburst of chivalry and Christian love known as the Crusades? In that glorious enthusiasm the Christian Church showed forth its full beauty and power, the noblest object for which a man could fight and die; Europe felt no wild spasm of fanatic rage, but the strong feeling of conviction that it was God's will to reclaim the holy places from the pollution of the infidel. To die for the Cross, to expire upon the field over which the Son of God had walked, to behold the vision of the heavenly Jerusalem from the walls of its earthly namesake, to draw sword in the cause of God against his enemies, here was a theme to satisfy the greatest hero-worshipper under the sun. But Carlyle, notwithstanding his study of Goethe, has still to learn the "open secret."

Dr. Johnson has remarked the striking similarity, rather designed and formed by the Prophet, between the rise and progress of Christianity and the origin and success of Islamism. The whole train of circumstances attending its first promulgation is extraordinary. Its dominion over the human mind, both as conquering and conquered, and its power to change the character of nations, are facts still more extraordinary. Its progress in quarters where it resorted only to the arts of peace and persuasion is unexplained. Its permanency and inviolable preservation of its original pure theism, and the mysterious concurrency, unexampled save in the history of Christianity, of causes and events conducing to favor its introduction and establishment, lead the mind to seek the explanation in some adequate source. This resemblance has given a great deal of uneasiness to apologists for Christianity, who imagine that they can establish its divine origin on simply natural grounds and by a process of mere historical and critical research. The fact is, Mohammedanism has twice the number of merely natural arguments

in its favor. The arguments to prove the Scriptures inspired may be applied with almost equal force to the Koran. When will Protestant divines perceive the insufficiency of their arguments to establish Christianity upon a groundwork of physical or literary evidences? Butler and Paley with their host of imitators have been overthrown a thousand times, but they have the happy ignorance of not knowing when they are beaten. Mohammed went to work scientifically, with the aid of heretical works, to frame a religion which should supersede Judaism and Christianity. It is to be supposed that he labored for that end and with that view. Hence innumerable analogies, both designed and unconscious, present themselves between him and Moses, and even our Lord. His mind was filled with the visions of the prophets and the Psalmist, and he was familiar with both the genuine and the apocryphal gospels. What could be easier done than arrange his life and book in prophetic attitudes and tones? Like Moses, he wandered in the desert, and did not present himself as a prophet till his fortieth year. He declared himself to be of the same stock as Abraham. Moses received the tables of the law upon the Mount, Mohammed from the hands of an angel. He placed the Koran in an ark of wood. Like Moses, he claimed the power of conquering and colonizing. Prior to entering upon his mission he was driven into exile; he led forth his people from the desert as their prophet and king; he appointed twelve legislators; in short, he modelled himself upon Moses as the archetype of the Messiah, upon Christ as the fulfilment of the Mosaic type, and finally he presented himself as the last and greatest of the prophets, improving upon our Saviour in the establishment of a temporal kingdom as well as a spiritual supremacy. If we view Mohammed from a Scriptural standpoint he manages to play the part of every Scriptural worthy from Adam down; but who fails to see the evidence of laborious design, of studied imitation, aided by the force of circumstances, in this arch-deceiver, who fills all the outlines of Christ's prediction regarding false Christs and false prophets, and is the very Antichrist of St. John, a man setting himself up as God? The writers of the middle ages unanimously agree that in Mohammed we have the Beast of the Apocalypse.

Thus we see how easily shaken is the cumbrous structure of natural proofs reared with infinite labor by those who do not perceive at once that the Church of Jesus Christ must be regarded as an object of divine and supernatural faith. Of course we by no means wish to detract from the force of those arguments by which the theologian establishes the authenticity of the inspired writings, nor the proofs of the divine origin of Christianity from its sublime doctrines, the life of its Founder, the number of its martyrs, etc. These are cogent and convincing. But after all, and before all, the Church stands as a divine fact and illumination, shining *luce suâ*, and attesting its origin by supernatural proofs and attestations. Without the authority and infallible magistery of the Church, of what avail is historical criticism or hermeneutical knowledge, with Mohammedanism staring us unwinkingly in the face, and pointing to the very arguments which Protestantism uses in its own defence and for its own glory?

Our own reading and reflection have led us to the conclusion (which we give for what it is worth) that Mohammed, liar and cheat that he became, was originally a providential agent in the hands of God, but that the grace of recognizing the truth of the divine unity and the promise to Ishmael became distorted in his mind by the passion of ambition, and perhaps anger at the manner in which he was received. He who is true to

his word had declared that he would make Ishmael a great people. Isaac had received the benediction in Jesus Christ. The bondsman was to be made free with his freedom. But man can frustrate the designs of the Almighty, in spiritual graces, by the freedom of his will. Arabia certainly received through Mohammed the temporal blessing, for no richer, wiser, nor more valiant race ever flourished as did they under the rule of the caliphs. The promise to Abraham was fulfilled. The children of Agar saw their standard victorious, their marts crowded with commerce, their civilization copied and envied by Europe, and their throne fixed in the halls of the Cæsars. Their history is an illustration of the divine dealings with man. But their hand was against every man, and they lived the terror of their neighbors for centuries. Professing to honor Christ, they in reality set up permanently the abomination of desolation even in the holy city. Onset after onset did they make upon the bulwarks of Christendom, and if God had not stretched forth his right arm, the Papal power, desolation would have swept over Europe and the Church. The Popes repeatedly stemmed the tide of barbarian invasion. The hammer of Charles Martel broke their hosts asunder upon the plains of Poictiers, and it was at the prayer of a Pope that their proudest navy was scattered at Lepanto, as by the breath of God.

Mohammed embodied his doctrines in a book which he called Koran, which signifies "reading" or "things to be heard." This is supplemented by a work named "Sunna," a record of the sayings and doings of Mohammed, and an authoritative exposition and interpretation of the Koran. The latter book is inexpressibly dull and tedious, though its rhythmic form may have beauties in the Arabic original. Its leading doctrine of course is the absolute unity of the Supreme Being, and its only other positive dogma is predestination or absolute fatalism. The morality which it inculcates is of a high order, being borrowed from Hebrew and Christian sources. The greatest stress is laid upon the necessity and efficacy of prayer, fasting, and almsgiving, all of which are compulsory.

The fatalism rigidly advocated by the Koran has an unhappy effect upon man. He feels himself bound as by an iron network of circumstances, fate, and conditions which he can neither understand nor control. Islam means complete submission to God. Carlyle insists that this is the only true thing in all religions; but his shallow reasoning fails to touch the spring of the evils which result from fatalism. Possibly his Scotch education received the doctrine of Knox as the essence of Christianity. Absolute predestination deadens the heart, unfits it for virtue, and makes it either selfishly complacent or despairing. Our more critical understanding rejects the horrible incubus; but the Oriental mind found it congenial to its slow perceptions and its disinclination to think. Mohammed assured all the faithful of eventual future happiness, though the wicked should be first punished by periods of a thousand years. There appears to be no principle of a spiritual life in his teachings. The Turks are as cruel, sensual, and dishonest to-day as they were before they embraced Islam. The Bedouin still robs and murders the travellers of the desert, and a Persian saying makes the bargains of commerce at Mecca synonymous with theft and deception.

It was not until the Caliphate was thoroughly established that attention was given to the arts and sciences. The quick and fertile genius of Arabia then put forth its powers and produced the most enduring monuments of Saracenic greatness. The exact sciences were cultivated with ardor; and even

theological speculations became rife. Schools of doctrine were formed in which professors taught philosophy and theology; and it was through them that Aristotle became known to Europe. Astrology was cultivated to an absurd extent, and the dreams of the philosopher's stone and the elixir of life originated in the laboratories of Eastern chemists. The earlier Caliphs were either illiterate or averse to learning. Omar burnt the Alexandrian library, saying that if the books contained anything more or less than the Koran, they were equally useless. The baths of the city were heated for six months with the fuel of priceless manuscripts and massive volumes. Scholars have never ceased to deplore the loss which learning sustained at that time, especially in the destruction of Scriptural manuscripts. It is supposed that Ptolemy's copy of the Sep tuagint version perished in the flames.

We have said that Mohammedanism is on the wane. In India, the labors of the Catholic missionaries are abundantly rewarded. Persia is distracted with sects, and Arabia keeps it rather as a vague tradition than a vital creed. It finds in Turkey its only congenial home and its last stronghold. The obstinacy of the Turk in all his habits and ideas is the only warrant of its continuance. The union of the royal and priestly character in the Sultan also furnishes a prime condition of its existence—this being Mohammed's own ideas. But Turkey, of late years, has been opened out and liberalized by modern thought and civilization, and the restless nations around it have shaken its lethargy. The abandoned lives of its sultans have exposed them to the contempt and ridicule of their subjects, and made them the tools of designing ministers.

The long-continued reign of Islam threatens to close amidst the clouds and lightnings of war. Like the moving masses of sand in the deserts from which it sprang, it has long blinded the eyes of nations, shifted with the varying simooms of fierce passions and hot prejudices, but it will break before the life-giving air of rational liberty, enlightened public opinion, and, above all, of Christian influences. Huge, misshapen, and portentous, its lowering form recedes in the gloom, and its dark superstitions betake themselves to their native shades.

TWO VOCATIONS.*

WHEN, during the War of American Independence, the little Eliza Ann Bayley was the joy and beauty of her father's New York home, no wildest flight of fancy probably ever suggested to him, who was father and mother both to her, that his child would one day be at the head of a peaceful but powerful army, whose banner of charity should be known and loved from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico. He might have dreamed it to be remotely possible that divisions could, some future day, occur in the new country struggling into life, and that the sons of those who, in his time, were fighting side by side might one day clash swords against each other; but he was not likely to so forecast events as to dream that in that future of his Protestant country the white cap of the Catholic Sisters of Charity would be known and welcomed and honored on battlefield and in hospital, and that she whom those sisters revered as their foundress and first mother would be his little girl.

Eliza Bayley was a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and she married Mr. William Seton, who was also of that denomination. She was earnestly devout, and was so devoted to the relief of the poor that she and one of her relations, who was much associated with her in such works, were called Protestant Sisters of Charity. Her biographer says, in regard to this portion of her life, "Hers was one of those favored souls that are borne up by their own natural impulses to the love and pursuit of what is right, and this disposition, aided by study and reflection, gave to her sentiments and aspirations a tone of uncommon purity and virtue, which manifested itself in all her writings. Her mind was of a superior order, but it was not less prone to the indulgence of pious meditation than it was active and intelligent. Those hours which she could snatch from her domestic and social duties were frequently employed in communing with God, in the perusal of the Holy Scriptures, and in meditating upon the sublime truths of the Christian religion. When things had assumed the most unfavorable aspect, and one loss appeared only to be the harbinger of additional misfortunes, she knew how to possess her soul in patience and to trust in Him who directs all the events of life for the wisest ends."

In 1803 Mr. Seton, who was in very delicate health, left home for Italy, to try the effect of a sea-voyage. His wife and their eldest daughter Anna accompanied him, leaving two sons and two daughters at home. On the 18th of November they reached Leghorn, where they were obliged to go into quarantine, and there for a full month they lived in suffering and deprivation, brightened with earthly and heavenly love, whose record, from Mrs. Seton's own journal of the time, is very touching and beautiful to read.

But it is more, much more, than touching and beautiful when considered in the light of what was to follow. On the 19th of December the poor invalid was set free from his trying captivity, though his wife's heart "beat almost to fainting lest he should die in the exertion;" comfort for a short time was granted him, but extreme suffering and weakness accompanied it. The record for December 26th is: "Was so impatient to be gone that I could scarcely persuade him to wet his lips, but con-

* The Life of Mère Marie de la Providence, Foundress of the Helpers of the Holy Souls. By Lady Georgiana Fullerton. Burns & Oates, London, 1875. Life of Mrs. Eliza A. Seton, Foundress and first Superior of the Sisters or Daughters of Charity in the United States of America. By Charles I. White, D.D. J. Murphy & Co., Baltimore, 1873.

tinued calling his Redeemer to pardon and release him. As he always would have his door shut, I had no interruption. Carlton kept Anna out of the way, and every promise in the Scripture and prayer I could remember I continually repeated to him, which seemed to be his only relief. When I stopped to give him anything, 'Why do you do it? What do I want? I want to be in heaven; pray, pray for my soul.' He said he felt so comfortable an assurance that his Redeemer would receive him, that he saw his dear little Rebecca smiling before him, and told little Anna, 'Oh, if your father could take you with him!' And at midnight, when the cold sweats came on, he would reach out both his arms, and said, repeatedly, 'You promised me you would go; come, come, fly!' At four the hard struggle ceased; nature sank into a settled sob. 'My dear wife and little ones,' and 'My Christ Jesus, have mercy and receive me,' was all I could distinguish; and again repeated, 'My Christ Jesus,' until a quarter past seven, when the dear soul took its flight to the blessed exchange it so much longed for. I often asked him, when he could not speak, 'You feel, my love, that you are going to your Redeemer?' and he motioned 'Yes,' with a look of peace. At a quarter past seven on Tuesday morning, December 27th, his soul was released, and mine from a struggle next to death. And how will my dear sister understand, except you could conceive the scene of suffering my poor William passed through, that I took my little Anna in my arms and made her kneel again with me by the dear body and thank our Heavenly Father for relieving him from his misery, for the joyful assurance that, through our blessed Redeemer, he had entered into life eternal, and implored his protecting care and pity for us who have yet to finish our course?"

We read here of devoted love to the earthly spouse and of deep love of God and trust in him. The soul of this earnest woman would seem to many persons to be very ripe in holiness, and yet, in little more than a year from that time, Eliza Seton had become a Catholic. Fresh from her husband's deathbed, and after watching beside another dying couch, that of her cherished sister-in-law Rebecca, she left deliberately the fold in which she had been reared, and where she had loved them, and taking a step which sundered her in her young widowhood from many friends, to whose love and sympathy she might otherwise have looked, she went straight onward to meet poverty and neglect on the one hand, but on the other that which was to her more than life or love of earth. Not without long and hard struggle did she attain to the rest which finally she won.

"I do not get on," she writes, "cannot cast the balance for the peace of this poor soul, but it suffers plenty, and the body too. I say daily, with great confidence of being one day heard, the 119th Psalm, never weary of repeating it and reading à Kempis, who, by the way, was a Catholic writer, and, as our Protestant preface says, 'wonderfully versed in the knowledge of the Holy Scriptures;' and I read much, too, of St. Francis de Sales, so earnest for bringing all to the bosom of the Catholic Church, and I say to myself, 'Will I ever know better how to please God than they did?' and down I kneel to pour my tears to them, and beg them to obtain faith for me. Then I see faith is a gift of God, to be diligently sought and earnestly desired, and groan to him for it in silence, since our Saviour says I cannot come to him unless the Father draw me. As it is, by and by, I trust this storm will cease, how painful and often agonizing He only knows who can and will still it in his own good time. . . . In a desperation of heart I went last Sunday to St. George's (Protestant Episco-

pal) Church. The wants and necessities of my soul were so pressing that I looked straight up to God, and I told him, since I cannot see the way to please you whom alone I wish to please, everything is indifferent to me, and until you do show me the way you mean me to walk in, I will trudge on in the path you suffered me to be born in, and go even to the very sacraments where I once used to find you. So away I went, my old Mary happy to take care of the children for me once more until I came back; but if I left the house a Protestant I returned to it a Catholic, I think, since I determined to go no more to the Protestants, being much more troubled than ever I thought I could be while I remembered God is my God. But so it was, that the bowing of my heart before the bishop to receive his absolution, which is given publicly and universally to all in the Church; I had not the least faith in his prayers, and looked for an apostolic loosing from my sins, which, by the books Mr. Hobart had given me to read, I find that they do not claim or admit; then trembling to communion, half dead with the inward struggle when they said 'the body and blood of Christ;' oh, no words for my trial! And I remember, in my old prayer-book of former edition, when I was a child, it was not, as now, said to be spiritually taken and received; however, to get thoughts away, I took the *Daily Exercise* of good Abbé Plunkett to read the prayers after communion, but finding every word addressed to our dear Saviour as really present, I became half crazy, and for the first time could not bear the sweet caresses of the darlings or bless their little dinner. Oh, my God, that day!"

At last her troubled mind found rest. "They tell me," she says, "take care, I am a mother, and my children I must answer for, whatever faith I lead them to. That being so, and I so unconscious, for I little thought, till told by Mr. Hobart, that their faith could be so full of consequence to them or me, I will go peaceably and firmly to the Catholic Church; for, if faith is so important to our salvation, I will seek it where true faith first began—seek it among those who received it from God himself. The controversies on it I am quite incapable of deciding; and as the strictest Protestant allows salvation to a good Catholic, to the Catholics I will go and try to be a good one. May God accept my intention and pity me! As to supposing the word of our Lord has failed, and that he has suffered his first foundation to be built on by Antichrist, I cannot stop on that without stopping on every other word of our Lord, and being tempted to be no Christian at all; for if the first church became Antichrist, and the second holds her rights from it, then I should be afraid both might be Antichrist, and I make my way to the bottomless pit by following either."

On the 14th of March, 1805, Mrs. Seton abjured Protestantism, and was received into the Catholic Church. This step brought upon her not only the opposition of her former friends, but estrangement from them. Left a widow with five children without sufficient support, she was now deprived of aid that would have been gladly given her had she remained an Episcopalian. But though she still had friends to assist her, she was unwilling to be wholly dependent on them, and, therefore, opened a boarding-house. In the course of the next year her young and dear sister-in-law, Cecilia Seton, when only fourteen years of age, became a Catholic in spite of all opposition; and for a time, while the displeasure of her relatives lasted, found a home with Mrs. Seton. But the heart of the latter was drawn to a higher life; it was her desire to place her sons at a Catholic college, and to be admitted herself with her daughters into

some convent where she might teach, and her children might be properly educated as Catholics. And now, in God's own way, simply and quietly, this true-hearted woman's vocation was marked out. Not as in the case of Mère Marie de la Providence, which we have linked with Mrs. Seton's, though that was God's own way also, did a voice speak first to the inmost soul, showing a new path, and shaping the life by strange events towards it. The Catholic Church was in its small beginning in the United States, and more than one of its faithful, hard-working priests knew of and cared for the brave convert to the faith who had left much to find all. Distinctly through their lips God revealed his will for her. She had planned to go to the nuns in Canada, but her plans were given up in the hope that she might do a greater work at home. Her advisers bade her "wait the manifestation of the divine will, the will of a Father most tender, who will not let go the child afraid to step alone." Greatly must her meek obedience have cheered them, proving to them her fitness for a work which would sustain their hands and the hands of their successors in many and many an hour of trial. "I have only to pray God," one wrote to her, "to bless your views and his, and to give you the grace to fulfil them for his greater glory. *You are destined, I think, for some great good in the United States*, and here you should remain in preference to any other location. For the rest, God has his moments which we must not seek to anticipate, and a prudent delay only brings to maturity the good desires which he awakes within us."

And so she gave herself to God to do what he should bid her do through the voice of his chosen servants upon whom his Spirit rested. It was a great work that lay before her; "the very idea," she says, "is enough to turn a stronger brain; but I know very well he sees differently from man, and as obedience is his favorite service and cannot lead me wrong, according to the old rules I look neither behind nor before, but straight upward without thinking of human calculations."

In 1808, with a view to the work which might be shaped out for her, she opened a small boarding-school in Baltimore, and then, one morning after receiving Holy Communion, she was impressed with a wish to give herself "to the care and instruction of poor female children, and to organize some plan for this purpose that might be continued even after her death." Circumstances combined to show that God's time was come; spiritual daughters desirous of the religious life gathered round Mrs. Seton; Emmettsburg, now so famous in the annals of the Catholic Church in this land, was selected as the place for the home of the great future work; a modification of the rule of the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul was adopted for the community; and there until 1821 Mother Seton labored for the glory of the Lord, who had brought her into his one and only Church, and for the good of souls redeemed by his most precious blood.

She desired that her society should be completely affiliated with that of the Daughters of St. Vincent de Paul in the Eastern hemisphere, and though this was not accomplished during her lifetime, it has taken place since her death, and the whole globe is belted with these white-helmeted ranks of consolation. The sick and the suffering know them well and love them; they are tender nurses to little children whose mothers own them not; they are found, fearless and calm, upon the battle-field, ministering to the wounded and the dying; plague-stricken cities know them as of the number of those who fear God and fear nothing else save sin; who love God, and for his sake love all for whom he died. Converts to the Church know them,

as they open hand and heart and peaceful chapel to bid the newcomers welcome. Men who mock at religion bow humbly and reverently before them. And they count among their holy dead some blood-stained martyrs who have met death in the heathen land at the heathen hand; they count among their living those who have been driven into exile because they stood firm to their duty and their God. This army of St. Vincent is known the wide world over. There is another world for which another noble band is spending its all.

In the year that closed the first quarter of the nineteenth century, and upon the great festival of the Annunciation, there was born in France a child who was, some thirty years later, to furnish a new order in the Church. Watching the life of Eugénie Smet, both in her childhood and young womanhood, who would have dreamed what the object of the order would be? Her home was happy, her parents were in easy circumstances, her health was good, she possessed talents, and the power of influencing those about her. Bereavement, so far as the loss of friends by death is concerned, seems to have been well-nigh an unknown thing to her until after her vocation was plainly marked out before her, and her work begun.

Early in life she was drawn to the religious state, but felt no special attraction to any of the existing orders. For a time she found scope for her holy activity and zeal in the performance of good works in her native place, and so important and useful did she become that for this reason, as well as severe neuralgic pains which after a time came upon her, she seemed precluded from the path which still allured her, though she could not tell in what direction. On the feast of All Souls, 1853, light shone out upon that path, and lo! it was one as yet untried, where her own brave feet must lead the way. This bright, keen-spirited girl, full of activity, and tenderly attached to her home, her family, her friends on this side the grave, was drawn by God away from all that living, visible, tangible affection, so precious to her, and bound as by an irresistible spell to the invisible realm of the dead, to the purgatory where earthly joys are as the veriest nothing to the holy souls whose one longing is to see the face of God.

She had from mere childhood felt a strange and strong attraction to them. On that All Souls' Day, which was as a turning-point in her life, "just after receiving our blessed Lord into her heart, and whilst she was renewing the consecration of her whole self and her whole life to the Divine Master whom she had deliberately chosen as the spouse of her soul, a thought passed through her mind. She said to herself, religious communities exist which answer every need of the Church militant on earth, but not a single one specially devoted to the relief of the suffering church in purgatory. Was she called, perhaps, to fill up that void?

"Startling are the first whispers of grace to a soul watching for God's leadings. The idea seemed too bold a one. She felt at once what it would involve, with that strange rapidity of thought which in an instant presents to the mind a whole series of consequences and considerations. She saw rising before her the old dread of a total separation from those she loved, the long array of obstacles, of oppositions, of reproaches, which meet even an ordinary vocation to the religious life; then the appearance of extravagance which the thought of founding a new order would bear, the scorn and ridicule it would excite in worldly persons, and the contempt with which even the good and wise would treat it; then, more dimly, a consciousness that those who might pledge themselves by vows to be victims for the

holy souls would have to bare their breasts, as it were, to every kind of suffering, spiritual and temporal. No use, she mentally exclaimed, this is going too far; it is not this that God wants of me."

But it was this that God wanted of her, and for this he gave her the will and the power. In Paris, in the year 1856, her work began. She began it smarting under the anguish of separation from her home; she began it poor in this world's goods and with her mind entirely in favor of not taking as part of the active religious works of her order any which could bring payment. She and her first companions tasted poverty's cup right swiftly. "Water has to be bought at Paris, as well as other things. These ladies had to limit themselves to a pennyworth a day of that necessary of life. Their shawls were turned at night into blankets. One chair was all the whole set of rooms had to boast of; the need of seats was supplied by the purchase of two narrow wooden benches. Eugénie's strength broke down, and her severe neuralgic pains returned with violence." But still the little band persevered, and well did the faith of the foundress testify to the fitness of her name in religion, Mère Marie de la Providence.

The pen pauses while thought busies itself with the wonderment as to what impression such a life as this makes upon men who utterly deny that prayers for the dead are of any use at all, and consider them as "Romish errors," or upon those who think of their dead as happy and safe in some middle land of peace, where a pious aspiration for their repose may follow them, but not by reason of any special need for prayer in which those souls may be placed before they can appear in the awful presence of him whose eyes are too pure to behold evil. They do not know the intensity of faith whereby the Church holds as an integral part of her communion a shadowy land of anguish, where her children suffer in meekest patience the just penalty of sins, nor do they know the intensity of love whereby she follows them thither, offering prayers and holy deeds and the tremendous sacrifices in their behalf. It might be well worth their while to ponder deeply upon the meaning of Mère Marie's life—upon God's visible manifestation of blessing on it—upon the exterior and interior holiness which characterized it. Is all this the sign of a mistaken belief?

According to Eugénie's ideas, we are told, an order devoted to the Holy Souls was to have nothing to do with means less absolutely directed to its end than works of mercy; it was to rely upon him who feeds the birds of the air, and clothes the lilies of the field, for the necessaries of life, of a life entirely devoted to poor sufferers on earth and the poor sufferers on the other side of the grave. But it was to be also a life which, in measure as it relieved the pains of others, seemed to accumulate them for its own in unison with him who carried our sorrows. The playful child, the "strong, healthy, high-spirited, and highly gifted girl" of Lille, was to taste before death every trouble that she dreaded most. She herself had said, "Amongst the things I was most afraid of—that did not involve a sin—there were five I particularly dreaded: to have to leave my family; to found the communistry; to have nothing to depend on for the support of my daughters; to get into debt; and to have a cancer. Well, by God's goodness every one of these has happened to me."

And to add to all other trials, France was a scene of torturing suspense and distress. On the 1st of November, 1870, Mère Marie writes: "The Commune is proclaimed, so they say. But I will not disquiet myself about anything. I rely on the Divine Heart of our Lord. He will take care of my poor daughters.

I am suffering martyrdom. This is as it should be. This is the proper way of celebrating the seventeenth anniversary of my first thought regarding my dearly loved souls in purgatory. Yes! on this day, just seventeen years ago, our Lord inspired me with the thought of founding this community. How many favors I have since received! And, if I had faith enough to feel it, what an immense mercy my sufferings are. To-day I feel as if I were on fire; my hands are burning. Jesus, I want nothing but that your will should be done. O Jesus, my master, let every pain be an act of love soliciting the deliverance of a soul in purgatory."

That was her life-thought. "We say every day in our office for the dead," such was her teaching, "sacrifice or oblation thou wouldst not, but thou hast given me a body. Then said I, 'Behold I come.' Yes, let us repeat, 'Lo, I come to work all my life by prayer, by suffering, and by action, for the deliverance of the souls in purgatory, and I come *for good and all*,'"

On All Souls' Day, 1870, when her bodily malady was like slow torture, she said in the evening, the clock having stopped, thus making her think, perhaps, of the long, sleepless night before her, "How unfortunate! we shall not hear the clock strike, and shall not be reminded to make the sign of the cross. I suffer for the souls in purgatory; that thought helps me to bear my illness. I can only satisfy my longing to help the souls that God loves by suffering for them. I believe that during seventeen years I have had no other thought than this. I love to help the souls in purgatory, for God's own glory is interested in their release. This is a time of grace," she said, "a time of expiation and of merit; we shall be very foolish if we let it pass without profiting by it, not for ourselves, but for the souls who expect so much from us."

How shall we cease to tell of her closing days? How choose from all that union of life in death with her Master's final anguish the portions to be inserted here? As she looked upon the blood flowing from the wound that was killing her, she used to exclaim, "My God, how glad I am to shed my blood for you! To accomplish your blessed will. Jesus on the cross suffered more than I do. O, will of God, will of God, these words give strength to bear everything."

"Even when crushed by bodily suffering, Mère Marie found strength in her ardent charity to direct, and even sometimes to prepare food with her own hands for the poor whom her nuns continued to visit amidst all the horrors of the siege. She used to send out every day soup to the sick, and watched over all the details connected with the relief of the wounded. December was marked by increasing pains and an increasing fervor of love, which struck all those who approached the voluntary victim of her devotion to the Holy Souls. On the festival she used to say, 'For me there are no feasts now but those of eternity; here I can do nothing but lose myself in the depths of God's will.' At the close of that terrible year of 1870, and the beginning of 1871, which opened amidst such dire calamities, she said to her spiritual children assembled round her bed: 'Cling to the Cross, our only hope. Life is short, eternity endless. Let us think only of eternity.' The doctor having pronounced that she might die at any moment, Père Olivaint proposed to her to receive extreme unction. She agreed to it with a joy that lighted up her dying face. After receiving the last sacrament, Mère Marie de la Providence accomplished the act which the rule enjoins upon all religious persons on their deathbed. She placed herself at the feet of all her sisters, and distinctly and earnestly, though some-

times interrupted by the difficulty of breathing, she humbly begged forgiveness for all her failings, and the faults by which she had scandalized or grieved them. Père Olivaint then said: 'It is time now to address your last recommendations to your daughters.' Upon which she made an effort to raise her voice, and uttered these words: 'Let them continually increase in zeal for the Holy Souls in purgatory, and in the spirit of their order; let the houses of China, Nantes, Brussels, and Paris, be one in heart and soul.' 'And all the future foundations also,' Père Olivaint added, with a kindly smile. 'Charity, that is what I recommend,' the dying founder ejaculated; and her director, who was well acquainted with her thoughts, added, 'And the interior spirit, without which there can be no true religion, and, indeed, no Christian life.' From that day to the 6th of February, the era of her death, Mère Marie received the Blessed Sacrament every day. The 19th of January was the anniversary of the foundation of the community. On that day she said: 'Almighty God has showered blessings on our society; it is right I should suffer a great deal. . . . Oh, if you did but know what I feel—that it is entirely his work, and not mine! He has chosen the most wretched of instruments to effect his purpose. Blessed be God!' To the end her mind remained perfectly clear, and pious ejaculations rose to her lips, especially the words 'Jesus, eternal joy of the saints!' 'It is strange,' she remarked, 'how continually present to me are those words.' The cry of our Blessed Lord's agony was also ever bursting from her heart. 'I can no longer pray, or even listen to prayer,' she often said, 'but I can still say *Fiat;*' and with the rosary of the Curé d'Ars in her hands, she repeated on every bead, 'Jesus, *fiat.*' "*

We have recorded certain trials which she had dreaded, and which had all befallen her. She had truly dreaded them, but it is to be borne in mind that she had not asked to escape them. One thing, however, she had asked, "to die well prepared, without any definite expectation of her decease, yet immediately after receiving absolution." And as was often the case in her life of dependence upon God's providence, the answer came signally to her earnest prayer. On the seventh of February she made confession and received absolution, but without a sign that she thought her death imminent. After that absolution she did not speak again, but slept peacefully, and from that sleep, without another word, she passed peacefully into the sleep of death.

She had said once, "You ask my idea of heaven. It is love! love! love! On earth we can love deeply, indeed, but our hearts are always crying out that they cannot love enough. In heaven it will not be so. Our love will then be without limit, because we shall love God purely, and our hearts are made for him."

She had said also, "We often make acts of faith, hope, and charity, but it does not often occur to us to make acts of joy. And yet it would be very pleasing to God if, for instance, we sometimes said to him, *My God, how glad I am that I belong to you.*"

When for that heart of love a bar against sin or fault or imperfection was forever placed by death, may not its first act have been to cry, "My God, how glad I am that I belong to you?" Or was this soul, that had given its all for the holy souls, allowed to enter purgatory—not to suffer—but by a special grace of God

* In 1870 she began to use (writes one of her nuns) what she called her "spiritual chloroform." This was the constant repetition on the beads of the Curé d'Ars of the words, *Fiat Jesus.* We used to hear her continually reiterating this devotion. The spirit of her whole life was in that prayer. Rapid were the strides of the terrible disease which was hurrying her to the grave. She kept it a secret as long as possible; only a few intimate friends knew of its existence. *She used to call it her hidden treasure.*

to take home with her joyously a happy company of those for whom she had lived on earth, with them to gain the blessed vision of God's face forever, with them forever to "love, love, love?"

It is peculiarly natural to follow Mère Marie after death, for her life had been spent in and for purgatory during seventeen years here.

Judged by the narrative before us, it was a singularly simple life. This spiritual mother left but four foundations of her order—in Paris, in Nantes, in Brussels, in China. Another has been gained since her death for England. As yet the seed is small compared with what Mother Barat in her long lifetime sowed. But what it will be as it becomes more widely known one may prayerfully and lovingly fancy, not so much measuring its future growth by the thousands of aching or broken hearts that mourn their dead, as by the desire for reparation which shall one day waken in lands that, casting away the Catholic faith, have cast off with it the very thought of a middle state of sufferings, and have dared to rob the dead of what pious souls had left to be a perpetual memorial to mankind to intercede for them.

When that day comes in England, a day which, viewed by the dying prophecy of King Edward the Confessor, may not be far distant, when she shall once more be Catholic, what myriad souls shall find themselves with the heroic act of charity, how many descendants of the men who wrought three hundred years ago the awful deformation of England shall vow themselves to a lifelong reparation in the order of the Helpers of the Holy Souls!

God's own glory is interested in their release.

God's glory—what but this is the key to the mystery of vocation? Where human wisdom would have called a bereaved and aching heart to found an order for their dead, God turned to his glory in this respect a life marked by sunshine and buoyancy. And he chose a bereaved widow, from whom parents and husband and sister had one by one been taken, to found in the Western world a great branch of those Sisters of Charity whose life and works are peculiarly characterized by the active spirit of their first founder, St. Vincent de Paul. How should it make us distrust our own judgment and our own will, and be content with that will of God, which meekly accepted, gives indeed the strength to bear everything!

TO-DAY.

LET dotards grieve for childhood's days,
And only those look back
Whose wasted wealth or shattered health
Betrays a shameless track:
I cannot join in mourning time
For ever passed away;
For whilst I look on Nature's book
I'm thankful for to-day!

The trees are still as fresh and green
As ever branches were,
And still, in primal vigor seen,
They wave their arms in air;
The rivers sing the selfsame song
That they have sung for aye,
Whose burden, as they glide along,
Is "God is here to-day!"

There's not a bird upon the bough,
Or leaf upon the tree,
But in the summer twilight now
As sweetly sings to me:
The bleakest wind that winter blows
Can chase disease away,
And shower blessings in the snows
That hide the earth to-day.

And everywhere a thousand gifts
Invite us to rejoice;
To grieve no more the days of yore,
But raise a thankful voice;
That tell us, though the world were fair
In years removed for aye,
The earth and sky, and sea and air,
As lovely are to-day.

Then tell me not that childhood's days
Alone are fraught with joy;
That manhood's fancy cannot raise
The structures of the boy:
The childish mind is lost in dreams
Of pictures far away,
But man beholds majestic themes
In wonders of to-day.

Oh ye whose eyes upbraiding rise,
Pronouncing fate unjust,
Who walk the earth with cherished hopes
Low trailing in the dust,
Discard a false unmanly thrall,
Nor own so weak a sway,
But hope in Him who gave you all,
And thank Him for to-day!

A PLEA FOR PLAIN HISTORY.

The reader will soon discover that I advance but few pretensions to that which has been called the philosophy of history, and which I have had the temerity to call the philosophy of romance. It is the privilege of the novelist to be always acquainted with the secret motives of those whose conduct and character he delineates; but the writer of history can know no more than his authorities have disclosed, or the facts themselves necessarily suggest. If he indulge his imagination, if he pretend to detect the hidden springs of every action, the real origin of every event, he may embellish his narrative, but he will impose upon his readers and probably upon himself. Much research and experience may perhaps have entitled me to form an opinion; and I have little hesitation in saying that few writers have done more to pervert the truth of history than philosophical historians. They may display great acuteness of investigation and a profound knowledge of the human heart, but little reliance can be placed on the fidelity of their statements. In their eagerness to establish some favorite theory they are apt to overlook every troublesome or adverse authority, to distort facts in order to form a foundation for their system, and to borrow from their own fancy whatever may be wanting for its support and embellishment.—*Dr. Lingard's Preface to History of England.*

In view on the one hand of the above weighty and well-considered words, and on the other hand of the performances at the present day of the historical muse, we cannot avoid asking ourselves the question whether the writing of history be not likely to become as much a lost art as architecture or even as logic itself. For who among contemporary historians—who at least that aims at being "popular," and attaining that circulation which is its own reward—but does and must do the very thing which a grave and capable authority thus strongly deprecates?

For mere facts our public has ceased to care, nor does it employ historians to provide it with such dry and Spartan fare. Their business is to cook the facts; to chop them up; to season them scientifically; to serve them up highly spiced to tickle the public palate. Above all, they have to save the public mind from the disagreeable process of thought. That same mixture of shallow culture, ambitious to know everything, and of mental indolence, unwilling to work at anything, by virtue of which we allow reviewers to persuade us that we admire poetry which no mortal man can understand, brings it likewise about that men should have very strong and very combative opinions respecting all historical problems, from the origin of the Athanasian Creed to the guilt of Mary Queen of Scots, while with the bare outline of the facts involved they have not even a decent acquaintance.

But it is not with the recipient public that we are now concerned; not with those who cry for food, but with those who put it into their mouths; not with the consumer, but with the producer. And in speaking of this producing class the fact we assert seems not to need proof. Historians nowadays are expected to be "philosophical," and "philosophical" they are. They do not even think of presenting us with facts as facts and inferences as inferences, or of confining themselves to what they find recorded. To read character, to detect and lay bare its inmost recesses and hidden springs, to penetrate from the fact on the surface to the motive beneath, to tell us not only the "what" but the "why," and the why not objective only, but subjective as well—this is their task, and it is only on the strength of supposed fitness for this task that they occupy the position which they have.

They are taken, in other words, as historical experts who from much

familiarity with the subject have acquired eyes to see what others cannot see, and a right in consequence to interpret for their less practiced brethren that which the said brethren have not the means of understanding for themselves.

Now it is doubtless true that within certain limits this claim is reasonable. It is true that, as an African explorer or an excavator of catacombs, so also a seeker among records and archives has a right to a hearing and must have a special authority when he speaks on matters within the limits of his researches. This is true; and it is true besides that he will acquire by his experience such a knowledge of the tract in which he works as to be able to take short cuts where others must go round-about, and to recognize his bearings by landmarks which for others have no meaning.

This we allow, but we can allow him no more, and our present task is to protest against the other functions which they who call themselves historians affect to discharge, functions which we hold with Dr. Lingard to be dangerous and absurd. As to argument on the subject, his admirable remarks might suffice; but we will observe two things in addition. First, that with all our telegraphs and all our correspondents we find it quite impossible to master the right and the wrong, the why and the wherefore, of history in progress at this moment with half the confidence and security with which historical sleight of hand affects to clothe its interpretation of the dim records of the middle ages; and second, that while historical clairvoyance reads glibly off for us the character and motives of men of other centuries, no one of us can do the same for his most intimate living friend.

Our thesis, then, is this: the historian is a man of facts, and he who ceases to be a man of facts ceases, far, to be an historian. He may use his acquired knowledge to arrange and to co ordinate facts or to argue from them, but he must let us know how much is fact or record and how much inference. He may think that a chronicle betrays a leaning or that a recorded action suggests a motive, and he may tell us so. But if he undertakes to assert simply as a piece of history that the writer wrote as he did because of that leaning, or that the subject of his history did what he did because of that motive, he is as much a charlatan as the magician who undertakes to find a spring by the divining rod, or the astrologer who casts a horoscope according to the stars.

This thesis we do not propose to argue *a priori*. We will take some specimens of recent "history," and in their presence ask the common sense of readers to say how far they deserve the name.

Mr. James Anthony Froude has been engaged these last few months in telling the British public and the world at large what they are to think of St. Thomas of Canterbury, or as he curtly styles him "Thomas Becket." Those who know anything of this author's method will not need to be told that his tale is entirely made up of those elements which we wish to see eliminated. Motives, objects, influences, are run off the reel for us from the beginning of the complex narrative even to the end. Reasons are given to explain facts, and when that will not do, reasons are given to explain facts away, and the reasons in the one case as in the other are given quite as peremptorily and categorically as the facts.

We have heard of an Italian who being drawn to serve in the army of his united country was saved from the disagreeable honor by the characteristic intervention of an interested official. It was this man's duty to test the conscript's eyes by handing him various kinds of

spectacles and asking him as he put each on how things looked to him through them. As, however, he at the same time added how they ought to look if he wished to have his eyes judged worthless for military purposes, it was not hard to arrive at a prosperous conclusion. Some such part does Mr. Froude undertake for our benefit. We must never see the text without his gloss; never be suffered to look at a fact till we have heard from him what we are to find there. He never for an instant hints it as conceivable that what he finds there may not be there at all. Nay, he seems explicitly to accept or to claim that very character of a reader of hidden things against which we are arguing. "Motives," he tells us,* "which in one age are languid and even unintelligible, have been in another alive and all-powerful. To comprehend these differences, to take them up into his *imagination*, to keep them present before him *as the key to what he reads*, is the chief difficulty *and the chief duty* of the student of history."†

Now for a few samples of the manner in which this difficulty has been met and this duty accomplished.‡ We take them almost at random.

St. Thomas, as is well known, when he became Archbishop, insisted, to the King's displeasure, on resigning his chancellorship. This is the fact. Now for the philosophy.

"As Chancellor, he had been at the head of the State under the King. As Archbishop in the name of the Church *he intended* to be head both of State and King; to place the Pope, and himself as the Pope's Legate, in the place of God's vicegerents. When he found it written that 'by me Kings reign and princes decree judgment,' *he appropriated the language to himself*, and his *single aim* was to convert the words *thus construed* into reality. The first public *intimation* which he gave *of his intentions* was the resignation of the chancellorship,"* and to make assurance doubly sure, this account of the matter is backed up by another idea equally philosophical, but as to the proof which is vouchsafed utterly childish, that he wished to avoid an audit of his accounts, in which Mr. Froude pronounces that "he was wise."†

Again, when ruptures began between King and Primate, and when the Pope urged the latter to keep within the laws of the realm, the fact is thus set forth:

"Alexander *had no liking* for Becket. He had known him long and *had no faith* in the lately assumed airs of sanctity. . . . On the spot he dispatched a Legate," etc.‡

Presumably, Alexander confided these motives to Mr. Froude, for he seems never to have intrusted them to any one else.

Again, the same Pontiff, who, as seems to common eyes, did his best to find a middle course which, without sacrifice of principle, should not exasperate the King, is thus depicted for his pains by the keener glance of the philosopher:

"Harassed on both sides, *knowing perfectly well* on which side good sense and justice lay, yet *not daring* to declare Becket wrong and accept what after all that had passed *would be construed* into a defeat of the Church, the unfortunate Alexander drifted on."§

The side of good sense and justice

* Nineteenth Century, June, 1877, p. 549. The italics here and throughout these citations are ours.

† More than this, he seems elsewhere naively to admit the force of the very impeachment which we are attempting to urge. He writes in the same series of papers (October, p. 393): "In that distant century, when the general history is but outline, and the colors are dim and the lights and shadows fall *where modern imagination chooses to cast them.*" But this is a stray seed of truth falling by the wayside and not bearing any fruit.

‡ It is no part of our present object to point out misrepresentations of fact, and in dealing with Mr. Froude the task would be endless. We are engaged with the system only on which such history is constructed, and with that which serves to illustrate the system.

* Nineteenth Century, July, p. 843.

† Ibid., p. 844.

‡ Ibid., p. 847.

§ Ibid., September, p. 223.

being, it is needless to observe, the side of the historian, and the only ground for asserting that the Pope saw it to be so, being that the same authority judges that he ought to have so seen it.

Not to multiply examples, we take another from the finale of the history.

We all know the fact of the tremendous revulsion of feeling caused by the Archbishop's murder, the triumph of his cause, and the penitence of the King. We also know that contemporary writers assert in terms the most explicit, that miracles were wrought by his relics or over his tomb, of which they, the writers, were eye-witnesses. Now let us treat these facts philosophically.

"Martyr for the Church of Christ or turbulent incendiary justly punished? . . . That was the alternative that lay before the Christian world. . . . Benedict of Canterbury. . . . relates the influences *by which alone the popular verdict was decided* in the Archbishop's favor." Mr. Froude goes on to tell us that "miracles come when they are needed." But he considerately adds that "they come not of fraud, but of an impassioned credulity, which creates what it is determined to find."

And having thus made clear the principle, he is ready to descend into the region of "facts."

"In the eyes of Europe the cause for which Becket fell was the cause of sacerdotalism as against the prosaic virtues of justice and common sense. *Every superstitious mind in Christendom was at work immediately* generating supernatural evidence. . . . *Either the laws of nature were suspended*, or for the four years which followed his death *the power and the wish were gone* to distinguish truth from falsehood.* The most ordinary events *were transfigured.* That version of any story *was held to be the truest* which gave most honor to the martyr. . . . The monks sought their pallets *with one thought in the minds of all of them.* Was the Archbishop a saint, or was he a vain dreamer? God only could decide."

And the way being thus scientifically made straight, the vision which one of these monks relates himself to have seen can be safely introduced.

And the writer who can put this down as history is described as our most illustrious living historian.

But it is not with particular examples that we are mainly concerned. We are attacking the system which underlies such histories, be they right or wrong in their particular conclusions. Our protest is against the pretension of a writer to do what cannot possibly be done: to lay down in this manner motives and causes which neither are recorded, nor which "the facts themselves necessarily suggest."

Now in the matter of St. Thomas we have seen what, on Mr. Froude's showing, were the unmistakable merits of the case. His was "the cause of sacerdotalism" as against "the prosaic virtues of *justice* and common sense." And it was this plainly and broadly "in the eyes of Europe," so that no one, we presume, who knows anything of the facts could hesitate thus to esteem it. More than this, Becket was seeking to usurp a power not justly his. It was an "encroachment."* If he were right, "then kings and cabinets ought to be superseded at once by commissions of bishops."† He sought to secure, "not the purity of the Church, but the privilege and supremacy of the Church:"‡ the King, "always moderate"§ (Henry the Second), was moved to action only by the clear evidence which the Archbishop forced upon him, that *justice* was to be withheld in the case

* In which latter case it certainly is clear that the task must needs devolve upon some other century, such as ours, of making a history for the twelfth which it was obviously quite incapable of supplying for itself.

* Nineteenth Century, June, p. 548.
† Ibid., July, p. 847. ‡ Ibid., p. 843.
§ Ibid., p. 846.

of clerics, and that "they might commit murder upon murder, robbery upon robbery, and the law would be unable to touch them."

In fact it is abundantly made evident that the case of the Monarch against the Prelate was that of justice against injustice.

But while this is so, it is a little puzzling to a reader accustomed to take his explanations as well as his facts on trust, to find that the same facts have suggested another quite opposite, albeit presumably quite as philosophical a judgment. What is a plain man to think if, after what we have just given, he stumble across the following?

"Times were changed in England since the Second Henry walked barefoot through the streets of Canterbury. . . . The clergy had won the battle *then* because *they deserved to win it.* They were not free from fault and weakness, but *they felt the meaning of their profession.* Their hearts were in their vows, their authority was exercised *more justly*, more nobly than the authority of the crown; and, therefore, *with inevitable justice*, the crown was compelled to stoop before them."

And assuredly the bewilderment does not grow less on finding that this latter account, no less than the former, comes from the pen of Mr. James Anthony Froude. The one he gave to the world in the year 1856 in his *History of England*,* the other this year in the pages of a Review. History has been changed between these dates because Mr. Froude has changed his spectacles. One thing seems clear. If now he is teaching us history, then twenty years ago he was perverting its most obvious lessons. If, in 1856, he was speaking with any authority, then is he a slanderer in 1877. And surely the historical method which leads to such awkward dilemmas can hardly commend itself to sober common sense.

But Mr. Froude is, after all, for us but an example to illustrate an evil which influences writers far more worthy of our consideration than is that unscrupulous partisan. We must enter our protest in the remainder of this paper against what of the same evil system we find in the work of an historian who has obtained, and to a great extent most deservedly obtained, an exceptionally wide hold on the public mind,—Mr. John Richard Green.

In some respects, indeed, Mr. Green's *Short History of the English People* is a yet more striking instance of the bad system we deprecate than is even anything of Mr. Froude's. The latter does, at least, give us references and notes, and the notes occasionally flatly contradict for us the text to which they are appended. The former, after a very general indication of "authorities," presents to us all the substance of his volume purely on his own *ipse dixit.*

And some few circumstances cannot but suggest to our minds a doubt as to whether that authority be always truly philosophical. First, as to the selection of authorities. In his seventh chapter on the Reformation we read as follows:

"The main authority . . . is Foxe's *Book of Martyrs.* In spite of *endless errors* of Puritan prejudices and *deliberate suppressions of the truth* . . . its mass of *facts and wonderful charm of style* will always give a *great importance* to the work of Foxe."

In the name of sober history, what is this? What is the meaning of *facts* in conjunction with the name of a witness who is acknowledged to be not only deceived, but deceiving? What does it matter as to his historical credibility whether he lie picturesquely or ungracefully? What sort of a view of his duties can that historian have who can thus naively introduce a "main authority?"

But we pass from authorities to the use of the same, and with one instance thereof we shall be content.

* Vol. i, p. 81.

We take the instance of Sir Thomas More.

In Mr. Green's treatment of More's history there seems to be portrayed in brief all the evil which follows from the adoption of the philosophical method of historiography.

The philosophical historian must trace events to their causes, and the actions of men to their motives. He must, therefore, to a great extent, forget the individuality of men to manœuvre them like puppets in platoons. He considers them as spokes of a wheel—members of a party following its evolutions—and their individual history as being explicable primarily through it. In More's case the party in question is that of the "New Learning."

Given the fact that More and Fisher were friends of Colet and Erasmus, and that Erasmus was a stepping-stone to the Reformation, it becomes abundantly clear that the Chancellor and the Bishop must have been some time or other near the Reformation too. The drama for the purposes of the picturesquely philosophical historian must be constructed on broad lines easily followed by the eye of the audience, just as a scene-painter must deal in bold strokes. That More while delighting in the new fields of human learning which the "Renascence" (as Mr. Green calls it) opened for him, still believed as firmly as his forefathers in those sacred truths for the divinity of which he wrote and died—is an explanation of facts too petty, not sufficiently scientific, for the needs of the modern mind. Instead of this, we are invited to believe that men of the "New Learning" throughout Europe formed a quasi-homogeneous whole, or at least that their minds manœuvred together with the regularity of a flock of plover. Their principles were common, though local circumstances might give various developments to those principles. In Italy the New Learning was more "literary," more "largely human;" in England "more moral, more religious, more practical in its bearings, both upon society and politics."* Accordingly all these men of the New Learning, from More to Erasmus, were at one in their general aims, moral, religious, and practical, which aims the said New Learning evinced by steadily backing† the cause of the Reformation. What then turned the particular man of this body with whom is our present concern, against—and so very decidedly against—the cause which he was so prepared to befriend? Not any weak and antiquated ideas of the truth of one Creed as opposed to another, but the extremely un-new-learned character of Luther's reply to Henry the Eighth.

"To More especially, with his keener perception of its future effect, this sudden revival of a *purely theological and dogmatic spirit*, severing Christendom into warring camps, and annihilating all hopes of union and tolerance, was especially hateful. The temper which hitherto had seemed 'endearing, gentle, and happy,' suddenly gave way."‡ So great in fact was the shock that he forgot the New Learning himself. "His answer to Luther's attack upon the King sank to the level of the work it answered."§ Nay, so extraordinary was the revulsion of his feelings at seeing dogma thus survive, that under its influence he went and laid his head on the block for the sake of dogma.

Now we are not so much concerned in arguing that such an account is puerile and ridiculous, as in pointing out that such stuff is the necessary product of the "philosophical" writing of history.

Where explanations have to be given of everything they must be found, and as they are not generally found ready to hand they have to be

* Short History of the English People, p. 298.
† P. 315. ‡ P. 319. § P. 316.

made. The manufacture is an interesting process, and in these days may almost claim rank as a fine art. We are far from saying that there is always or even generally deliberate unfairness on the part of the manufacturer, but we remember Dr. Lingard's phrase about the writer who "will impose upon his readers and probably upon himself." We find a good instance of our meaning in the materials to support his view of his character which Mr. Green brings from More's *Utopia*.

This "wonderful book," Mr. Green tells us,* "reveals to us the heart of the New Learning." In the kingdom of "Nowhere" (as he rather affectedly translates the title)† the "humorist philosopher" found realized by "the mere efforts of natural human virtue these ends of security, brotherhood, and freedom for which the very institution of society seemed to have been framed," in contrast to "a world where fifteen hundred years of Christian teaching had produced social injustice, religious intolerance, and political tyranny."‡

"From Christendom More turned with a smile to 'Nowhere.' In 'Nowhere' the aim of legislation is to secure the welfare, social, industrial, intellectual, religious, of the community at large." And amongst these topics, "his treatment of the religious question" was in a special manner in advance of his age. "The religion of 'Nowhere' was in marked contrast with the faith of Christendom. It rested simply on nature and reason . . . Christianity indeed had already reached Utopia, but it had few priests; religion found its centre rather in the family than in the congregation. . . . More than a century before William of Orange, More discerned and proclaimed the great principle of religious toleration."*

For our own part we must confess to a very uncomfortable qualm within our soul as to the reliance to be placed on the exposition of authorities and documents unknown to us when we find this treatment of one that we know. To put it broadly, we conceive it to be impossible more utterly to travesty More's scope and teaching in this celebrated work.

For if this account is worth anything at all it means that Sir Thomas More meant the *Utopia* to be, as is here represented, a picture of a state of things which he considers to be ideal, or at least to be far better than the state of things in Christendom. But reading the work itself, can we think that he so meant it?

For in the first place, he himself tells us exactly the opposite. After hearing the narrative of Raphael the traveller, who describes the unknown island and its inhabitants, the author adds:† "Many things occurred to me both concerning the manners and laws of that people that seemed *very absurd*, as well in their way of making war as in their notions of religion and divine matters." And, indeed, for an ordinary unphilosophical reader this piece of information could hardly be needed, seeing that the chief point in Utopian warfare was to bribe subjects to assassinate their leaders, and leaders to betray their trust, while in religion they are remarkably free, "some of them worshipping the sun, others the moon or one of the planets," and some "such men as have been eminent in former times for virtue or glory, not only as ordinary deities, but as the Supreme God."

In fact, the attempt to fasten on More as serious proposals what he thus playfully imagines, would land his character in some very questionable embarrassments. For to say

* Short History of the English People, p. 310.

† Utopia, according to More, is named after King "Utopus that conquered it." We should think that the king's name rather than that of the island is rightly translated by Mr. Green.

‡ P. 311.

* Short History of the English People, pp. 311, 313.

† We quote throughout from Bishop Burnet's translation.

nothing of the very extraordinary preliminaries of Utopian marriage, and the absolute communism which is the chief point of their "Commonwealth," what should we think of the man who chose the profession of the law, and submitted to be made High Chancellor after making his ideal people "have no lawyers among them, for they consider them as a sort of people whose profession it is to disguise matters and to wrest the laws?"

But the capital error of Mr. Green's account is his mention of Christianity. According to that account More cannot have been a Christian at all, but preferred the religion of "nature and reason." Rather an unsatisfactory account of a man who died rather than give up the Pope.

In fact, the supposition that any contrast (any religious contrast, at all events) was intended between Christendom and Utopia simply destroys all the moral which the work was meant to point. The people he undertook to depict was a people in the mere light of reason as opposed to one that possessed revelation. Forget that point, and the sense of the work disappears. But neither in the character of Raphael the traveller nor in his own does More for a moment allow us to think that he ever doubted this reason without revelation to be comparative darkness. He makes Raphael say, "After they had heard from me an account of Christianity it is not to be imagined how inclined they were to receive it. I shall not determine whether this proceeded from any secret inspiration of God or whether it was because it seemed so favorable to the community of goods which is an opinion so dear to them. . . . . Many of them were initiated by baptism. But . . . none of us that survived were in priest's orders; we therefore could only baptize them, so that to our great regret they could not partake of the other sacraments that can only be administered by priests. But they are instructed concerning them, and long most vehemently for them." Unmistakable enough this might fairly seem. But having thus spoken through the mouth of Raphael, and in the terms already quoted, from his own concluding remarks concerning the absurdity of Utopian views of religion and things divine, More thus in this prefatory letter to Peter Giles, precludes all possible error as to his sentiments. He therein expresses anxiety to know something more about the latitude and longitude of the island. He cannot at present let his readers know in what sea it lies. "There are some among us," he says, "that have a mighty desire to go thither, and in particular, one pious divine is very earnest upon it, not so much out of a vain curiosity . . . . as that he may advance our religion which is so happily begun to be planted there, and that he may do this regularly he intends to procure a mission from the Pope, and to be sent thither as their bishop. . . . He desires it only as the means of advancing the Christian religion, and not for any honor or advantage that may accrue to himself."

Now, finding as we do that the book thus strangely misunderstood is named at the head of the chapter on the "New Learning" amongst the authorities for the history about to be given, nay, more, as the "typical book of the Revival," have we not a right to plead that even in the hands of a scholar such as Mr. Green, the philosophical system of history is a bad and a dangerous one? We must refrain from seeking further examples to back our plea; but surely what we have given is enough. Not only in the case of deliberate unfairness, but by the very nature of things, and by the weaknesses of our nature, the task which our historian undertakes will never be fulfilled.

We believe, as we said at the outset, that the demand for histories of

the kind we have described is a bad sign for public taste. Such food is the food of children, not of men. That student of history does not profit by his learning who is content to take an author's conclusions without knowing that author's grounds. There should be chapter and verse for every assertion, and full data for every inference. So long as people flatter themselves that they are studying history when they are not supplied with this, so long as they are content indolently to swallow the dicta of a master with closed eyes, so long will history be a delusion and a snare.

DISHONORED.

I.

On the evening of Sunday, the 30th of October, in the year 1792, a hackney coach conveyed a party of four persons, with a small quantity of baggage, from Billingsgate Wharf to a distant part of London. The weather was wet and cold, and, as the coach slowly labored through the foggy, deserted streets, the great city presented an unusually cheerless aspect. But had it been ten times more dismal, the travellers would have uttered no complaint: for they had arrived, at last, in a place of safety, and the sense of security outweighed, for the moment, every other consideration. The perils of a stormy passage from Dunkirk on board a crazy, ill-found smack, had been their latest discomfort; but the sea-risk was nothing in their estimation to the dangers which they had left behind. Nor can this be wondered at, when it is explained that they were refugees from Paris at a moment when, frightful as recent events had been, the prospect of the future was even yet more terrible. Glad enough, then, they were to find themselves in a place which was not only a present asylum, but, to one of their number, the haven towards which his hopes had long been directed.

This person was Monsieur Morin, the head of the party, a gentleman some fifty years of age. His companions were his daughter, Adelaide, a beautiful girl, just turned of nineteen; her old bonne, Marguérite, more housekeeper than nurse, more family friend than either; and a middle-aged, confidential man-servant, whose name was Louis.

Monsieur Morin was no stranger in London, and, what was then a rare accomplishment, could speak a little English, enough to enable the hackney coachman to understand whither he wished to be driven, and to prevent the Jehu from charging very much more than double the proper fare, when, the wearisome journey at an end, the vehicle stopped at the door of a moderately sized house in a respectable portion of the town.

It appeared that Monsieur Morin was expected, servants being in readiness, fires burning, and other preparations made for the reception of himself and family. The trim appearance of the house, the size and disposition of the rooms, rising in five pairs from basement to attic, the scanty hall and narrow staircase, offered a striking contrast to the home which Adelaide had quitted in the Rue de Mirabeau, where every-

thing was large, lofty, and en suite. But if her new abode seemed strange to her unaccustomed eyes, it was at least free from painful associations, and, after the scenes she had lately witnessed, any place out of Paris was welcome. The house, in fact, was only small by comparison.

Early on the morning after his arrival, Monsieur Morin went from home. Besides the removal of certain effects from the vessel in which he came from France, he had affairs of importance to transact. The nature of his own occupations in Paris had long connected him with a London firm, the founder of which was a fellow-countryman, named Devaux, and to his place of business in the city Monsieur Morin at once proceeded. A painful surprise awaited him. Greatly to his sorrow, he learned that the head of the house had died only ten days before, after a brief illness.

"Mr. Richard Devaux, the only son, sir," whispered the clerk who gave this information, "is now our principal. Our late Mr. Devaux was buried on Saturday, and to-day is Mr. Richard's first appearance here since his father's death. But he takes to it, sir; he takes to it. O yes, sir, he will see you, no doubt. Who shall I say, sir?"

Richard Devaux was a short, thick-set young man, apparently about five-and-twenty, with a colorless cheek, thin lips, and dark, restless eyes. At Monsieur Morin's entrance he rose from a table, on which several folios were lying open, and came to meet him.

"Monsieur Morin, of the Rue de Mirabeau?" he said in a low voice.

"The same, sir. The correspondent of your house, and the old friend of your father."

They shook hands, and there was silence between them for a few moments, each apparently occupied with the past. Monsieur Morin was the first to speak.

"I grieve, sir," he said, "to trespass on your attention so soon after your sad bereavement; had I known of your recent loss I would have deferred my visit till you were better prepared to receive me."

"It does not matter," replied Richard Devaux. "A day sooner or later, when the worst is over, is of no consequence. You perceive," he added, pointing to the books before him, "that I have already begun to distract my thoughts by application to business."

"You are right," returned Monsieur Morin. "I, too, find my only relief in active pursuits. But for them my mind would sink altogether, when I contemplate the position of my unhappy country."

"Are affairs, then, so much worse in France? Forgive me, sir, for asking the question, but the last few weeks have been for me a perfect blank."

"I can well understand it," said Monsieur Morin, again pressing the young man's hand. "Yes," he resumed, "everything hastens from bad to worse, and this will be the case till the very worst arrives."

"The worst?" repeated Richard Devaux, with an inquiring look.

"Unless our efforts can prevent it. The horrors of September have reached your ears?"

"All the world shudders at them. Can anything more terrible befall?"

"Every day the hand of murder strikes down a nobler victim; every day witnesses a bolder and bloodier tyranny. All soon will be anarchy. The King is already accused before the Convention. That was the natural consequence of the infamous decree by which royalty was abolished in France. See, then, what hope we have of the future, unless we find it here!"

"And is that, sir, your only expectation?"

"I fear it. Everywhere on the continent the armies of the Revolution triumph. And this brings me to the object of my present visit.

The sums which have been deposited with your house must shortly be made useful to our cause. You are aware of the extent of my transactions in this respect with your late honored father."

"Not entirely, sir, for my father kept those accounts under his sole supervision. It was only this morning, for the first time, that I have had access to the volume in which they are entered. It is one that has been kept apart for that especial purpose."

"I have some large additions to make," continued Monsieur Morin. "I waited to the last to collect all I could, as well of my own capital as of that which I was empowered to raise."

"And have you finally left Paris?"

"Alas, yes, till better times, should we ever behold them, arrive."

"Well, sir," said Richard Devaux, after a short pause, "whatever amounts you are prepared to lodge with us shall be held in trust—or, as we bankers say, at call—till you require them. I am, moreover, quite at your service whenever you wish to go through the accounts. My poor father's principles are mine, political as well as commercial. You may rest assured that what he would have done I shall ever faithfully perform. This is not only a duty I owe to his memory, but a tribute of my own personal respect for yourself."

Monsieur Morin was gratified to hear Richard Devaux speak in this wise, and they parted on the friendliest terms, after the refugee had entered into some further explanation of his present position, which ended by an invitation to the young banker to come and see him. An intimacy consequently arose, and after the first visit paid by Richard Devaux to Monsieur Morin's house, there was no necessity for pressing its repetition.

II.

A NEW kind of existence had now opened before Richard Devaux, which, situated as he was, possessed a peculiar attraction. His father had been one of those men who, beginning their career with nothing, never lose sight of the possibility of being, by some capricious stroke of fortune, again reduced to nothing. Prudence, therefore, guided him from the outset of his life to its close. All his thoughts were directed to the establishment of his house on the surest foundation, and to acquire the reputation of being safe, while he silently increased his wealth, was the great object of his ambition. He labored hard also to impress his son with his own views, and, to carry them into effect, compelled his closest attention to business. Never relaxing from personal toil, not even during the illness which ended fatally, he permitted no relaxation on the part of others, and thus it happened that Richard Devaux knew nothing of the pleasures of society. Home, in its best sense, he had none, his mother having died while he was yet a child without increasing the family, and he was left to the training of his father alone. A good training it was for creating a mere money-making machine; but as men, after all, are not machines, but have senses, affections, passions, and as these were for the most part overlooked by the elder Devaux in his desire to make his son a model of commercial respectability, it is not altogether surprising that the experiment should fail. Richard Devaux devoted himself to his father's pursuits, as long as he lived, with all the earnestness the old man could desire, being reconciled to what was in reality a sacrifice by an ardent love of money. There was, however, this difference between father and son: the former would rather have witnessed the utter downfall of his house than have sustained it by any course not strictly honest; the latter was less scrupulous.

Instructed in Monsieur Morin's reasons for leaving France at that particular crisis, Richard Devaux

foresaw many material advantages, and anticipated great personal gratification from being admitted to the counsels, and enjoying the society of his father's friend. He certainly was not disappointed in the last-named expectation. Monsieur Morin was a person of extensive information, who had mixed largely with the world, untainted by its vices, yet familiar with its failings, and master of many of its secrets. His powers of observation were rapid, his instincts true, and his judgments seldom wrong. The defect in his character, if defect it were, was a natural tendency, and which no experience could correct, to put implicit trust in all men's honor. The first article of his creed, both social and political, was truth; if difficulties arose from being too outspoken, they must be conquered in fair fight.

Richard Devaux was, perhaps, no worshipper of abstract virtue; but he was fain to pay respect to the qualities which were conspicuous in Monsieur Morin, and the sentiments he uttered were as much to the purpose as if the sincerest conviction had prompted them. The atmosphere, moreover, in which he now lived, allowed but of one mode of thinking, or at all events, but of one form of expression. The friends who gathered round Monsieur Morin immediately on his arrival in London, however opposed in many respects, had one common bond of union. They were banded together for one high purpose. The object of the meetings held at Monsieur Morin's house was to effect a combination of emigrant wealth and energy, for restoring France to her former condition.

No sudden impulse had caused this movement, although it was urged to more immediate action by the present danger of the King. Without belonging to the noble class, Monsieur Morin was thoroughly identified with all its interests, or, as he viewed the question, with the interests of his country, for he had been brought up in the faith of the ancient régime, not blind to its faults, but believing that with those faults amended, there was no salvation for France beyond the pale of monarchy. Apprehensions for their personal safety, and the security of their property operated with many of the emigrants, who, so early as the year 1790, withdrew from France into Germany and other countries. But all were not influenced by purely selfish reasons, and at the head of the excepted few was the Marquis de Grandmesnil, a nobleman of considerable wealth, who had served with distinction in the last war. Not even amongst his own class had Monsieur de Grandmesnil a more intimate friend than Monsieur Morin, and it was by his advice the Marquis acted when, with his only son Henri, then in his twenty-third year, he at length decided on joining the army of the Prince de Condé. In doing so, he left with Monsieur Morin the requisite authority for disposing of all his available property; and such was the well-known probity of the man whom he thus trusted, such was the opinion entertained of his political capacity, that several other noblemen similarly situated also deposited large sums with Monsieur Morin to be devoted to the object they all had in view. Foreseeing, on his side, that England must eventually become the centre of his party's operations, Monsieur Morin repeatedly crossed over to London to organize his plans for the expected time; and although such journeys were eminently hazardous, his care and skill, coupled with the assistance rendered by some of the men in power who secretly wished well to the royal cause, enabled him to pass to and fro without molestation, and even without suspicion. These visits were paid in the lifetime of the elder Devaux, and it was privately through him, as we have seen, that all Mon-

sieur Morin's financial arrangements were made.

It has been intimated that Richard Devaux entered readily into the projects of the emigrants; but, besides the feeling excited throughout England by the bloody acts of the Septembrist, an additional stimulus to his zeal was given by Adelaide Morin, who had herself beheld the fearful spectacle which followed the murder of the unfortunate Princesse de Lamballe.

Adelaide Morin was well calculated to make converts of those who listened to her impassioned words. Had there been no suffering to deplore, no wrong to redress, no right to sustain, royalty was so thoroughly a part of her nature that even from such as held a contrary opinion, her advocacy must have commanded attention. But when her auditors felt, or were disposed to feel as she did, it was no wonder that she created partisans. Of all the circle that surrounded her, none echoed her sentiments more warmly than Richard Devaux.

It is possible that, for the moment, this young man's devotion to the cause of French royalty was sincere; but if Adelaide Morin had been separated from that cause there is no room for doubting which side of the question he would have taken. He had, indeed, fallen deeply in love with her.

III.

THE single purpose by which Monsieur Morin was inspired so completely filled his mind that he was alive only to that which reflected his own desires, and he unhesitatingly took for granted Richard Devaux's fervent declarations, and reposed unlimited confidence in them.

The refugee's house was accordingly open at all hours to his new friend, who, one morning, went there much earlier than usual.

"Has your master received his letters to-day, Louis?" he asked of the valet.

"No, sir. And he is very anxious on that account."

"Where is he?"

"In the study, sir, with Mademoiselle"

"Show me there!"

Entering as Louis announced him, Devaux found Monsieur Morin and Adelaide writing.

On hearing his name they both looked quickly up.

"Have you news?" eagerly inquired Monsieur Morin.

"I have. At least there are rumors. They are very bad!"

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed Adelaide. "What has happened?"

"It is reported that—the Convention—" he paused.

"Speak!—speak!" cried father and daughter, in one breath.

"Have condemned the King to death!"

Adelaide sank back in her chair. The pen fell from Monsieur Morin's hand.

"Condemned—to death!" he said. "From whom have you this news?"

"It is current generally. It was every man's conversation at the opening of 'Change. I came here instantly to learn the truth."

"And they have left me uninformed," said Monsieur Morin, with bitterness. "When, do they say, was this fearful decree pronounced?"

"On the evening before last. A government courier is believed to have brought the intelligence. The funds have already fallen more than three per cent. Yet it *may* be only a stockjobbing report."

"I fear not. But I have still the means of finding out. Stay here, Devaux, till I return. I will be absent no longer than I can help."

Monsieur Morin quitted the room. The street-door closed immediately afterwards, and Adelaide was left alone with Richard Devaux. It was

the first time that this had ever occurred.

For several minutes Mademoiselle Morin remained without speech or motion. At length she sighed heavily, and raised her head.

"This is terrible!" she said.

"Sad enough, Mademoiselle," answered Devaux, "if the news be really true."

"They will not dare to execute the sentence," she continued, with flashing eyes.

"What have they not dared?" he returned.

"It is true," she said, "nothing restrains them. Oh, if there were hands now to strike in the King's defence. But such hands are far, far away!"

"Hands there are," said Devaux, "near enough yet to serve him. They can never be wanting when you desire their aid."

There was something in the speaker's tone which sounded strangely in Adelaide's ears. She turned on him a searching glance.

Devaux met it without shrinking.

"Is there any one," he continued, "who would not give his life for the cause that interests Adelaide Morin?"

Still her eyes were fixed on his, as if she doubted what she heard.

Devaux drew nearer.

"Why," he said, "should I refrain from uttering what my heart is bursting to reveal? Mademoiselle Morin—Adelaide—I love you! As man never yet loved woman, I love you!" Encouraged by her silence, he attempted to take her hand. She started back, astonished.

"Love me!" she cried. "You! at this hour!"

"From the first moment I saw you. If you will be mine, all I have is yours. Every resource I can command shall be at the service of your King."

"There is no traffic, sir, in love," said Adelaide, with dignity. "Were this even a time to speak of such things, your words would be wholly unavailing."

"If," pleaded Devaux, "I have chosen a wrong moment—"

"All moments are the same," interrupted Adelaide, "your suit is hopeless. Let the subject be no more mentioned."

"Mademoiselle Morin?" cried Devaux, impatiently, "you love another! You are proud, Mademoiselle Morin, but—"

His speech was broken short by a violent knocking at the street door. It was Monsieur Morin. He hastened into the room like one distracted, threw an open letter upon the table, and buried his face in his hands. Deep and long-drawn sobs choked his utterance.

"Our kind, good master—come, Adelaide, come to my breast, and weep your heart away—the King is no more!"

While Monsieur Morin and his daughter were locked in each other's arms, Richard Devaux read the letter. In a few lines it told of the execution of Louis the Sixteenth.

There was a settled resolve on Monsieur Morin's brow when he spoke again.

"We had hoped," he said, "to avert this blow. Our task must be to avenge it. Not an hour must be lost. Everything, Devaux, must be realized as soon as possible. You will kindly excuse us now. Adelaide and I have a sad day's work to do. There are dear friends abroad who should learn the news of to-day from none but ourselves."

Mademoiselle Morin said nothing. She did not even raise her eyes when Richard Devaux took his leave. Had she done so, she might have marvelled at the singular expression which his features wore.

IV.

DAYS of agitation passed for each of the three persons whom this narrative most concerns. Events succeeded

each other so rapidly, that, within a month from the reception of the news of the King's execution, war against England had been declared by the Convention, and a counter defiance hurled against the regicide government. This furnished full occupation for Monsieur Morin, at whose house meetings were constantly held to organize the expedition of an emigrant force to operate on the coast of Brittany, under the command of the Marquis de Grandmesnil, and his son Henri. In all the business connected with this expedition, Mademoiselle Morin was indefatigable. She acted as her father's secretary, and something more. She had personal motives for desiring the presence of the destined chiefs of the expedition in London, and her letters to that effect were urgent. Richard Devaux also had enough to occupy his thoughts. Upon him devolved the supply of the sinews of this proposed warfare, derivable from the funds which Monsieur Morin had lodged with his house. This business, however, was not all he had to think about, the scene between Adelaide and himself being never absent from his memory.

Undeterred by a first rejection, he was bent on renewing his proposals. An idea, not yet definitely shaped, had crossed his mind, which pointed toward success; but, before he encouraged it, there was a test to which Adelaide Morin must yet be submitted. He remembered that, when he abruptly charged her with loving another, her countenance changed; he also remembered what Monsieur Morin had said in reference to the dear friends who were absent; and these recollections strengthened his first suspicion. If Mademoiselle Morin wished her cause to prosper, she must be his, and his alone.

Upon this resolution he acted on the first occasion that offered of speaking to her again without a witness to their conversation. Vain, however, were all his words. With still more haughtiness than before, Mademoiselle Morin repelled his advances, and he left her presence with that in his heart which only wanted one assurance to change its feelings to deadly hate. Accident supplied him with it.

For greater security in a time so fraught with trouble to the French emigrants, wherever they happened to have taken refuge, it had been settled between Monsieur Morin and Richard Devaux, that all the correspondence having relation to the projected descent upon the French shores should pass through the banker's firm.

On the day of his last interview with Adelaide, when, with every angry passion at war within him, he went back to the city to bury himself in affairs, he found that a large packet, with a foreign postmark, had arrived. The envelope bore his address alone; within were at least a dozen letters, the greater part directed to Monsieur Morin. As he turned them over hastily, with the intention of dispatching them to their several destinations, one letter caught his attention. It was addressed, not to Monsieur Morin, but to his daughter. On the seal was the letter H, with this motto, in Gothic characters, "Plus est en vous." Was the key to the enigma here? Without a moment's pause, he tore open the letter, and, though every word in it danced before his eyes, he read it through, long as it was, to the end.

"This then," he muttered, "contains the secret of my rejection. The 'dear friend' is here. Henri de Grandmesnil is her accepted lover. What tenderness! What constancy! What ardent affection! 'To clasp her again to his bosom!' A husband could scarcely say more. A French husband, if all I have heard be true, would never say so much. But whether true or false, Henri de Grandmesnil, since that is your high-sounding name, you shall never see

her more, if I can prevent the meeting. But how? Does Morin know of this engagement? He trusts his daughter with everything; she may have done the same by him. It is ambition, Royalist as he is, which leads him, perhaps, to the hope of mingling his blood with that of these high-born nobles. Curses on them all! The son of the old Bordeaux merchant is beneath their notice! . . . I may be wrong, though; Morin may not be aware that this preux chevalier courts his daughter! I will see him before I decide."

V.

WHILE Richard Devaux was debating within himself what course he should take to bring the question to issue, a visitor was announced. He had hardly time to crumple up and thrust into his pocket the letter he had just read, when Monsieur Morin entered.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "I see you have dispatches for me."

"Which," replied Devaux, "I was about to take to your house."

"I am glad I came. We might have missed each other, and time is precious to us both. Permit me to read them here."

"Certainly."

Monsieur Morin was soon deeply absorbed in his letters. Richard Devaux tried also to occupy himself with what was before him; but he could not bend his mind to business. The knowledge he had just acquired distracted his thoughts from every other consideration, and he remained closely watching the countenance of his visitor, as if to gather from its expression something to guide him in the proceedings he meditated. His feverish impatience made him long for the moments to begin; but when the time arrived, he felt it had come too soon.

"It is much as I expected," said Monsieur Morin, folding up the last letter. "They cannot move without money. Monsieur de Grandmesnil writes to say that a remittance of five thousand pounds must instantly be sent to Rotterdam, the amount to be placed to his credit with the house of Van Orley and Company, of that city."

Richard Devaux made no reply; he had risen while the other was speaking, and now paced the room with gloom upon his brow.

"But," said Monsieur Morin, "you do not hear me, my good friend. A sum of—"

"I hear you, sir," interrupted Devaux; "I hear you plainly; but before we enter upon that subject, I have something else of more importance to speak of."

"Of more importance!" repeated Monsieur Morin, in surprise.

"At least to me," said Devaux.

"Ah! that is different. Whatever is important to you will be of interest to me."

Richard Devaux came closer to Monsieur Morin. His cheek, usually so pale, was flushed, his lips trembled, and his words were hardly articulate.

"Monsieur Morin," he said, "I wish to speak to you about your daughter."

The listener was astonished; but he waited for more before he replied.

"Yes," continued Devaux, "what I have to say concerns Mademoiselle Morin—and myself. Sir, I love her! I ask her of you in marriage."

"Young man!" said Monsieur Morin, "do you know what you ask?"

"Perfectly," returned Devaux. "I repeat my request. Will you bestow on me the hand of your daughter?"

Monsieur Morin, in his turn, asked a question.

"Have you spoken to Adelaide herself?"

"I have—spoken—to her," he replied, in a faltering voice.

"And what was her answer?"

"You," said Devaux, evading the

question, "were my father's oldest friend. How he prospered in life you know. All he had he left to me. I am a rich man, Monsieur Morin. I can place your daughter in a position beyond the reach of those accidents of fortune to which she—or yourself—may, in these troublous times be exposed. Your authority would have weight against what is, perhaps, only the young lady's natural timidity."

"Mademoiselle Morin has then refused you."

Richard Devaux remained silent.

"Surely, my good friend," continued the refugee, "you do not wish me to force my daughter's inclinations. This is a passing fancy of yours, which meets with no return. Forget it. Look rather at the state of public affairs; which, at this crisis, calls for every man's attention. Even were my daughter so disposed, the thing is impossible. That sacred blood is not yet dry upon the executioner's axe; the stones of Paris still cry aloud for revenge; our souls are all bent on one great enterprise; and can we turn from it at this hour to think of our own affairs? No. I say again, wake from your idle dream! Adelaide cannot be yours."

"Is this, sir," said Devaux, slowly, "your final decree?"

"As final, my friend—nay, do not look angrily. I mean everything in kindness—as final,—well, well,—it cannot be altered."

"And have you stated all your reasons?" asked Devaux, with an irrepressible sneer, which did not escape the quick Frenchman's observation. "Because," he continued, before the latter could say a word, "if any remain behind, they had better be rendered at once, that I may be able to meet them with some that I have to offer of my own."

"You are now speaking a language," said Monsieur Morin, "which I do not comprehend."

"Let me make my meaning clearer then. Are you sure, in coming to the conclusion, which you declare so unalterable, that you have decided favorably for those projects which affect you more, as you allege, than any domestic interest?"

"Again, I cannot understand you."

"Friends should not lightly be cast aside. At a time like this they may be doubly useful. My services have their value."

"You set a price upon them? You make them the condition of a personal alliance? It is enough. Henceforward I claim no sympathy at your hands. We will at once regulate those affairs which cannot, at least, have been to your disadvantage. And, in the first place, let us return to the subject whence I started. A credit of five thousand pounds is required for Monsieur de Grandmesnil on the house of Van Orley and Company, of Rotterdam. Be so good as to give the necessary directions for that payment. We will then go into the question of a general settlement; after which I shall select another banker."

The livid hue on the face of Richard Devaux might have prepared Monsier Morin for any credible announcement, but not for the words which the former now uttered.

"I fear," he said, "that Monsieur de Grandmesnil must be disappointed. I have no funds belonging to that gentleman in my possession."

"Are you in your right senses?" exclaimed Monsieur Morin, starting to his feet. "No money that belongs to the Marquis de Grandmesnil? You hold at least one hundred thousand pounds. Not to speak of the large sums which I have deposited on my own account, and on that of others."

Richard Devaux laughed bitterly. "A hundred thousand pounds," he echoed. "That, indeed, is worth claiming. Other large sums, too! Well, Monsieur Morin, when you can show me the necessary vouchers for

these amounts, we will talk about meeting your demands."

"Heavens!" cried Monsieur Morin, "do you deny the deposits? Do you mean—"

"I mean exactly what I say. I have never received a farthing from either Monsieur de Grandmesnil or yourself."

Paralyzed by the audacity of this assertion, the refugee stood like one stricken to stone.

Richard Devaux rang the bell.

"I will satisfy you that I am speaking by the card. Benson," he continued, addressing the clerk who entered, "bring me the account of the Marquis de Grandmesnil."

"Whose, sir?"

Devaux repeated the order.

"We have no account in that name, sir."

"I told you so," said Devaux, coolly, turning to Monsieur Morin. "That will do, Benson; you may go. Have you any desire, Monsieur Morin, that I should ask for your account also?"

"Traitor! Liar! Robber! All this world shall ring with the report of your villainy. But I shall have justice! I will—I will—at—Mercy! What is this at my heart! Henri—Adel—Mon Roi!" Morin staggered and fell.

Richard Devaux bent over him for a moment, and then ran to the door.

"Come here, come here, some of you. This unfortunate gentleman has fallen in a fit. Run for the nearest surgeon. A most excitable man, Benson. I have assisted him privately to a great extent. A disinclination to make further advances has completely turned his head. He is under the strangest delusion."

A surgeon came. He felt Monsieur Morin's pulse, laid his hand upon his breast, and closely examined his face.

"Sir," he said to Devaux, "the gentleman is dead."

VI.

A FEW words may close this story. The projected expedition failed for want of money. The Marquis de Grandmesnil and his son both fell at the bombardment of Gertruydenberg. Adelaide Morin, taken under the protection of another refugee family, survived her father's death and that of Henri de Grandmesnil, to whom she had been secretly married; but she survived, happily for herself, without memory, save perchance those gleams whose visitations cannot be tracked.

Richard Devaux never again went near the house of Monsieur Morin, which, after his death, remained unoccupied; but to his own house in the city he went day by day, year after year. He was the most assiduous man of business in London, and stood high in the world's estimation. He lived to be one of the richest men in England, but his wealth brought him neither happiness nor contentment. He lived amidst the plaudits of his fellow-men, and was surrounded with every luxury that money could command, but bereft of that peace of mind which is the basis of all true happiness, each day became to him all the more intolerable, until finally broken in mind and body and filled with an undying remorse, he put an end to his miserable existence with his own hand.

LITERATURE AND THE ARTS AND SCIENCES IN THE DARK AGES.

THE hordes of barbarians who streamed down upon the civilization of Rome had little thought of or care for either intellectual culture or those arts and sciences which, cultivated and fostered, contribute so much to the comfort and improvement of the people. Alaric with his Visigoths, and Attila, self-styled the Scourge of God, with his Huns, would have laughed to scorn the modern philosophy contained in the euphemism, "The pen is mightier than the sword." Yet slowly but surely a power almost unknown was paving the way for proving that truth, while they revered no art save the wielding of the sword, no science save that in which that weapon was all-powerful.

Among the barbarian conquerors, however, a singular exception to this universal ignorance and contempt for learning is to be found in Theodoric, King of the Ostrogoths. He fostered as far as he could the study of the ancient literature, and was the protector of Bœthius, who may be styled the last of the classics, and the connecting link between the old and the new periods of literature. When his eloquence was silenced by an untimely death there was found no tongue to take up the tale, the language of Tully and Virgil was heard no more, and long ages passed away ere learned diligence restored its purity. The downfall of learning after the death of Bœthius was very rapid; an encyclopædic method of study was introduced by the few who still fed the sacred flame; but this method, by its very form, proved its weakness.

For five long centuries the ecclesiastical order were almost the only guardians of the faint flame of the lamp of knowledge. In the retirement of their monasteries or the solitudes of their hermitages they still fed the spark, and protected it from the rude northern whirlwind. It was from this hidden source that the fair form was to come forth to prove her power, and the might which was to overcome with wondrous art the rude prowess of the sword. The necessity among the clergy of preserving the Latin language as that in which the Scriptures, the canons, and liturgies of the Church were written, of having a fixed organ of communication in order that the truths of Christianity might not be at the mercy of the changing jargon of the various tribes, kept flowing in the worst times a slender stream, but one of living waters, which in a short time was to prove itself a mighty river.

But the studies of the clergy were confined, for a long time, strictly to sacred subjects; there seemed to be an intense prejudice against secular learning. Gregory I, who may be considered the founder of the Papal supremacy, Isadore, and Alcuin, all shared this dislike. St. Benedict, in establishing his several orders, while he enjoined his brethren to read, copy, and collect books, was silent as to their nature, and this omission became the means of preserving and multiplying classical manuscripts. Good, however, grew out of this prejudice, for if the clergy had been less tenacious of their Latin liturgy and the Vulgate translation of the Scriptures, it is very certain all grammatical learning would have been lost.

In Ireland, in the sixth century, the monasteries were known as foci of light; students flocked thither from France and Italy. In England greater attention was paid to secular

learning through the instrumentality of Theodore, Archbishop of Canterbury, sent there by the Pope in 668. The Venerable Bede is the greatest name in the literary annals of England at that time. Alcuin, a disciple of his, with Brother Stalicius, assisted Charlemagne to lay the foundations of learning, and thus dispel some part of the gross ignorance which had enveloped his empire. But the praise of establishing schools originally belongs to some bishops and abbots of the sixth century, in place of the imperial schools overthrown by the barbarians. Hallam says: "In the downfall of that temporal dominion a spiritual aristocracy was providentially raised up to save from extinction the remains of learning and religion itself."

The cathedral and conventual schools established by Charlemagne preserved the small portion of learning which survived, and Alcuin devoted himself to the restoration of the Latin language to grammatical purity.

The tenth century is considered the darkest of these dark ages, but this is applicable rather to Italy and England than to Germany and France. Meiners tells us that, "In no age, perhaps, did Germany possess more learned and virtuous churchmen of the Episcopal order than in the latter half of the eleventh century." Among the most renowned names were John Scotus Eregina and Gerbert.

With the twelfth century we enter a new era in the literary history of Europe. A decided progress had been made in all the walks of intellectual pursuits, and the result of this progress was the institution of universities, and the methods pursued in them; the cultivation of modern languages, followed by the multiplication of books, and the extension of the art of writing; the investigation and study of Roman law; and last, by the return to the study of the Latin language in its ancient models of purity. Schools of logic in Paris were instituted by William of Champeaux in 1109. In this century we also have Lanfranc and Anselm in theology.

Paris was, in the middle of the twelfth century, another Athens. The number of students exceeded that of the citizens, in consequence of which influx Philip Augustus enlarged the boundaries of the city, but this only increased the crowd. Colleges with endowments for poor scholars were established in Paris and Bologna about the middle of the thirteenth century. Andrés derives the institution of collegiate foundations in monasteries from the Saracens. He finds no trace of them among the ancient customs of Greece or Rome, while in Cordova, Granada, and Malaga colleges of great renown existed.

Oxford, founded by Alfred, became a great resort in the reign of Henry II, and was in the thirteenth century second only to the University of Paris in the multitude of its students and the celebrity of its scholastic disputations. In 1220 Abelard established his school of rhetoric in Paris.

The institution of the mendicant order of friars soon after the beginning of the thirteenth century gave encouragement to the scholastic philosophy. Not so well acquainted with grammatical literature as the Benedictine, less accustomed to collect and transcribe books, the disciples of Francis and Dominic betook themselves to disputation. The greatest scholars of the new era were the Dominican Thomas Aquinas and the Franciscan Duns Scotus. This philosophy gave rise to a great display of address, subtlety, and sagacity in the explanation and distinction of abstract ideas, but at the same time to many trifling and minute speculations and a contempt of positive and particular knowledge, and much unnecessary and false refinement.

In Italy it was not till 1360 that

public schools of theology were opened. Yet the disciples of Averroes were very numerous in the University of Padua about that time.

The cultivation of modern languages led naturally to an era of romantic poetry, whose expression was the far-famed music singers, the troubadors and wandering minstrels, to whom we are indebted for the preservation of many traditions of the manners and customs of our forefathers. Many of these were of noble and even royal birth, and the cultivation of this gentle art tended greatly to subdue and civilize.

From what has been said we can easily see whence came the light which illuminated the dark ages in the field of literature. The Church, guided by her Divine founder, was the source whence all truth, learning, and knowledge proceeded, and if weeds grew up in her fair garden, she alone had the power to extirpate and uproot them; there was no need to apply for external assistance. Many evils had sprung up and had been rooted out. Many still remained, and when Luther's protest against Rome and Catholicism, in 1517, first burst upon the world, the heresy of Reform had long slumbered in a chrysalis state, so to speak, awaiting only some circumstance to favor its developement. "The egg was laid," says Erasmus; "Luther had but to incubate and hatch it." Had he been in earnest in his reformation, had his sincere desire been to shake the dust from the spotless garments of the Bride of Christ, he need not have gone the length he did, nor employed the means. The instruments of true reform were in the Church ready to his hand had he but chosen to use them. But the devil had taken possession of the vain, weak heart, and led him to his destruction. The result was the "modern civilization," so lauded, of hard, cold materialism, a false philosophy and a soulless creed, which eliminates from religion every trace of divinity, and leaves it to the guidance of each individual's imaginary inspiration, and under the false guise of liberty decks out the demon of license; while the Church, unruffled and serene, purified by the laws and decrees of the Council of Trent, goes on her God-sent mission, and daily sees fall around her some one or other of the pigmy sects sprung from Luther's heresy. The corruption among the higher classes of the clergy, and of the people, increased his chances of success. The suppression of celibacy amongst the clergy and of monastic vows was looked upon with secret favor by the depraved among them; the prospect of seeing all the property of the Church fall into their possession excited the cupidity of princes, and the rejection of ecclesiastical teaching flattered the vanity of the people, who by the new teachings were made supreme judges of dogmas through the rights which had been conferred upon them, themselves to interpret the Bible, now translated into the vulgar tongue. For two centuries Rationalism had been disseminating the leaven of revolt against the authority of the past, and the advent of printing lent it fresh force. In the first ecstasy of license men deemed it unnecessary to preserve any outward decency, and threw away the cloak of even a certain code of morality, of which we find most brilliant examples among pagan society. And disciples, at first obedient, soon became rebellious and impatient to obtain for themselves the liberty of inquiry and the independence of principles which Luther despotically endeavored to reserve exclusively for himself; hence sects innumerable sprang up, so that the great heresiarch in contemplating his work might have been reminded of the fisherman of the "Arabian Nights," who, finding a bottle on the seashore, uncorked it, and thus liberated a genie possessed of unthought-of powers, and who refused again to re-

turn to his prison-house, or to be controlled by his liberator.

In the art of agriculture, the cultivation of the cereals and the preservation of these necessities of modern life, we find again it is the monks who have been instrumental in their development and continuance to our day. The tracts of land assigned to the religious orders were often nothing but dreary, desolate wastes, out of which it would seem impossible to glean any useful matter, or stony, rocky wilds, fitted only for the grazing of mountain goats or similar hardy animals. These gifts were made by kings and princes sometimes, as being too poor for their own use, or too worthless to be given to a courtier. So the monks fell heirs to what often was not worth a thought in the minds of the rich and great. They took the gift thankfully, quietly went to work, and in an incredibly short time the substantial walls of the monastery would rise in grace and symmetry, the swamps around would be drained with scientific care, the fields be waving their rich treasures of wheat and other grains in the soft summer air, while the little chapel, nestling among the vines covering the rocky hillsides, would, with its silvery bell, call the country people round to Divine service, over roads rendered passable and kept in excellent order by the "lazy" monks. These duties were their recreation after hours spent in study over musty half-effaced manuscripts, or in the illumination of the Sacred Scriptures, missals, etc., which are now guarded with such care in our museums of literature, and which bring such fabulous prices among our dilettanti. Printing, however, put an end to these literary labors to a great extent.

Various dates have been assigned for this grand discovery, which was to revolutionize the world. A discovery it could hardly be called, but rather a lost art. Stamps have been found among the ancients with legends traced the wrong way, from which positive impressions were obtained, and Cicero, in a passage refuting the doctrine of Epicurus on the creation of the world by atoms, says, "Why not believe also that by throwing together indiscriminately innumerable forms of letters of the alphabet, either in gold or in any other substance, one can print with these letters on the ground the annals of Eunius?" The movable letters of the ancients were carved in boxwood or ivory, but they were only used in teaching children to read, as Quinctilian testifies in his "Oratorical Institutions," and St. Jerome in his "Epistles." Various dates have been assigned, and also various birthplaces as well as different parentages for this wonderful art. Some assign it to the year 1420, to Haarlem and Laurent Coster, thirty years before Gutenberg, of Strasburg, gave his scientific discovery to the world. In these pages we have no space to enter into the dispute. Suffice it for us that the discovery was made, and we of to-day reap all the advantages accruing from it.

The use of paper made from cotton and even linen rags was known in very early times, as far back as the beginning of the twelfth century. After the Saracens had reduced Egypt, the importation of papyrus, so long in general use, was stopped. Parchment, which took its place, was very expensive, and this costliness gave rise to the custom of erasing MSS., and writing new matter upon the clean pages thus obtained. Much valuable information has been lost by this practice. The Greeks sought for some material to take the place of parchment, and discovered a material made from cotton rags, sold in the city of Damascus, whence called *charta Damascena*, which is our paper.

For a long time, as we are aware, "the ancients lived in tents," architecture was an unknown art, and even when they found the necessity

of erecting more substantial protection, when they decided to give over their roamings and settle into towns and cities, while each one built a house, the *art* of architecture was little known or thought of. Then we have the massive ruins of Thebes and Babylon, those mysterious relics of dim antiquity scattered through Asia Minor, Greece, and Italy, to show us what they could do when once awakened to the knowledge of the capability of stone and mortar to contribute to the dignity and well-being of men, or the honor of their deities. And how vocal with old heroic legends seems every rugged stone! Monuments we would fain believe of the days of Achilles and the Atreidæ. The historians and philosophers of the days of Pericles knew no more of the authors of these gigantic fragments than ourselves. Each rugged gateway may have seen the marshalling of heroes arrayed to man the thousand ships of Argos, and wait upon their chariot-wheels to whom Zeus had consigned her twofold throne and sceptre. We have no space in this article to trace the gradual change which came over this art, as it was studied more and more by the light of the growing intelligences; our part is to point out the patient devotion with which the beautifying of God's temples was carried on during these ages of faith, when, because they were the houses of God, hands and hearts united to make them the wonders of the age and of all ages, not by outside glory, not for display of arch and piers and flying buttresses, but by the ornamentation of every part, however hidden, carving a wreath as delicately and truly far up under the eaves, where mortal eyes would never see it, as over the broad entrance doors. Of course as the study of the beauties of architecture became more general, more attention was paid to the beautifying of private residences. But the first idea of all such buildings was strength alone, providing protection against the almost constant warfare of those times. When we contrast our present puny edifices of brick with those composed of huge blocks of stone, which frown down upon us from so many crags and mountain-sides in Europe, we cannot but feel that modern times have much to learn of the dark ages in this art.

Sculpture and painting are the twin arts which suffered most from the inroads of the barbarians, and were the slowest to recover their pristine glory; in fact, it may be doubted whether the former has ever recovered fully, or whether modern artists can really rival Phidias and the early Greeks. But when these arts did begin to revive, their recovery was rapid, and modern "light" must turn again to the "dark" ages for instruction. No matter how cleverly the fingers may mould the clay or guide the brush, no man or woman among us feels himself or herself an artist until a study of the "antique," either from the originals as preserved in the art galleries of Rome, Paris, Munich, or Dresden, or the copies which have been made for our own, has revealed the secret of their greatness. And but for the churchmen, who were munificent patrons and protectors of art and artists in these dark ages, where would these treasures of Rome and Greece have been after the barbarian whirlwind and its resultant confusion, the long years of wars and rapine, the destruction by ignorant and infuriated mobs? And in studying the history of those days we see again how thoroughly they were "ages of faith." From the earliest resurrection of the painter's art we find them tracing upon the canvas their dream of that most divine group, the Holy Family, or another devotes years of his life to the perfection of a Virgin and Child, or again, the Assumption of the Blessed Mother, or the triumph of God's saints. The greatest geniuses considered all but sacred subjects

infinitely beneath their art, and Michael Angelo's and Raphael's pencils were paralyzed by any other, and even when they were induced or obliged by kingly request or mandate to divert their chisels and brushes to another channel, to the decorations of palaces and public places, how plainly have they not left the traces of their mental bias in the sacred subjects which they chose almost without exception.

A discovery which was to change the whole civilization of the world, quite as much as that of printing, by its influence over manners and customs of peoples, had its birth in the cell of one of those "lazy" monks of which we have spoken. Konstantin Aucklitzen, a native of Fresburg, having entered the Franciscan order, assumed the name of Berthold; being fond of the study of chemistry, and constantly practicing its combinations and experimenting thereon, he obtained the sobriquet of *Schwartz*. It is to him that we owe the discovery of gunpowder in its application to modern warfare and the chase. This, too, may be called a lost art, for there is incontestable proof of its having been used by the ancients; that is, the compound of nitre, sulphur and charcoal was known to the Hindoos at a very early period, some say as far back as the time of Moses. Alexander of Macedon used it with terrible effect under the name of "Greek fire." But it was looked upon with terror and very little understood, notwithstanding that Roger Bacon described it in his writings, until "Schwartz" surprised himself and the world a hundred years later.

The science of astronomy had been a favorite with the ancients before the Christian era, and while many made it a subject for earnest thought, as shown by the action of the Magi, who recognized a new heavenly body in the star which led them to the crib of Bethlehem, there were not wanting charlatans who degraded it to their own base uses, and under the name of astrology made it subservient to their own evil purposes, and an instrument by which to mislead and deceive the ignorant. The regular science was not revived, after the destruction of the Roman empire and the settlement of Europe into something resembling its present geographical divisions, until in the thirteenth century, under the patronage of the Church in Spain. But it was not until Johann Müller, surnamed Regiomontanus (a Latinization of the place of his birth, Konigsberg), devoted himself to this study, that any great progress was made. In 1474 he issued the first astronomical almanac published in Europe. Recognizing at once his genius and the service he could confer upon learning and the world, Sixtus IV, then Pope, appointed him Archbishop of Ratisbon, and eagerly secured his services in the reformation of the Roman calendar, but he died before the work was commenced. To him we owe the introduction of decimal fractions, and the science of trigonometry was developed by him nearly to its present state. Copernicus, who was the first to reassert the Pythagorean theory that the sun was stationary in the heavens and that the earth revolved around it, was a priest of the Church, and allowed to teach his doctrine undisturbed save by the commendation and patronage of the Pope and cardinals during his residence at Rome, where he gained a brilliant reputation. Tycho Brahe and Kepler, with Galileo, belong to the century just beyond the boundary of the ages we are studying, yet it will not be out of place, in view of the lies so persistently told of the latter in connection with the Church, to notice them *en passant*. We see Kepler, the disciple of Tycho Brahe, a Protestant, flying from Protestant persecution to the Jesuit university of Prague, where he was received and

honored because of his great ability and learning. In Galileo we find the pettish child of genius turning upon the hand that fostered it, and blinded by ambition, daring to impugn the word of God. This attempt, and this attempt alone, was the cause of all the trouble; yet Protestant teachers systematically become possessed of bad memories when Kepler's troubles are concerned, and remember only the "starry Galileo and his woes." Kepler was driven from Tübingen, a Protestant university, by Protestant bigotry, for teaching the same truths which Copernicus, the Catholic priest, had taught before him, while Galileo was honored and fêted and patronized at Rome, by Cardinal Bandini, in whose garden his telescope was erected, for teaching that identical theory. Cardinal Barberini, when Pope Urban VIII, proved himself a munificent patron of the astronomer. But Galileo's disposition was one to be injured rather than improved by so much laudation, and he became proud and imperious and began to assert himself like a spoiled child, who can imagine no limit to his privileges. In pushing to completion his development of the Copernican system, which was allowed as an hypothesis, but which he presumed to declare without sufficient proof a fact, he encroached upon the domain of the Church, always so jealously guarded, and dared to throw doubt upon the truth of the Sacred Scriptures, questioning the standing still of the sun at the word of Joshua. Then he was silenced by the Inquisition, and the mere fact of his having been cited before that body has induced writers inimical to the Church to imagine a long and rigorous persecution, carried on with all the venom of ignorance and fear that any new knowledge would destroy a power over the people, preserved only through that ignorance. The story has been told truthfully over and over again, and the action of the Roman court upheld, even by Protestant writers of calm judgment and common sense, yet the "*e pur si muove*" and the stamp of the foot is irresistible to sensational historians, and its theatrical effect no schoolboy can forego.

Thus, after a calm survey of the times, we find that the term "dark" is decidedly a misnomer. There was light enough in the middle ages to lead the people into the brilliant illumination of the present day, and if any one complained of darkness it was because his eyes were wilfully closed. And we see that the light which so guided the people was set upon the seven hills of Rome, cherished by her hierarchy, trimmed and fed by her God-guided hands. The Popes devoted themselves to the preservation of the Church, and with her of all that the world still held of good, and whether we see a Gregory or a Leo X upon the chair of Peter, whether the means employed seem the foolishness of the dove or the wisdom of the serpent, the end is the same. The arts and sciences, learning and intelligence were fostered and cherished, human passions were restrained by the strong hand of a God-sent authority, and the mighty ship of civilization carefully controlled and piloted amid the storms of centuries. And as the Church stood then she stands to-day, unaltered and unalterable, ever ready to lift her voice against error, ever on the watch to shield with her ægis the sacred form of truth.

As Leo the First drove back from the gates of Rome Attila and his barbarian hordes, not by force of arms, but by the divine power transmitted to him, so with the same holy weapons does Pius IX from his prison hurl forth his denunciations and reproofs against the infidelity of modern times, which threatens to sweep away every vestige of truth and religion from the world. Fearlessly as the one faced unarmed the self-

styled Scourge of God, so fearlessly does the other meet the more impalpable and insidious, but far more dangerous foe, developed and fostered by the apostasy of the Monk of Wittenberg. And so to the end of ages will the Church through her chief pastor fight the errors of the world as she has done from the beginning; and men may sneer at her and do battle with her, may even, seemingly, conquer in that battle. Their victory will be shortlived.

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,
And dies amid her worshippers."

POETRY AND PHILOSOPHY.

"Il faut choisir—il faut être poète ou philosophe!"—CONSUELO.

I LOVE them both! And must I make my choice?
Can I not follow fair Philosophy,
Yet sometimes listen to the Muse's voice,
When the heart longs to speak and thou art nigh?

O never bid me stifle the loved tone
That whispers to our nature, sadly sweet!
With power to touch the heart with plaintive moan,
Or thrill with tales where love and battle meet,
Or purer impulse of the soul to greet.

And never ask me to renounce the lore
Unfolding to my gaze fair nature's page.
Still be my guides unto the distant shore,
The poet's heart, the wisdom of the sage!

Wisdom that scorns the poet's tenderness,
That cannot love the beautiful and bright,
And is not moved by sorrow and distress,
Hath never read the page of nature right.

And genius that would scorn the lowly way
Which leads to truth, although by millions trod,
Might humble violets twine with haughty bay,
And learn from children how to soar to God.

There's worldly wisdom, and there's poesy's art,—
Both of this earth; but in their nobler sphere
The sisters twain may teach an erring heart,
Reclaim from sin, and guide in love and fear.

HOW PROFESSOR GASTER LECTURED A GHOST.

THE little old clock in the mottled walnut wood case that stood on the mantelpiece of the Professor's laboratory, No. 18 Great Decoram Street, had just chimed out midnight in a silvery and musical way, when the Professor opened his front door with a latch-key and burglariously entered his own house on his early return from an evening party.

Now, the Professor was a popular lecturer on food, electricity, and other kindred subjects, and being, moreover, a jovial, fat, clever little man, was rather an acquisition at little parties, for he sang a little, played a little, danced a little, flirted a little, and made a fool of himself a little, yet was by no means a bore, but on the contrary, a decidedly useful old bachelor, and would waltz with ugly girls, chat with talkative old fogies, and take gorgeous dowagers down to the supper-room. And as the Professor did not care about being joked at, but on the contrary liked it, and when joked, laughed, and twinkled, and beamed through his silvery spectacles, like a merry old glow-worm, every one forgot his learning and celebrity and liked the Professor heartily.

On the night in question, the Professor was in high spirits—and with some reason. Firstly, he had made two jokes that had set the supper-table in a roar, and had made the jellies shake as if they felt the cold. Secondly, he had waltzed twice with pretty Fanny Ledger, and had received a smile that gave hopes of more intimate relationship being established some day between the houses of Ledger and Gaster. Thirdly, a great thought had struck him as he walked briskly and chirpily home, for his celebrated Treatise on the Merrythought of the Dodo, which was to be read at the Society on the ensuing Wednesday.

I do not wish to say that the Professor had taken champagne with more people that night than he ought, at Mrs. Fitz Jones's great annual party (though even that would only tend to show the largeness of the excellent man's benevolence), but still I must concede that somehow or other he was abnormally exhilarated, for he danced a cavalier seul as he put his Gibus on the hall-table, and pirouetted as he took off his gray opera wrapper and shawl handkerchief, and lighted his moderator lamp at the flame of the expiring night-light. But as I have often observed that great benevolence and good animal spirits go together, I am sometimes inclined to think that the milk of human kindness is in some constitutions flavored slightly with alcohol, and therefore partakes of the nature of milk-punch. However, I leave this abstruse question to those clear-headed gentlemen the physiologists.

The Professor was as brave as most men, but he was that night, it must be confessed, a little nervous. His nerves were sensitive and wide awake—in the state that I should be inclined to think the telegraph wires are in, that is, constantly and almost fretfully expecting a message to be sent through their medium. The Professor, I think, had got a sort of vague suspicion of ghosts or thieves, material or spiritual intruders, he did not know which, and he did not care which either; for I am sure that in the one case he would have fallen on them with the slender dress cane then in his hand (not a formidable weapon, it must be allowed), and in the other have flung open the front door and shouted for the police. It was, at all events, owing to this slight nervous derangement, I suppose, that the Professor, as he lighted his lamp, went down the two steps that led to

the kitchen stairs, and peered inquisitively and suspiciously into the empty darkness. But good soul! there was nothing to see there save one black-beetle on the wall, and nothing to hear but the watchful drudging tick of the imprisoned kitchen clock below. The bolts were all up at the shutters, and the doormats were duly removed. Trusty Mrs. Dawson had forgotten nothing.

"Pooh! what a fool I am!" thought the Professor, as he turned the key of his laboratory door opening out of the hall to the right, and stepped in. Everything was snug and trim, the stove was ruddy, the gas-lamps were just alight, and that was all, their little blue jets hoarding up the flame with due regard to the quarterly gas bill. How clear and bright the spirit-lamp looked; how crystalline were the glass bowls; how ready to go through fire and water the rough crucibles; how grand the retorts; how red the vermilioned horseshoes of big magnets! In the exhilaration of those after-supper moments the Professor felt quite a boy again, and the old boyish delight at the sight of the chemical apparatus came over him with its old power. "Of what use was it to go to bed? He was sure not to get to sleep after that strong coffee. Why might he not sit up for an hour and work?"

"Work." But here a difficulty presented itself. What kind of work should Professor Gaster select? There wasn't time to go into "the dodo's merrythought," and it wanted daylight to examine "the capillary circulation of the tadpole's tail." But the Professor had a will of his own, he decided in a moment, the struggle was over, he would—yes, that was it—pursue his researches on the "gastric juice and the effect of alcoholic liquids upon the human system." Thoughts suggested at Mrs. Fitz Jones's party might possibly be useful, he might even from his own self-consciousness, and the memory of that lobster salad, digested so facilely, deduce certain facts not useless to humanity—humanity, I mean, with a big H—HUMANITY.

"What's that noise? Oh, only the policeman trying the front door to see if it is properly bolted."

The Professor sits down at his table, which is on the door side of the stove, turns up the gas (up it flies like a willing spirit), and sits down to work quietly for an hour at his résumé lecture on the gastric juice. But first he goes (I should mention) to a side-table at the farthest end of the room beyond the stove, to see that that mischievous girl of Mrs. Dawson's hasn't been touching the thermo-electrical instruments. No, the wires are right, and yesterday's solder, joining the bars of copper and the bars of iron, is firm and uncracked. But I think she has been moving the skeleton of the Polish soldier that the doctor keeps for his anatomical lectures, else why is one of the skeleton's legs thrust out before the other, as if our bony friend with the vacant eyes, and the Russian bullet in his skull, had been promenading the laboratory in his master's absence? With a "tut-tut" of impatience the Doctor puts the skeleton into its right place in the corner, and makes as he does it quite a castanet clatter with the loose leg-bones; at last it is right, hanging by the usual ring, safe on its gibbet-like frame, dry, brown, and ghastly as ever.

Now the Professor settles down at last seriously to work. He carefully culls the best pen in his quiver and nibs it. He takes off the gutta-percha band that encircles his roll of lecture manuscripts, and he unscrews the top of his inkstand. Ye gods of medicine be propitious, for the Professor has mounted the tripod—I mean, he has just seated himself with a plop on his red morocco leather covered library-chair. Now, he flattens the paper oratorically with the back of his hand, and with a slightly pompous hem! savoring somewhat

of the British institution, and with a slight hiccough, begins to read his preliminary résumé of the net results of stomachic digestion.

"First. The food is churned, ground, triturated, macerated, disintegrated, and liquefied."

Here the Professor stopped, and seriously reflected whether those three last oyster patés that followed instead of preceding the liberal helping of Mrs. Fitz-Jones's blancmange were not rather injudicious.

"2. The fats, liberated from their cellular envelopes, have become oils."

"I shall suffer for this to-morrow," thought the gay Professor.

"3. The sugars have not much altered, for they are crystalline bodies; but the cane-sugars have turned to grape-sugars, and perhaps a small proportion of them have turned to lactic or milk acid."

"I shall have a headache to-morrow," said the Professor's stomachic conscience, quite indifferent to the lecture on the gastric juice.

"4. The vegetable matters have been divided and made pulpy. The starch of some of them has turned into saliva."

Here the Professor lighted a cheroot.

"5. The albuminous matters have been macerated and some portion of them turned into peptones (how the gas flickers!); the whole has become a pulp."

"Excellent," said the good little man, rubbing his plump little hands —"excellently condensed, though I say it. Such should popular science be, and would that such it were! I shall then perform my extraordinary and expensive experiments of artificial digestion. Taking a—halloa! what's that noise? I'm rather nervous to-night—taking, I say, the stomach of a newly killed sheep, carefully cleaned and scented, I shall desire my attendant to place into it, bit by bit, an excellent dinner: turtle soup, salmon, salad, a slice of venison, vegetables, beer, wine, catsup, bread, pastry, and finally cheese. I shall then pour in two tablespoonfuls of my artificial gastric juice, and submit the whole to a gentle heat, showing by an electric light which will penetrate the tissues of the bag, the rapid solvency of the whole into one colorless pulp or chyle. This lecture will lead to tremendous discussions in the papers. One will talk cleverly about it, quote the Latin grammar, and say some sharp ill-tempered things. Another, say The Fleam, that clever medical paper, will have discussions showing that there is no such thing as gastric juice, and never was; upon which The Cricket will reply and show that every drop of blood in our bodies is gastric juice. When the whole affair is finished, The Bottler will have some album verses on the gastric juice, and will have a leader proving that a belief in the indiscoverability of the component parts of the gastric juice is a Tory institution. Ha! ha!"

And here the Professor, pausing to take breath, actually rolled about in his chair at the images his exhilarated imagination had raised, but he suddenly drew up quite rigid and composed as the echo of his own laugh seemed to return to him from the bookcase behind the skeleton.

Now the Professor, though a vain little man, and a trifle of a humbug, had a certain sense of humor, and he was not so wise that he could not laugh at himself. I like him for it, and I think that that merry (perhaps rather champagny) laugh did him great credit.

The popular lecturer looked at the clock. It was ten minutes to one.

"Stay till two," he said, "and just read short notes that, have drawn up for m' Christmas lecture on 'British and Foreign Wines, their uses and abuses, with special remarks, by request, on South African Port and Betts's Brandy.' Oh, that

Mrs. Fitz-Jones's champagne! there was something in it. What two glasses of cham—" Here the Professor again hiccoughed. "But the cold air on a February night (after supper parties) does make one hiccough. What *is* that noise?"

"Let us first consider the bouquet of wines, and its causes (that'll do for them). The bouquet or vinous perfume arises from the presence and evolvement of a substance called œnanthic ether. (Here I must puzzle them a little; the public like to be puzzled.) Alcohol, you know, ladies and gentlemen, is a hydrate of the oxide of ethyl ($HO + O + C_4 - H_5$). Now, if we put—"

I am not prepared to say how unintelligible the learned Professor might have become had not a certain strange shuffling stir that he heard, or fancied he heard, at this moment struck his attention. It was a sound like the walking of a very lame man, mixed up with the stir and drag of a moving chain and a sort of bony rattle, not at all pleasant at one o'clock in the morning.

The sound came from the direction of the bookcase beyond the stove, the little door of which, by-the-by, at this moment suddenly flew open with a jerk, as if frightened. The Professor could not see very well into the dark corner, for the bright globe of the gas-lamp shaded it from his eyes. When, however, he turned his head slightly on one side, and thus got rid of what (without a bull) might be perhaps called the overshadowing glare, he caught sight of an extraordinary object—visible, materially visible, to his optic nerves, and to the eyes, which may be called their windows.

There was no doubt about it at all—*he saw, or thought he saw, distinctly,* TWO SKELETONS, sitting and warming their shins in front of his stove door. One must be his laboratory skeleton, for it had the well-known black bullet-mark on the left temple; but the other was a perfect stranger. The one sat with legs stretched foppishly out, and his long right arm hung over the chair-back; the other cowered over the fire and rubbed his knees, which the fire reflection turned to luminous crimson.

But the Doctor was a brave man, and not a superstitious one. He had done his best, too, to expose the folly of table-rapping, and of the stuffed hands and lazy tongs, and all the rest of it. He did not, therefore, believe what he saw, but attributed it at once to a natural cause. All he said was, as he rose and pointed at the skeletons, these simple words of common sense:

"Diseased state of my retina."

Here the Polish ghost rose, and introduced his friend with a wave of the hand as "the Guy's Hospital skeleton."

Now, I may as well here premise that I am not myself answerable for the exact truth of what the skeleton said, as the Doctor could never make up his mind afterwards whether the skeletons actually spoke, or whether the replies apparently addressed to him by those strange apparitions were not rather replies made by his inner consciousness to his own questions.

"Binocular deception, occasioned by temporary vinous affection of the optic nerve, very common after dinner."

At this moment the Polish ghost coughed in the impatient way in which people do who wish to edge a word in.

The Professor continued in a contemptuous tone, feeling his pulse deliberately as he spoke, and making a note on his blotting-pad of its condition "at fifteen minutes past one, Thursday, February 15th.

"The blood heated; the nervous system by some subtle cause thrown off its balance, brain locally excited in the organ of caution—it's all that infernal champagne of Mrs. Fitz-Jones's—that's it—a species of waking nightmare."

Here the Professor threw himself unconsciously into a lecturing attitude, and struck the table with a heavy ruler.

The ghost getting rather impatient and a little nettled, advanced to the table and putting one hand on his hip oratorically, stretched the other deprecatingly towards the Professor, whose courage increased every minute the more scientifically heated he got.

"Just *one* moment," said the ghost, "if I may be permitted by my friend from Guy's."

"I have devoted much time to these cases," said the Professor (he was one of those men you constantly meet, who have always "devoted much time" to whatever subject you are discussing), "and I know all the precedents; they are all classified; there was Dr. Ferriar, and Monsieur Nicholai, the celebrated bookseller of Berlin."

"I often meet him," said the ghost.

"About the year 1791," said the Professor, treading down all interruptions, "Nicholai began to be visited by crowds of ghosts."

"I was one of them," said the Polish ghost. The skeleton from Guy's nodded, and bleared through a quite superfluous eyeglass, to indicate that he was another.

"Crowds of phantasmata," continued Gaster, "who moved and acted before him, who addressed him, and to whom without fear he spoke, knowing that they were symptoms of a certain derangement of health, such as suicidal feelings, and indeed all melancholy, arise from."

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the ghost, entreating silence, and actually winking slyly at the Professor.

"Silence, sir! You are a mere phantom, the result of hectic symptoms, febrile and inflammatory disorders, inflammation of the brain, nervous irritability, hypochondria, gout, apoplexy, the inhalation of gases, or delirium tremens. Go! You are the mere offspring of a morbid sensibility, and only fools and skeptics have any belief in you!"

"But, one word."

"Not a word; I know all your relations; there is Dr. Gregory's old hag, who used to strike people with her crutch."

"My grandmother on my father's side," said the ghost consequentially. "Mother Shipton was my aunt."

"Sorry for it; for she was no great things. I've seen too many ghosts, sir, as some great person once said, ever to believe in them—a pack of rubbish. The man who believes in a ghost, I tell you, ought to be sent to an hospital."

The quiet, dittoing ghost suggested "Guy's," and smiled.

"*I* know the ghost in the tamboured waistcoat, and the skeleton that looked between the bed-curtains and frightened the doctor," said the Professor.

"Daren't look behind you, though!" said the Polish ghost in a nagging and malicious way.

At this sneer the ghost from Guy's rubbed his knees harder than ever, and laughed till he rocked again.

"Daren't I," said the Doctor, and turned quietly round; then, snapping back again, and catching the gentleman from Poland sliding forward to try and pull his coat and frighten him, he deliberately snatched up his heavy ruler, and hit the Pole a rattling blow on his bare skull; at which the Pole grew angry, and the friend from Guy's laughed more than ever.

"How about Maupertuis' ghost? That's a settler, I think," said the Pole, stepping back to a safe distance from the table, and thrusting in the remark spitefully.

"The mere fancy of a possible event. Remember the ghost that the captain sat down upon in the arm-chair, and then followed into bed—eh! Halloa! What, not a word to fling to a dog—what, quite

chopfallen! Sir, I shall put you in my next lecture."

"Don't, don't," said both ghosts, in a whining voice; "we'll go quietly away if you promise not to."

"Miserable impostors, begone! I know all your petty tricks—the voice that called Dr. Johnson—the young ensign who died of oversmoking at Kitchemegar, and that same night went and terrified his poor sister, for no reason in the world, at No. 999 Gower Street. Bah!"

"But, my dear sir, a moment's patience; let me put one argument before you. Look at the haunted houses in Great Britain, the rooms where no one can be induced, 'by even the boundless wealth of the antipodes,' to sleep; look at the clashing of our chains, the white shrouds, the groans, the—"

As the Polish skeleton here got out of breath, his lungs being evidently out of order, the Professor slipped in and continued his honest tirade.

"Stuff about your haunted houses—noises, all rats and draughts—unnatural deaths, bad sewers—the chains, rusty weathercocks—and all the rest, the tricks of deceiving servants, smugglers, or thieves."

Here the ghost from Poland shrugged his shoulders and looked piteously at the ghost from Guy's; then both shrugged their shoulders noisily.

"But the wet ensign who comes and tells his sister he is drowned at Cutchemabobbery, in the Madras Presidency!"

"Ah! what about the wet ensign?" said the ghost from Guy's, backing up his friend's query in a posing and rather hurt sort of way.

"Curse the wet ensign! A frivolous sister, nervous with incessant late hours, too much eau de Cologne, and the perusal of a sensation novel, has apprehensions about her brother in India, eventually goes to sleep over the piano, and dreams she sees him dripping."

"But she didn't dream," said Poland.

"No, she *didn't* dream," said Guy's, resorting again to his eyeglass.

"But I say she did," said the Professor.

"She didn't."

"She did."

"She didn't."

"But I attended her great aunt, and I ought to know," said the Professor.

The skeleton from Guy's here clenched his fist, but the ghost from Poland groaned.

"It's no use," said the latter.

"Not a bit," said the former.

"On my word of honor, my dear sir," said the ghost from Poland, trying once more, and laying his hand on the vacuity where his heart ought to have been, "it was not a dream."

"It was not a dream, on my conscience," said Guy's.

"Now look you here, gentlemen," said the Doctor, getting red in the face, and seriously angry, "I have borne this, I think, long enough. I have proved to you both that you don't exist; why don't you go civilly like gentlemen?" (The Doctor rather slurred the pronunciation of this word.) "You are impostors, scarecrows, mere bubbles; air, vapor, thought. Begone; or, I give you fair notice, if you are not off in five minutes by that clock, I will ring the bell, fire off a double-barrel gun, spring a rattle, throw open the front door, and alarm the street!"

This threat seemed to have a great effect on the two skeletons. Guy's sat down and warmed his shinbones again in a desponding manner, but on Poland touching his shoulder, they both got up and began to whisper together in a violent and agitated way. They were evidently going.

* * * * *

The Doctor fell suddenly into a deep sleep. He did not awake until Betsy Jane, the housemaid, came in

to "do" the room at seven A.M. That fair vestal found the gas burning, and the Doctor fast asleep in his armchair.

In alluding to the event afterwards, Dr. Gaster's friends always called that vision and sleep the result of "over-study," but his enemies (and what great man is not troubled with such vermin ?) called it "too much of Mrs. Fitz-Jones's champagne."

NATURAL SCIENCE IN ITS HIGHER ASPECTS.

THE nineteenth century will be a memorable period in the world's history. The progress made during it in the knowledge of the material universe is simply marvellous. We have investigated our own peculiar bodily mechanism, peered into the most secret recesses of nature, and have grasped very many of those physical laws by which our world is regulated. Besides, we have turned aside from our own globe,—it was too small for the extent of increasing research,—and we have solved the mysteries of the boundless heaven. These investigations of nature which we are bringing to such perfection, were so imperfect till within the last few centuries that they consisted of only a collection of facts, and were thought by the old philosophers unworthy of the name of science. Modern research has, however, accomplished so much that while one in ordinary life may remain ignorant of the vast and subtle machinery of mental science, he cannot remain unacquainted with the most important principles of the philosophy of nature. We have no longer a mere bundle of events and curious phenomena; we have deduced from a study of nature a beautiful system of knowledge, depending one part on another, and all illustrated with surprising ingenuity.

It is interesting to note how the learned men of olden time pursued the investigation of nature. Their researches extended only to the most ordinary objects within reach. Pythagoras early gave it as his opinion that all nature consisted of earth, air, fire, and water, and that all of these were necessary although antagonistic to each other. All who followed him adopted his opinion, until the time of the middle ages, when the doctrine that all material substances are only modifications of an original element took root. From this arose the idea of the transmutation of metals and the elixir of life. It remained for the invention of many of our most necessary scientific instruments to dispel these illusions. The inability to comprehend causes of the most common events of nature, such as thunder and lightning, or to obtain an understanding of the stars, sun, and the moon, gave rise to many superstitions. Man suffered in many ways from such an absence of scientific knowledge, and it is only by a comparison of our times with those days that we can properly appreciate our advantages.

From an increase in our knowledge of the powers of nature, we derive many of the benefits enjoyed by us at the present day. Although man has not curbed his passions, yet he has come to respect human life and human interests from reasons based on natural science. War is decreasing in its horrors, pain is alleviated by the most appropriate remedies, and life is protected by the

most skilful inventions and carefully prepared medicines.

The world is encompassed by man's knowledge, and as he advances his mundane researches he seeks for exactness and certainty in every branch of his investigations. Measurements of meridians, observations of eclipses, and of transits of planets, for the knowledge of time, light, and the position of the earth in the universe, all occupy his attention. To make his knowledge of the globe greater, exploring expeditions have been sent into ice and snow to seek out the hitherto inaccessible North Pole, and across burning deserts to trace the line of the Equator.

What is the object of all this various and complex research amid the mysteries of nature? The readiest answer that can be given is that it advances the material convenience of man. But if it could do no more it would not deserve the name of science; it would stand no higher than does the capability of money-getting. We know that we can span the earth as quick as the lightning flash, that distance is practically annihilated, and places are brought near, that familiar voices may be heard from afar, and that every comfort and luxury is furnished us by science. But this can avail us no more than our daily food if it bring us not into closer contemplation of the Creator of what has furnished us the material for our convenience. Science explains the plan of operation manifested in the whole universe, and although it has not reached that point at which it can explain every process of nature, throws a flood of light on the wonders of creation. It reveals the laws that govern the mighty globes revolving amid the immensity of space, and exhibits the reason of the various phenomena of inorganic and animate matter upon the earth, while it points with unerring finger at the solemn and inevitable fact that there is a God. It unveils his majesty in the lightning and the tempest, it brings us face to face with his power in the earthquake and the flood, and shows his infinite wisdom in the manifold creation of animal and plant to suit the place for which they were designed. No man can be a true natural philosopher and fail to detect the hand of One that is mightier than he in all that goes on around him. The man who makes his researches culminate in the theory that nothing can produce something, is one who forgets the dignity of his manhood, and who imagines he is using his reason to the best advantage when he uses it to destroy his noblest aspirations, and to blot out the belief in a better element of his being.

Science is not the dull spiritless vocation of one wearily plodding on with the vain hope of grasping the unattainable, of acquiring the knowledge and power of the Deity, but it has usefulness, and possesses a living force more fascinating, perhaps, for its student than music is for the musician, painting for the artist, or the muse for the poet. It has, indeed, true poetry: for what is poetry? It is the language of the beautiful. Coleridge says it is "the blossom and fragrance of all human emotions, passions, human thoughts, and knowledge." Truly a poetic definition, and one that expresses the poetry of natural science; for this is a branch of human knowledge which possesses blossom and fragrance in plenty. Poets derive much of their poetry from the contemplation of external nature, and if the external give such a vibration to the more delicate chords of the human soul, why may not a more intimate view of nature cause the same feelings? It seems to be so, for it was said of Sir Humphry Davy that if he had not been the best chemist of his age, he would have been its best poet. Many noted scientific men in their few leisure hours have turned poets for recreation, while others, such as Tyndall

and Huxley, possess a poetic charm of thought and expression which they seem to use as velvet sheath for the steel of their cunningly devised theories. Dr. Dalton, the eminent physiologist, also manifests the poetic instinct in his admirable descriptions of the senses and powers of the human body, and sometimes invests his subject with as true a poetic halo as the poet does his hero. In fact man cannot approach nature in a kindly manner, even under the guidance of science, without feeling a sense of the beautiful within him, which can only be called the "poetry of the soul," although it does not break forth in words.

Besides, it behooves us to study science as a shield for our most cherished principles of religion. Unfortunately the science of the present day seems directed toward the annihilation of the belief in a personal God, and the worship of him. Misdirected science would have us believe that there is a universal all-pervading force, without any attribute of omniscience or omnipotence, from which all things have been evolved, a belief which we must combat by being able to resist its advocates upon their own ground. The mistake has been made by overstepping the boundaries of natural science; for it, although apparently so extensive, has its limits. When an astronomer tells us that such a star is so and so we may implicitly trust him, but when he tells us that he finds no God at the end of his telescope, we must consider that he is beyond the bounds of his science. Because a man is a good physicist, it does not follow that he is a good theologian or linguist. Therefore his judgments must be taken for what they are worth; and if he sets himself up in theology or languages, they are probably worth nothing. So must we deal with the theorists of the present day. In their scientific domain we will consider their demonstrations of the greatest value, but any attempt outside of that may be worth nothing, or be positively reprehensible.

In conclusion, then, to quote the sentiments of the Vatican Council, "Let science increase and advance, but always in its own domain, and guided by Revelation: for the same God who revealed the truths of religion is also the God of science, and always the God of truth, and truth can never be in contradiction with truth."

BURY THE DEAD.

"Give me a grave, that I may bury my dead out of my sight."—GENESIS 23 : 4 (Heb.)

ENWRAPT in fair white shroud,
With fragrant flowers strewn,
With loving tears and holy prayers,
And wailing loud,
Shut out the light!
Bury the Dead, bury the Dead,
Out of my sight!

Corruption's touch will wrong
The sacred Dead too soon;
Then wreath the brow, the eyelids kiss;
Delay not long.
Behold the blight!
Bury the Dead, bury the Dead,
Out of our sight!

But there are other Dead
That will not buried be,
That walk about in glaring day
With noiseless tread,
And stalk at night;
Unburied Dead, unburied Dead,
Ever in sight.

Dear friendships snapped in twain,
Sweet confidence betrayed,
Old hopes forsworn, old loves worn out,
Vows pledged in vain.
There is no flight,
Ye living, unrelenting Dead,
Out of your sight.

O for a grave where I
Might hide my dead away!
That sacred bond, that holy trust,
How could it die?
Out of my sight!
O mocking Dead, unburied Dead,
Out of my sight!

O ever-living Dead,
Who cannot buried be;
In our heart's core your name is writ,
What though it bled?
The wound was slight
To eyes that loved no more, in death's
Remorseless night.

O still beloved Dead,
No grave is found for you;
No friends weep with us o'er your bier;
No prayers are said;
For out of sight
We wail our Dead, our secret Dead,
Alone at night.

Give me a grave so deep
That they may rest with me;
For they shall lie with my dead heart
In healing sleep;
Till out of night
We shall all pass, O risen Dead,
Into God's sight!

POWERS OF CALCULATION.

WHAT an immense difference there is between hearing of an extraordinary fact, between even believing it; that is, simply saying to yourself, "Yes, I suppose it must be true, because everybody seems to take it for granted," and witnessing the same fact in proper person! Reading about the sea, for instance, and making your first sea-voyage; rapidly perusing a book of travels, and beholding for yourself a tropical country; glancing at the report of an execution or a battle, and being actually present at the horrid scene, are, respectively, two quite different affairs. We read Captain Cook's adventures amongst various savage islanders, and even his death by their hands, without any very startling or exceptional impression. It is an amusing romance, a terrible tragedy, no more. We figure to ourselves savages in general as enemies merely—as holding with civilized man relations similar to those of the French and English of old—as antagonistic powers, that is all. But an acute observer, who went round the world with his eyes wide open, says that what impressed him most during the whole of that vast tour was the sight, face to face, of a real savage man. Some years ago a similar surprise was experienced by myself, though not from any fierce untamed fellow-creature, but, on the contrary, from a remarkably inoffensive and well-trained person. I had heard of George Bidder, in his time, that is, when his powers were publicly exhibited. Afterwards, the fame of the mathematical shepherd, Henry Mondeux, had reached my ears. I had regarded the reputation of those celebrities, as mental arithmeticians, with the same nonchalance with which people always regard things of which they are ignorant. But on the occasion in question I was present by invitation, at a private assembly, held to witness the exploits of a young man who was said to solve wonderful problems in his head, and I was also requested to prepare an arithmetical question or two. I did so, chuckling all the while to myself, "If you get through that, my good sir, without help of pen or paper, you are a cleverer fellow than I expect." The meeting was numerous, the majority (though

far from the totality) being schoolboys, with a sharp-set appetite for a display of ciphering skill. The hero of the night was standing in the midst, in the attitude common to blind people and extremely absent and thoughtful persons. He requested silence to be kept while he was making his calculations, which he did walking backwards and forwards, with a sort of short, quarter-deck step.

"What shall we begin with?" was a natural inquiry.

"Suppose we take addition first, and mount gradually through the rules. Will any one name any sums they think fit to be added together?"

Hereupon various individuals dictated items of hundreds of thousands, a million and odd, a few hundreds, and even units, to render the task the more puzzling, till some ten or twelve lines of figures were taken down by the gentleman who acted as secretary. Before he could finish the addition on the paper, the phenomenon gave the total accurately. I began to tremble for my questions, fearing that they would not prove posers.

Next was proposed a sum of subtraction, in which trillions were to be deducted from trillions. The remainder was given as easily as an answer to What o'clock is it? Certainly my questions would turn out no posers at all.

"Can you extract cube roots mentally?" I asked.

"Yes, give me one."

"What is the cube root of nineteen thousand six hundred and eighty-three?"

"Oh, that is too easy. It is twenty-seven."

Later in the evening he extracted a cube root of four figures. The schoolboys were delighted and astonished. If they had not applauded heartily, as they did, they would not have been schoolboys.

"I have a little calculation to propose," I said, "which involves multiplication principally. A fleet of seventy-three fishing-boats start from Dunkirk on the first of April to catch cod in the North Sea. They return on the thirty-first of July; that is, they are absent four months."

"I understand; they are out at sea a hundred and twenty-two days."

"Each boat carries nineteen men. How many men are there in the whole fleet?"

"One thousand three hundred and eighty-seven."

"And if each man eats four pounds of bread per day, how much bread per day is eaten on board all the boats?"

"Of course, five thousand five hundred and forty-eight pounds."

"With how much bread, then, must the fleet be provisioned to supply it during the whole of its four months' voyage?"

The calculator, who had stood still during the previous questions, resumed his quarter-deck pacing to and fro, and put on, as country-people say, his considering-cap. In a few instants he stopped short, and said, "They must take out with them six hundred and seventy-six thousand, eight hundred and fifty-six pounds of bread."

"Perfectly correct! Quite right!"

The boys were in ecstasies, which found vent in another round of applause.

"But these hard-working fishermen," I continued, "keep up their strength with something else besides bread. Each man drinks a glass of gin every morning; how many drams are drunk during the course of the four months?"

Another short promenade, and then the answer: "One hundred and sixty-nine thousand, two hundred and fourteen."

"But that is not all; the gin is kept in bottles, and each bottle holds thirty-seven petits verres or drams. How many bottles must the fleet carry out?"

"It must take out—let us see—it

must take out four thousand five hundred and seventy-three bottles, and a fraction consisting of thirteen drams over."

And so ended my question number one; no poser, nor ass's bridge at all. The interest of the audience was highly excited. To give a short repose to the calculator's brain, a young lady treated us to a charming divertisement on the piano.

"Are you tired?"

"Oh, no; not at all."

"Shall we try something with a greater number of figures?"

"If you please."

"Listen, then. I have a bottle of ditch-water, the contents of which, as near as I can estimate, amount to eighty-seven thousand, five hundred and sixty-two drops. In every drop, on examining it with the microscope, I find three species of animalcules—large, middle-sized, and small, namely, seventeen large ones, thirty-nine middle-sized, and two hundred and sixty-four small. First, tell me how many large animalcules I have in my bottle."

After a few paces, the correct answer is given: "You have one million, four hundred and eighty-eight thousand, five hundred and fifty-four."

"And how many middle-sized ones?"

"Three millions, four hundred and fourteen thousand, nine hundred and eighteen."

"Exactly. And how many small ones!"

"Twenty-three millions, one hundred and twenty-six thousand—"

"No; you have made an error there."

"Stop; let me see. It is twenty-three millions, one hundred and sixteen thousand, three hundred and sixty-eight."

"Perfectly correct. And now, if you please, how many animalcules, large, small, and middle-sized, have I altogether in my bottle of ditch-water?"

"You have twenty-eight millions, nineteen thousand, eight hundred and forty."

"Right. But I observe, on watching them, that each large animalcule eats, per day, one middle-sized, and three little animalcules. How many animalcules shall I have left at the end of a couple of days?"

"There will be, altogether, sixteen millions, one hundred and eleven thousand, four hundred and eight survivors."

After a few other arithmetical lucubrations, the calculating performer made a proposition which not a little startled his auditors.

"Dictate to me," he said, "from a written paper, a hundred and fifty figures, any you please, in any order, and I will repeat them to you by heart. Read them aloud to me, by sixes."

A gentleman present took pencil and paper, and wrote down a string of figures as they came into his head, by chance. "Seven, nought, nine, five, three, one."

"Yes," said the phenomenon, "go on."

"Nought, five, seven, six, two, three."

"Yes; go on."

And so on till there were a hundred and fifty figures on the list.

"Will you like to make it two hundred?" asked the imperturbable calculator.

"No, no; that's quite enough," shouted the humane audience.

"Now, repeat them once again, quick."

The figures were repeated accordingly.

"I am ready; they are nailed fast in my head. If I make a mistake, say 'False;' but don't correct me. Which way will you like to have them said?—beginning from the beginning, or beginning from the end? The great number of zeros in the list makes it more difficult; but never mind."

"Begin from the beginning," was the considerate word of command.

The wonder resumed his pacing step, and with half-shut eyes and forefinger vibrating by the side of his forehead, close to the phrenological organ of number (a favorite action with him), commenced his repetition: "Seven, nought, nine, five, three, one; nought, five, seven, six, two, three," etc.; until the hundred and fifty figures were run off the roll-call, in much the same tone as a little child recites "How doth the little busy bee improve each shining hour." There were only one or two errors, owing, he said, to the treacherous zeros; and on the admonition "False," they were corrected without aid. And then he repeated the list backwards, with the same monotonous ease. And then he offered to name any one given figure on the list.

"What is the forty-fifth figure, counting from the end?"

"A seven, between a one on the right hand, and a nine on the left."

"What is the twenty-first figure from the beginning?"

"A five, with a zero to the right, and a three to the left."

And then he sat down, amidst crowning applause, wiping the perspiration from his brow, as well he might. And then he rose and gave a detailed summing up (with the figures) of all the problems he had gone through during the evening.

Jean Jacques Winkler, the person who executes these prodigies of mental gymnastics, according to his own account, was born at Zurich, in 1831. He was one of a family of eight—four sons and four daughters. His father was a retired bill-broker, living on his income a sort of animal life (the son's expression), and wishing to keep the wanderer at home. Jean Jacques, from his earliest childhood, studied all sorts of subjects by night and by day, possessing a peculiar aptitude for calculation, combined with a prodigious memory. He studied in various places, and under various instructors, even under Arago, amongst others. This hard study gradually weakened his eyesight till he became quite blind, and continued so for two years and a half, until he was twenty-five years of age. The blindness came on "comically," he said, without headache or pain in the eyes; in short, he had never been ill in his life. As long as the deprivation of sight continued, his great amusement was to calculate problems in his head. Eyesight returned gradually, as it had departed, but only partially. Medical men promised him its complete restoration if he would renounce mental mathematics; but the propensity was too strong. He performed in his head all sorts of calculations in spherical trigonometry, curves, and other branches of high science. But, for himself, the most difficult operation was simple multiplication on a somewhat extended scale, say the multiplication of twenty figures by a multiplier consisting of fifteen or twenty. A sum like this took him ten or twelve minutes to work mentally—the only way possible; for he could not see clearly enough even to sign his own name without having his hand guided.

Contrary to most of the calculators hitherto exhibited to the public, and who, like Mondeux, were mathematicians by instinct, and could not explain how they arrived at their results, M. Winkler was perfectly acquainted with the theory of numbers, and arrived at the solution of the strongest problems by means of a methodical mental operation. He had formulæ of his own for the extraction of cube roots, for instance, and short-cuts for trigonometry. A power consisting of thirty figures took him four or five minutes to extract its cube root mentally—an astounding feat; for a good arithmetician will require three-quarters of an hour to do the same thing with pencil and slate. He had projected a mathematical book to facilitate and shorten intricate operations of the kind, but was prevented by the difficulty of producing in writing his imagined symbols.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

ANOTHER of the persecutors of the Church has been called to render his account before the tribunal of God. On the 9th of January Victor Emanuel died. He is a striking instance how men failing to correspond with divine grace, and giving loose reins to their passions, break through the restraints of conscience and known duty, fall constantly deeper and deeper into the abysses of sin, until at last they yield unhesitatingly to every temptation that presents itself, and commit sacrilege and other enormities without hesitation or seeming compunctions of conscience.

Victor Emanuel's crimes are not chargeable to want of knowledge or misdirected education. He was taught the principles of our holy religion in youth; he was acquainted with its truths. But he possessed violent passions, and allowed them to acquire the mastery over him until he became their slave. He indulged in personality until it became a second nature to him, and he gratified its base desires to such extent that he became in that respect a beast rather than a man. His ambition was allowed in like manner to rule him, so that he became the willing slave of men more astute than himself, of Cavour as long as he lived, and after his death, of others who adopted the worst of his ideas, and who developed them into consequences from which, we believe, Cavour would have shrunk.

How Victor Emanuel despoiled and persecuted the Church, plundered and suppressed its religious, desecrated its sacred shrines and sanctuaries, stabled his horses in convents, and perpetrated other sacrileges, is too well known to need repetition.

Had all that he has done been foretold him in his youth, he would have probably answered in the words of Hazael, who became king of Syria, to the prophet Eliseus, *Is thy servant a dog that he should do this great sin?* And yet as Hazael did all the enormities predicted of him, so Victor Emanuel went on, step by step, until he came to be as cruel a persecutor of the Church as was Hazael of the children of Israel.

He has been buried with pomp and ceremony, has been freely forgiven for the offences he did to him personally by the Holy Father, but what judgment God, who alone knows the disposition in which the usurper of Italy died, will pronounce upon him, because of his sins, it is not for us to determine.

His son, Humbert, has ascended the usurped throne, and according to his published address, proposes to follow the example set him by his wicked father. How far he will be permitted by God, whose power is almighty, and how far he will be held back by him, no one can foresee. One thing is certain, the Church is imperishable, and those who persecute her are always in the end made to pay the penalty of their wickedness, while the Church survives, and comes forth from persecution with renewed power and beauty.

DR. THOMAS W. M. MARSHALL, one of the ablest Catholic journalists in the English language, died on the 14th of December last, at his residence, at Surhiton, Surrey County, England, after a long and painful illness, borne with great patience and perfect resignation to the will of God.

Dr. Marshall was almost as well known in the United States as in England, by his copious and at the same time trenchant journalistic writings, and also through the valuable books of which he was author. He visited this country twice in the course of his life, and wherever he went he won the respect and esteem of those he met, by his geniality, humility, and unaffected piety. During his visit in 1871, he lectured to large audiences in Philadelphia and other cities, on subjects connected with Catholicity, with universal acceptance.

The impression made during his visit to Philadelphia was such that he was offered a professorship in the Diocesan Theological Seminary, and was also solicited to become editor of the *Catholic Standard*, and the clergy and laity of the city united in making up a considerable sum of money, which was presented to him as a mark of their high esteem.

Dr. Marshall was a convert from Anglicanism. He was born in 1815, graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1838, received Anglican "ordination" from the "Bishop of Salisbury," and held the living of Swallowcliff as long as he remained an Anglican minister.

About the year 1843 he published a voluminous work, entitled *Notes on the Catholic Episcopate*, in which he clearly showed that the Episcopal form of Church government was the only one in the early ages of the Church. The investigations and studies necessary for preparing this work were instrumental in bringing Dr. Marshall in the Catholic Church.

On his conversion to Catholicity Dr. Marshall gave up the living of Swallowcliff, and was compelled to rely entirely on his pen for support. He was poor, and the

sacrifice he made in relinquishing his position as an Anglican minister was very great, but it was made unhesitatingly and cheerfully.

After Dr. Marshall became a Catholic he wrote and published a number of valuable works. Chief among these is his *Christian Missions*. This is a work of wonderful research. It is said that in preparing it the learned writer examined and consulted nearly five thousand different volumes. It shows, with a clearness that is transparent and an array of evidence that is invincible, the beneficial results of Catholic missions, and the utter failure of Protestant missions to elevate and Christianize the inhabitants of heathen countries. In addition to this work, which lived and long subserved an important purpose, Dr. Marshall subsequently wrote *My Clerical Friends*, *Church Defence*, *Protestant Journalism*, and several other books. They are specimens as regards style of pure vigorous English, are replete with thought, and enlivened with flashes of the keenest wit. At the same time Dr. Marshall was engaged in furnishing leading editorials to the London *Tablet* and the *Catholic Times and Opinions*. His journalistic articles as well as his books were always thoughtful, direct, lucid, and vigorous. He wielded a trenchant pen, pointed often with the keenest irony, yet his wit and sarcasm were never ill-natured or malicious. No one had a quicker eye to detect the weak points in his adversaries' armor, or a surer and more vigorous hand to drive the dart straight through them with unerring aim.

As a controversialist Dr. Marshall was unequalled among English writers of his time. He was thoroughly in earnest, yet never unfair. His memory was of the most tenacious grasp, and his knowledge both of men and books accurate and extensive.

As a Catholic, Dr. Marshall was sincere, devout, and zealous, and in matters of faith as single-minded as a child. In honor of his services to religion, the Sovereign Pontiff, Pius IX, bestowed on him the Cross of St. Gregory, and Georgetown College, D. C., the title of LL.D. His funeral took place at Mortlake, on Thursday, December 20th, when a Requiem Mass was said by Rev. E. F. Murnane, and the prayers at the grave by the Very Rev. Canon Wenham.

May he rest in peace.

In accordance with the spirit of the Catholic religion, the Popes have always been generous patrons of the fine arts. No Pontiff has shown more interest in them, or done more to encourage them, as well as useful industrial pursuits, and also to support charitable institutions, than His Holiness, Pius IX. Among the many splendid testimonials presented to the Sovereign Pontiff during his late Episcopal Jubilee, there is one from the Roman Academy of Fine Arts, that is specially interesting, as recounting the history of his many acts of munificence and generosity for the promotion of the fine arts, though the number of these acts is so great that mention of many of them, as is stated in the preface of the work, is necessarily omitted.

The chief works noted in the volume referred to, are:

The great improvements in the Insane Asylum under the architect Azurri; the enlargement and improvement of the hospital of Santa Spirito in Sossia, and the addition of a very beautiful and highly decorated façade; restoration and embellishment of the Church of St. Maria in Via Lota, attached to the Borghese Palace; the establishment of schools for poor children in the Borgo, in the Pazza Pia, in the Via degli Ombrellari, in the new quarter Mastai; the construction of habitations for the poor in the Trastevere region; the splendid new fountain, surrounded by a garden, in the Piazza Mastai; the erection of a house for the use of the Apostolic College of the Missions, of many houses for the poor, and of an additional school for poor children, all in this same quarter. Then there is the restoration to its primitive splendor of the Basilica and *Canonica* of St. Agnes on the Nomentan Way; the enriching of the University of the Sapienza with museums of zoology and mineralogy, and the erection of edifices to contain these museums; the restoration of the Palace of Dotaria; the repairing and adornment of the ancient historical Church of St. Lorenzo in Lucina; and the restoration and adornment of the splendid new church in the town of Porto d'Anzio, dedicated to SS. Pius V and Anthony. Then there is the spacious library with which His Holiness generously endowed the Seminario Pio; the fountain built on Monte Maria, for the benefit of the people in that vicinity; the erection of great buildings for the manufacture of tobacco; the restoration of the Porta Pia, and the Porta San Pancrosio; the chapel erected in the garden of the night schools outside the Porta Cozaglieri; the systematizing of the Capitoline Observatory; of the new heating apparatus in the Botanic Garden; the anatomical theatre; the archæological museum in the Roman University; the new wing of the monastery of the Buon Pastore; the new establishment for the beneficed servants of the Vatican; the great washing establishment near the Convent of St. Clements; the great cemetery (Campo Santo) extended and embellished; the plans for the new front and portico before the Ostian Basilica; the preparation of the cloister and the court of the

Carthusian monastery for the exhibition of Christian art; the hall of the Œcumenical Council of the Vatican; the restoration of the Churches of St. Lorenzo in Domaso and of St. Elias near Nepi, of the Pontifical Palace at Porto d'Anzio, of the walls of Neptune. Then there are the successful restorations in the Basilica of St. Lorenzo Without the Walls, of the magnificent frescoes of Fraccasini; the restorations in the Basilica of Santa Maria in Trastevere; the new confessional in the Basilica of St. Maria Maggiore, the new tabernacle, and the new receptacle for the sacred chairs of St. Peter in the Eudoxian Basilica. All these works are only a portion of what mark the glorious Pontificate of Pius IX.

In his encouragement of painting and sculpture His Holiness has always been a generous patron. Some of the finest academical works have been produced under his patronage by Cavaliers Bonifiani and Corta; Coghetti, Consoni, Goznordi, and Poderti have painted the splendid frescoes that adorn the central nave of St. Paul's Without the Walls; Grandi and Mariani have painted in the same Basilica the martyrdom and burial of SS. Lorenzo and Stefano. Cavalier Consoni, under the direction and patronage of His Holiness, designed and superintended the execution of the beautiful mosaic on the façade of St. Paul's, a work which occupied fifteen years; the splendid paintings in the hall of the Immaculate Conception in the Vatican, representing the ceremonies when that dogma was proclaimed; the grand oil painting in St. Paul's, representing the martyrdom of St. Stephen.

As regards sculpture, among the numerous works produced under the patronage of His Holiness we mention only the celebrated groups by Commendatore Jacomnetti, "The Kiss of Judas" and the "Ecce Homo;" the statue of St. Peter in bronze, to be placed on the column designed to commemorate the holding of the Vatican Council, and the statue of the Holy Father in prayer.

All these works, representing every worthy human interest, form a magnificent record how the Sovereign Pontiff, amid cares and labors sufficient to crush the most robust and enduring, yet finds the time, and has room in his large heart, to cherish and encourage everything that tends to lessen and alleviate human misery, to succor the poor, to encourage industry, and foster whatever tends to elevate, cultivate, and refine human character.

IF the telegrams from the seat of war in Europe can be relied on as correct, Turkey lies powerless at the feet of Russia. The surrender of Osman Pasha, with all his troops, after his unsuccessful sortie from Plevna, was quickly followed by the capture of the Shipka Pass, with the whole Turkish forces defending it, to the number of twenty-five thousand men. The last remaining army of Turkey, under Suleiman Pasha, are according to accounts received while writing this, in the vicinity of Philippopolis, seventy or eighty miles west of Adrianople, with a Russian army of triple numbers pressing him in front, and an equally superior Russian force closing in upon his rear, and threatening to prevent his retreat to Adrianople. The Turkish forces seem to have become entirely demoralized, and incapable of making any effective resistance to the Russian forces in their onward progress towards Constantinople.

Negotiations for an armistice have been commenced, but Russia is evidently in no hurry to conclude them, and in all probability will protract them until Adrianople shall have fallen into her possession, and she can dictate terms of peace, with irresistible forces ready to march against Constantinople.

While the situation is as we have described in Turkey, England remains undecided and hesitating, divided and distracted at home by the opposing views of influential leaders of public opinion, and without an ally in the world upon whom she can rely, in fact without a single friend or well-wisher among civilized peoples.

She has brought this upon her herself by her duplicity and selfish policy. She allowed Denmark to be weakened and dismembered when she could have prevented it; Austria to be beaten and humiliated without uttering a word of remonstrance or performing a single act of friendly interposition. She permitted Hanover to be swallowed up by Germany, though it had a special claim on England for protection. She allowed France to be defeated, overrun, and put in fetters by Bismarck, until she broke and threw them away by the patriotism and almost superhuman energy of the French people. And now, to-day, England's voice in the councils of European nations is listened to only with a supercilious courtesy, which is equivalent to contempt, and she stands in the attitude of one who is brokenhearted and defied, wishing to strike, yet afraid to deliver a blow.

The British Parliament has been summoned together at an earlier period than usual to take the Russo-Turkish situation into consideration. The Queen was not present in person at the reassembling of Parliament, but sent a speech which was read by the Lord Chancellor to both Houses, stating that England proposed remaining neutral if possible, but that it was expedient to make adequate preparations for future

emergencies, and asking Parliament to vote the necessary supplies. A sharp debate ensued upon the answer to be made to the Queen's speech; and the policy of the ministry severely criticized. This probably only foreshadows the fiercer debate that will ensue when the proposed measures of the existing ministry come to be discussed in detail.

THE fiftieth anniversary of the ordination to the priesthood of Rev. James Fitton, of the Church of the Holy Redeemer in East Boston, Mass., was celebrated on December 23d with appropriate and impressive ceremonies. Father Fitton is, in all probability, the oldest priest in the United States who was born and reared in the country. There is certainly no one who is more conspicuously identified with the growth of the Church in New England.

He was born in Boston in 1803, and was baptized in the only Catholic Church edifice then erected in that city. He was educated in part under the pioneer, Bishop Cheverus, afterwards Cardinal, and was ordained by the late Bishop Fenwick upwards of fifty years ago. The venerable and highly esteemed Father has lived to see the erection of upwards of thirty Catholic churches and a magnificent cathedral in Boston alone. He has lived to see his own mission, which at first included all New England, divided into six dioceses, with Boston as a metropolitan see. He was the founder of the first Catholic periodical in the United States, the *Catholic Press*, at Hartford, of the College of the Holy Cross, at Worcester, Mass., and erected churches in most of the principal cities and towns in New England. Though upwards of seventy-four years of age he is still hale and vigorous, his mind is clear and active, and recently he composed a history of the Church in the New England States, and prepared one of the most complete prayer-books that has been published.

Previous to the ceremonies of the jubilee, mass was celebrated by the venerable Father Fitton himself. Among those in the sanctuary were the Archbishop of Boston, the Bishop of Portland, and eleven priests from different parts of the country, who had in past years served in the sanctuary as altar-boys under Father Fitton.

Following the mass an appropriate sermon was delivered by the Bishop of Portland, after which a number of memorial gifts were presented to Father Fitton. First of these was a gold chalice from the Archbishop of Boston, then a set of vestments and an address, beautifully engrossed on parchment, from those of the aged Father's altar-boys who have since been ordained priests. The present and past altar-boys then followed with a miniature yacht freighted with three hundred gold dollars. These presents were supplemented by others from the young men of the Catholic Lyceum, pupils of the school of Notre Dame, and the scholars of the Sunday-school.

THERE have been no less than forty-six priests ordained in Prussian Poland since the enactment of the infamous "Falk laws," by the German government, in May, 1874. These priests, refusing to submit to an examination by government officials, are now engaged in the discharge of the duties of their sacred office in a way that evades the iniquitous Falk laws. Masses are said by them with greatest secrecy, the Catholic gentry keeping them on their large estates as tutors or land stewards. Thus, far from extinguishing the Catholic spirit, the persecution has in many respects only proven the means of feeding the sacred flame of faith. On the other hand, however, even the government opens its eyes to the fact that the emissaries of Socialism, who have hitherto labored in vain to seduce the poor Catholic workingmen of Posen and Silesia with their pernicious doctrines, are now beginning to gain a foothold, where Catholic congregations have been deprived of their priests, and extend their evil influences just in proportion as through the enforcement of the Falk laws the people are debarred from Catholic worship and the ministration of the Catholic clergy.

THE archbishops and bishops of Ireland have issued a Pastoral, which has been read in all the churches of that island, on the subject of "wakes." They express the deep concern which they feel for the proper and respectful treatment of the dead, and refer to the many instances of demoralization and shameful misconduct which often occur at "wakes," some of them being mere carousals. In future no one is to attend at "wakes" except the immediate relatives of the deceased; no spirituous or intoxicating liquors are to be used; and in case of disobedience of these injunctions the clergy are required not to visit the house, nor to attend at the funeral, nor to celebrate Mass for the deceased.

OF the ten archbishops in the United States, four are Irish; of the fifty-six bishops, twenty-nine are of the same nationality; of the fifty-two hundred priests, not less than three thousand belong to the Irish race. A like proportion holds good as regards the laity. Of the six and a half million who are officially returned, four millions are of Irish birth or descent.

It has long been a subject of complaint that Catholic books are too high-priced. A remedy for this will be found if an enterprise undertaken by Mr. Hickey, No. 11 Barclay Street, New York, is successfully carried out. He proposes in a circular recently issued to publish classical Catholic works in a series, to be furnished at a very low price to subscribers. The series is to be called "The Vatican Library." He begins with *Fabiola* for *twenty-five cents*.

This is an excellent idea, and we hope Mr. Hickey will be sustained, so that he may successfully carry it into effect. Low-priced Catholic literature is greatly needed, and if "The Vatican Library" enterprise succeeds it will be furnished. Library companies, Catholic literary societies, and heads of families should subscribe for the series.

The ecclesiastical statistics of England and Wales show an increase of sixty-four priests and nineteen churches during the last year. In the diocese of Nottingham 10 new churches were opened; in Salford, 4; in Liverpool, 9; in Hexham, 1; in Northampton, 1; and in Plymouth, 1. The increase in the number of priests in the diocese of Liverpool is 10; in Southwark, 12; in Westminster, 8; with a less proportionate increase in other dioceses. The hierarchy remains unchanged.

In Scotland the number of priests has increased five; of churches, fourteen.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WHAT CATHOLICS DO NOT BELIEVE. A lecture delivered in Mercantile Library Hall, on Sunday evening, December 16th, 1877. By *Right Rev. P. J. Ryan*, Bishop of Tricomia, and Coadjutor to the Archbishop of St. Louis. St. Louis: P. Fox, Publisher, 14 South Fifth Street. 1878.

This lecture has caused no little excitement in St. Louis, where it was delivered. It grew, in part at least, out of an invitation extended to the Right Rev. Bishop Ryan, by the Rev. Dr. Snyder, "Pastor of a Unitarian Church" in St. Louis, to deliver a lecture from his pulpit and to his congregation, on "The Claims of the Catholic Church," Dr. Snyder assuring the bishop of the presence of a large number of Protestants to hear the proposed lecture. The Right Reverend Bishop did not feel that it would be proper for him to occupy a Protestant pulpit, but having already promised to deliver a lecture in the Mercantile Library Hall in aid of a new building for Catholic schools, he informed Dr. Snyder of the fact, expressing a desire that he and Protestants generally would attend.

On the delivery of the lecture at least one-half of the audience were Protestants. The subject selected by the Right Reverend Bishop was, "What Catholics do not believe." It gave him an excellent opportunity of explaining away many of the existing misapprehensions on the part of non-Catholics on many points of Catholic belief and practice.

The statement of these misapprehensions by Bishop Ryan was so clear, fair, and his counter-explanations of what Catholic belief and practice really is were so lucid and convincing that the lecture made a profound impression and became the subject of very general discussion. While in form and plan the lecture is negative, that is, takes up the leading objections of Protestants to Catholicity, and shows that in almost every instance those objections are based upon either honest misunderstanding of Catholic doctrine and practice or else wilful misrepresentation, it also incidentally but forcibly sets forth the positive side of the question, "What Catholics *do* believe."

The plan of the lecture and the arrangement of the topics discussed are very happy. Bishop Ryan introduces his subject by showing the importance of a correct knowledge of what Catholics do believe, first to Protestants, and second to indifferentists, skeptics, and infidels. He then takes up and entirely, with great simplicity, clearness, and force, exposes the erroneousness of the prevalent notion that to be a sincere Catholic requires an abnegation of reason. He follows this error through the various forms and shapes it assumes, and shows that in all of them it involves an utter misapprehension of the Catholic religion.

Next, the popular charge that Catholics are guilty of idolatry, in the employment of pictures, statues, etc., in the veneration of relics, the invocation of saints, and of the Blessed Virgin, are discussed in a very felicitous manner under one general head; the prevailing misapprehensions are exposed and the actual doctrine of the Church clearly set forth.

The subject of confession is then taken up, and the popular misapprehensions and misrepresentations respecting it are clearly exposed, and the true intention, nature, and influence of the sacrament of penance is set forth.

The lecture concludes with a magnificent

description of the celebration at Rome, in the Basilica of St. Peter, of the eighteen hundredth anniversary of the martyrdom of the Prince of the Apostles, ending with a most eloquent description of the power, sanctity, beauty, unity, and perpetuity of the Church.

THE KNOWLEDGE OF MARY. By *Rev. J. De Concilio*, pastor of St. Michael's Church, Jersey City, author of *Catholicity and Pantheism*. New York: The Catholic Publication Society. 1878.

One purpose of Father Concilio in writing this work was to furnish a sequel to his previous work on *Catholicity and Pantheism*. At first thought it might be supposed that the subjects of the two works have little to do with each other. But as the author briefly shows, in his preface, the one has a necessary connection with the other. A true knowledge of Mary "is the best refutation of Pantheism," the universal error of our time. For the substance of Pantheism is the absorption of the finite in the infinite, and consequently the doing away with all created agency. Mary represents created agency in its grandest, sublimest, and most magnificent expression, in all the mysteries of God relating to the creature. Mary, therefore, is the best and most convincing refutation of Pantheism, the rock against which the waves of this pernicious, this all-pervading error of the times, must exhaust their force. Pretending to exalt humanity, Pantheism degrades and deprives it of everything that gives it glory. Mary, actualizing the deepest humility, exalts humanity, fulfilling the prophecy: "Thou, the glory of Jerusalem, the joy of Israel, the magnificence of our people."

These thoughts furnish a clue to the author's leading motives and ideas in preparing this work. It differs from most works that have been written in English on the general subject of Mary, in that it is not devotional, meditative (if we may coin a word) in form, but theological. This fact furnishes an answer to the objection that we already have too many works upon Mary.

It would require too much space to speak in detail of the manner in which Father Concilio develops his subject. We content ourself, therefore, with simply indicating the leading divisions of the work. In an introductory chapter it is shown that God was unknown in the world before the coming of Christ; that it was impossible for man by his unaided strength to return to the knowledge and love of God; that the world owes Emanuel and Christianity along with its results to Mary. Hence, the necessity of true, accurate, solid knowledge of Mary. Then in Book First, "Mary's place in the Divine plan of the Universe" is shown; Book Second dwells upon "The Grandeur of Mary's destiny;" Book Third sets forth "The perfections of Mary;" Book Fourth exhibits "The consequences of Mary's dignity relatively to God, to the human race, and to herself;" and Book Fifth shows "Mary's merit and glory."

The work is intended to meet an existing want, and we believe will exert an important influence in two different directions. First, in acquainting Catholics more fully with the relation in the necessity of things of Mary to the mystery of the Incarnation, and all that it comprehends in its destined results and consequences to the human race; and secondly, in informing inquiring non-Catholics of the theological reasons why Mary occupies so large and so exalted a place in Catholic devotions and worship.

THE IRISH-AMERICAN ALMANAC FOR 1878. New York: Lynch, Cole & Meehan.

In addition to the ordinary tables and other matter common to almanacs and calendars, this work contains quite a large amount of reading of special interest to persons of Irish nationality, consisting chiefly of sketches of leading events and incidents in Irish history, biographies of distinguished Irishmen, with portraits of quite a number of them, etc.

WHY A CATHOLIC IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY? By *William Giles Dix*. New York: The Catholic Publication Society. 1878.

Mr. Dix is a convert, and knowing from his own personal experience while a Protestant the forms which error takes in this age, and the manner in which it blinds and misleads non-Catholics, he has written this work in the hope that it may be instrumental in leading others into the true Church. There is, of course, nothing new in the substance of the author's argument, but the work is nevertheless of value as a special application, in clear and forcible style, of old truths to the errors and isms in the forms they have assumed in our own time.

THE MIRROR OF TRUE WOMANHOOD. A Book of Instruction for Women in the World. By *Rev. Bernard O'Reilly*. New York: Peter F. Collier. 1878.

This admirable work has already been the subject of such general and high commendation by the Catholic press, that a lengthy notice here is altogether unnecessary. It is sufficient to say that, avoiding the didactic form and style, the author has produced a most interesting and charming book, full of most important practical lessons, that are of inestimable value to women of every rank and station in society, married or single, young, middle-aged, or old.

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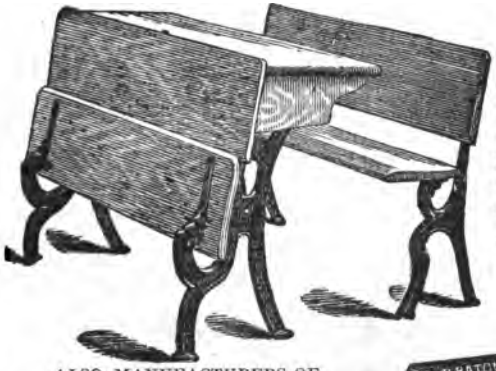

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Vol. XIV.—FEBRUARY, 1878.—No. 82.

IS HELL A MYTH?

RECENT EFFORTS TO UPSET A UNIVERSALLY ACCEPTED TRUTH.

ONE evening, recently, a distinguished Brooklyn divine sat in his study, revolving in his mind the subject of his sermon for the following Sunday. He seemed to be upon the ragged edge of despair, for he repeatedly thrust his hands through his gray and thinning locks, and glowered severely at a sheet of foolscap, on which he intended to note down his religious lucubrations.

"That was a tremendous fall in the sale and rental of my pews," he muttered, "and there's that infernal mortgage to be paid out of a reduced salary. I feel more and more like stepping down and out. Nothing can exceed the great darkness in which I live. I even wish that I were dead."

So saying, he turned on the gas, in doing which, a spark fell upon his hand.

"Hell!" he exclaimed. "Yes," said he, in a calmer voice, and glancing nervously around, "yes, *hell* shall be my subject."

He reached over to take up a Scriptural Concordance, and flanked by Kitto's Family Bible and Buck's Theological Dictionary, he prepared to compose his discourse.

"Hell," he soliloquized, turning over the pages, "seems to have more texts and illustrations than any other theme. Dear me! Eternity of hell. State of the reprobate. Conclusive proofs for endless punishment. The Christian Fathers unanimous upon the subject. Defined by several councils. Dear me! This will never do for my righteous flock. An unpalatable theme like this must be sweetened for my babes in Christ. The consequences of a fire and brimstone discourse are too terrible to contemplate. My lambs would take fright. Sweet lambs," he murmured, as a pensive smile irradiated his rather bucolic countenance, "I must say nought to dim their joyousness or check their playfulness."

At this point a servant announced the visit of a ladies' committee on neckties for the heathen. A sweet-faced lady wished to have a difficulty solved resulting from the present style of cravats as utterly useless for missionary purposes, and she begged the divine to introduce into his

Friday evening talk a denunciation of piccadilly collars as threatening serious injury to the Christian cause. This interruption, shedding as it did the gentle influence of feminine sympathy and companionship upon his severe study, put our theologian into better humor, and such is the effect of apparently trivial causes upon our spiritual being that it considerably modified the rather harsh views which he had been inclined to take upon the subject of the endless torments of the lost.

"What shall be my text?" he queried, glancing dubiously at the frightfully plain language of most of the citations given in the Concordance. "Paul," he added, "has the admirable advantage of being obscure. Here, for example, is Ephesians 1 : 9, 10.

"'Having made known unto us the mystery of his will, according to his good pleasure, which he hath purposed in himself: that in the dispensation of the fulness of times he might gather together in one all things in Christ, both which are in heaven and which are on earth; even in him.'

"Here the apostle is talking about Christ as the head of the Church, but as there happens to be no church in particular, I can weave from the text a beautiful allegory about 'gathering in,' or the ultimate salvation of all believers."

As our non-clerical readers cannot be presumed to know how a great preacher prepares his discourse, we subjoin a synopsis and analysis of the Brooklyn divine's sermon. Any one who has the courage to read it *in extenso* will find it in the New York *Christian Union*, for December 26th, 1877. Subject: Is there a hell?

1. Talk about mystery, in a mysterious manner. Abysses, etc. Paul is impassioned. Great unknown.

2. Divine justice. We can't understand it. Illustrate this idea by the following little story: "I am going to take you to your grandfather's, and you are going to see a magnificent horse, only that it is not like any horse you ever saw. It has no eyes, no ears, no mouth, no legs, no mane, no tail, no skin, no bones, but it is a horse!" Yet, etc., etc. Would God be just to talk thus to us? And will he treat us so? Oh, no! no! (Handkerchief.)

3. "Gather all in Christ." Bring in old farmer gathering. (This is a little stale, but has good effect on agriculturists.)

4. Swedenborg. A man dead, and didn't know it.

5. "I believe in the Trinity!" (Good effect on orthodox.) Why do I believe in the Trinity? I DON'T KNOW. (Spread.)

6. What is time? Same answer. Another story—Lamb and wolf. Wolf don't explain to lamb. God don't explain to us.

7. What is the grand law of the universe? Suffering. God don't want us to suffer. (Hard to prove, but spread.) He would rather suffer than let us suffer.

8. Hit slumbering ministers. Indefiniteness of Scripture. Infinite benevolence. All fatherliness. Oversoul. Christ love, etc. Anecdote—When I was a boy fond of johnny-cake, such as they make in New England, etc.

9. Shall we all go to heaven? I don't know. (More mystery, *tears*, if possible, loved ones, children.) I throw myself, etc. Zion. Angelic bugles.

10. But to come to the subject, etc. Love, love, love! Oh, the lovableness of the gospel! Away with hell! Cruel thought. (Spread.)

Hymn 1789, Plymouth collection, "There's a land that is fairer than day."

If there is any serious-minded man who would frame his ideas of a future state of punishment and retribution from such a chaotic jumble of absurdities as the foregoing, we have only to say that he would take risks which would not satisfy any fire in-

surance company in the land, no matter how reckless it might be. Yet, we submit, this analysis of a sermon of Mr. Ward Beecher, which has been extensively circulated, is as clear and as fair as his treatment of the great theme. We never believed that Beecher had any theological culture, not to speak of exact theological views. But we credited him with fairness in presenting such a fundamental verity of the Christian religion, and, in fact, of all religion, natural and revealed, as the everlasting punishment, in a future state, of souls departing this life in the habit and malice of deadly sin. His utterances upon so momentous a subject are vague, windy, and inexact, even from a Universalist point of view, for he does not even regard the partial punishment of the reprobate as punitive or reformative, but leaves the whole subject in a cloud of rhetorical and sentimental rose-color.

No doctrine is more fully or plainly revealed in the Scriptures than the everlasting punishment of the reprobate. It is, in fact, the cardinal dogma on which the moral government of God depends, and from which the divine law draws its sanction. The texts upon the subject are numerous and explicit. Our Saviour contrasts the eternal life of the blessed with the everlasting punishment of the damned, using the same word for everlasting in both instances, and thus preventing any limitation of meaning in the sentence which consigns the reprobate to perdition. As eternal happiness is eternal in the sense of unending, so the sufferings of the lost are likewise interminable. The preacher who would honestly and solemnly lay before his people the divine oracles upon this awful theme need have no doubt about his success in establishing what all men must recognize as a most salutary, if terrible and heartrending, truth. Whatever may have been Mr. Beecher's motive in passing over the great Scripture testimonies, he was under no necessity of making so pathetic a complaint about the obscurity and indefiniteness of the Bible upon hell. There is no obscurity or indefiniteness whatever. Hell is far more clearly described than heaven, and its vivid portraiture is not confined to any portion of Holy Writ, either in the Old or the New Testament.

But as he sets us the example of investigating the natural or rational arguments for future punishment, and as, in his treatment of the theme, he imitates Canon Farrar and other Universalists, we purpose devoting a few pages to refuting his arguments, or rather rhapsodies.

His assumption that the whole region of the future, its economy of rewards and punishments, its moral government and regulation, belong to the sphere of the "unknowable," is a result of that pernicious system of skepticism advocated by Herbert Spencer and other materialistic Englishmen of the present day. We laugh at Pyrrhonism, or universal doubt, but the philosophy of the unknowable is just as absurd. Of course we know. To deny knowledge whether in the natural or the supernatural order is a contradiction in terms. The existence of God is an object of science, just as much as the existence of London. We know God as First Cause, our Creator, as *Ens a se, actus purissimus*, and absolutely necessary Being. All these are demonstrable, and have been demonstrated a thousand times. The idea of the Infinite and Absolute is familiar to our minds, and can be demonstrated as objectively real. Every schoolboy can prove the existence of God, from the physical constitution of the world, the principle of order, of cause and effect, etc. But we not only know God as our First Cause, but as our Final Cause, the end and object of our creation, and, included in this idea of God as Final Cause,

the everlasting and incontrovertible root and foundation of our responsibility and our whole moral relationship with him rest. No sooner has the human mind grasped this fact, which is traditional as well as knowable in itself, and which is the life of all religion, than there at once flashes upon us the truth of God as Rewarder and Punisher, the Supreme and all-just Judge, the Sovereign Good, the absolutely perfect being, between whom and the slightest shadow of sin or wrong-doing there is eternal separation and conflict. The very Vision of God, supremely good and all-holy, is sufficient to banish the sinner forever from his face. The mystery of mysteries is that the All-Holy One bears as he does with the manifest sinfulness in the world; but there is no mystery whatever in the absolute and eternal exclusion from his presence of reprobate man, viewed simply as defiled with sin, that is to say, out of harmony with his final end, and, in the eyes of God, a rebel to his will, and a perverse scorner of the law and the moral order which he has established.

To know these truths there is no necessity of having recourse to the Scriptures. They are demonstrations. They flow out of our conception of the Supreme Being. No sooner do we reflect upon his infinite perfections than the beauty of his heaven beams upon us, and the dread of his hell chills us. Nothing defiled can come near that spotless sanctity; no storms of passion can reach that peaceful abode. The eternal good, the everlasting blessedness, all that we can conceive of infinite sanctity, purity, mercy, grace, all perfections, are in God, or rather are God. Evil is the negation of good, the loss of perfection, the turning away from the everlasting fountain of grace and benediction. The just man prayed that his flesh might be pierced with the Divine judgments, for no man can contemplate this ocean of perfection without trembling at his sin. What blasphemy is it to speak lightly of sin in reference to the holiest God, who hates it with an infinite hatred, as being the antithesis and contradiction of himself. He cannot abide sin. It flies from his presence. He cannot overlook sin. He cannot fail to punish it. It is the everlasting law and justice, which is himself, that casts out sin and the sinner from the Holy Mount. The whole controversy upon hell as conducted by those who deny it and its eternity does not proceed upon this elementary idea of God, an idea which demonstrates the existence of hell, or of a state or condition of everlasting exclusion from God for those who prefer evil to himself.

This truth is known by natural reason, and is found in all nations, in all religions, and in every age. To deny it is to advocate the absurd and blasphemous theory that God must make some compromise with deadly sin, must derogate his everlasting sanctity by treating sin with lenity, carelessness, or without that strict justice which is his attribute. In vain do we exclaim against its apparent rigor, its seeming contradiction of the mercy of God and his loving kindness to man. There is no contradiction. His mercy and redemption are plenteous. We are but laying down the eternal law under which we live, a law from which there is no deviation, because it exists in the divine mind, and its decrees are from everlasting to everlasting.

This denial or obscuration of the teleological or final order is the cause of nearly all the confusion and error of Protestant theology. A recognition of God is not wanting. Elaborate proofs of his existence are at hand, but there is an unaccountable failure to perceive that, if he is our First Cause, our Creator and proprietor, he necessarily is our end and judge. He has absolute dominion over us, and our last end falls

as clearly under his *régime* as our first beginning. The doctrine of moral accountability is recognized; the immortality of the soul is insisted upon, though few are thoughtful enough to perceive that, strong as are the arguments for immortality drawn from the nature and spirituality of the soul, the grand and conclusive argument springs from the truth of personal responsibility, the freedom of our actions, and their recognized permanent force and influence. We have a belief, which amounts to the certitude of inner consciousness, that we shall survive personally and substantively in a disembodied state. We *know* that we shall never die; and the moral sense announces, with no doubtful voice, that we must undergo judgment and receive reward or punishment according to our deserts. In spite of the natural weakness of our own ideas touching this judgment, no man can conceal from himself that the absolutely perfect and just being will mete out to him a sentence, the essential glory of which will be its absolute justice and its freedom from the slightest suspicion of fear or favor. But how few carry their speculation or knowledge to this point! We know God, our Creator. We seldom think of him as judge. Our ideas of sin are confused or inaccurate. The world about us mitigates the fear of God by its patronage, or concealment, or indifference in matters involving questions of the divine law. Our own conscience becomes callous, and the poetic dictum about first hating, then tolerating, and finally embracing vice, is daily verified. Yet all the time the infinitely holy God finds only one thing in all his creation which the necessity of his being obliges him to regard with infinite hate and displeasure, and that is the actual moral corruption of the creatures whom he has made in his own image, and to each of whom, outside of revelation entirely, he has communicated a law sufficient to save them, but they will not. The natural man who observes this law, written on the human heart, who recognizes his Creator as his Final Cause, and as the rewarder of them that seek him, is in the way of salvation according to St. Paul. It is in his failure to draw this distinction, or to apprehend God as our end, that Mr. Beecher falls into the second of the egregious errors in which his discourse abounds.

What solution is given to the admitted necessity of punishing sinners after death, the doctrine of purgatory being denied? Clearly, none. Either admit purgatory, as Mr. Beecher is virtually forced to do, but to the destruction of hell, or throw revelation and reason overboard. The doctrine of an intermediate state falls into beautiful harmony with every idea of infinite justice. The clear mind of Dr. Samuel Johnson perceived its reasonableness, and he acted upon his intuition, when he prayed daily for his departed friends. God, who can discriminate infallibly between sins, created purgatory as a remedial and reformatory school of suffering, patience, and hope. The specific differences in sin, the temporal punishment due to sin, after the remission of its external punishment, and the exactions of divine justice, all combine to prove the existence of such a purgatorial state, to say nothing of the clear Judaic tradition upon the subject. But to argue from its existence and admitted advantages, conducive to God's glory, to the exclusion of hell and eternal punishment, would be to confuse the distinctions of sin, and overturn the justice of God. The various theories of an ending hell, after probation, apply to purgatory, wherein the spirits of the just are made perfect, satisfaction is given, and sin expiated. But nothing is surer than that there is a fixed and immovable condition of suffering prepared for the devil and his angels.

Canon Farrar, an English divine, and the author of a popular Life of Christ, has also entered the lists against an endless hell. Dean Stanley has likewise signified his disbelief in endless torments, an opinion which, for his own sake, we hope he may find true. Farrar, whose utterances appear to have made considerable stir in England, indulges not so much in argument as in an impassioned invective against the "coarse terrorism" of the doctrine and the popular descriptions of hell found in the poets. These, it is clear, have nothing to do with the dogma. Dante's *Inferno* is not of faith, nor is the Ghost in *Hamlet* an authorized exponent of theologic truth. Milton's Pandemonium, on the whole, is not such a dreadful place to live in; but not even the great Calvinistic poet's conception of hell is orthodox. In fact, his entire poem is, viewed theologically, vicious and absurd. Farrar opens his denunciation of hell by the statement that it is a human figment, invented by theologians and intensified by vulgar fears and superstition. This is a grave error. In the first place, no man would be naturally inclined to invent eternal damnation; and, in the second place, no man would be willing to believe in it. The fact of the universal tradition among men, in all ages and from the earliest antiquity, of a place of future punishment is proof presumptive of its divine origin. Certain it is, there is no religion which has not its heaven and hell, and what is strikingly to our purpose, its *everlasting* hell. This tradition has a profound significance. The great beliefs of the human race upon morals are deserving of the most attentive examination and acceptance. The mythology of Greece and Rome had its Tartarus, with innumerable appliances of torture. The universal cry of humanity has condemned to everlasting darkness and horror the impious and the irreligious. The all-pervading belief in the divine retribution has sustained mankind, in all ages, under the yoke of injustice and the triumph of the wicked. The eternal distinction between right and wrong has never been obliterated from the human soul; and the testimony of all ages represents man as looking forward to another life, in which his wrongs shall be righted, his virtues rewarded, and his wickedness punished. It matters not that in his ideas of such a state he may appear to the philosopher grotesque or superstitious. There is the underlying truth, announced by the very constitution of his nature, and pointed out to him by his reason, that the wicked shall fall under the vengeance of an offended Deity, and that the good shall be crowned with his glory.

We dwell thus long upon the simple and elementary truths both of reason and revelation, in order to point out the straits to which those writers are reduced who would force man to practically reject the doctrine of the future life, as reject it he must if he abandons the idea of future punishment. Why should we cumulate arguments to prove there is a heaven (which we are in fact most ready to accept without proof), and to exclude from the pale of reason the idea of hell? If the difficulty is in accepting an *everlasting* hell, why is there no difficulty in accepting an everlasting heaven? If unending happiness is the reward of the virtuous, why should we carp at an endless punishment for the wicked? There is just as much proportion, naturally speaking, between our deserving an everlasting heaven for our good works as our deserving an unending punishment for our evil works. The argument against hell has no logical foundation, from whatever side we view it. The trouble is that we dread to face the difficulty; we shrink from the contemplation of pain, by a law of our being, and all our philosophic calmness breaks down before the very thought of end-

less suffering and sempiternal horror. Wherefore, the Church has deemed it wise to make it an article of divine faith; for it needs all the courage of faith to stand tremblingly upon the abyss of interminable woe, and to confess that God, in the creation of hell, shows forth his wisdom, power, and glory as magnificently and as truly as in any other of his works.

Canon Farrar dwells with effective rhetoric upon what he dares to challenge as *injustice* in God to condemn his sinful creatures to torture — a ridiculous strain, in which Beecher also indulges. Do not these theologians know that God is incapable of injustice? No matter what he does, it is done with infinite wisdom and justice. What deceives us in this assertion is our wrong notion of the goodness of God. He cannot but punish sin. Because he *is* sovereignly good, therefore he detests and abhors sin in a sovereign degree. He is necessitated, by his very essence, to be the unrelenting persecutor and avenger of evil. Everlastingly opposed to sin, he of necessity everlastingly punishes it. He would cease to be God if he ceased to hate and punish sin. The very sanctity of God breaks out in this terrific wrath against that which is opposed to his divine perfections. It is absurd to represent him as weakly indulgent to sin or its consequences. He cannot be more merciful than he really is.

It is moreover objected that the eternal punishment is greater than the temporal offence. There should be some equality or proportion between the sin and the suffering. This is a fallacious principle which is never acted on, even in human law. A man may be imprisoned for life for the act of a moment. The indelible stain of dishonor attaches to momentary actions or words. Our own imperfect notion of justice practically punishes for eternity when it deprives a criminal of his life. The argument is rightly retorted by theologians who show that from the eternal punishment inflicted upon mortal sin, it has an infinite malice, a profound deformity, and that it must be, in itself, an object of the infinite displeasure of the Most High. It is not so much the actual or particular sin that merits the Divine chastisements as a perverse and resolute will to continue in sin. This disposition colors a man's life, and makes him perpetually ready to fall into sin. He lives in and for sin, and, so to speak, offsets God's eternity with his own. It is this habit of sin which falls under the everlasting judgment, as, indeed, how could it else, since, short of a miracle of grace, God himself cannot turn the will of a man whose habits of vice are thoroughly ingrained? Such a man falls into hell on the principle of spiritual gravitation. Sin also takes an infinite character from its offence to an infinite being, and draws down, not an infinite but an eternal punishment, though it deserves to be punished infinitely if the creature were capable.

To read Beecher's and Farrar's descriptions one almost sees Almighty God acting like a furious Scandinavian Thor, crushing his creatures with the hammer of vindictive cruelty. Beecher protests that he will not worship this fierce monster. Farrar declares that he never, never will believe in such merciless rigor. Here is another absurdity. Hell, with all its horrors, has been the most effective sermon and warning ever delivered to man. It is a triumph of God's wisdom. Its lurid light has fallen upon thousands of delightful gardens of wicked pleasure and deadly enemies to the human race. Its fire has been a purifying element in the thoughts and lives of men. God does not want any one to enter it. It is a necesary portion of the moral government of the universe. No one shall be sent thither without abundant cause. We have innumerable proofs of the divine mercy without commanding

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God to contradict himself and annihilate hell. We are saved from it thousands of times during life, and we should humbly hope to be saved from it in death. Side by side with the most terrific denunciations of sin in Holy Writ are passages of melting tenderness and compassionate appeals to the sinner to be converted and live. The mystery of the reconciliation of mercy and justice was wrought in Christ Jesus, who bore our iniquities and satisfied for our transgressions. We all shrink from hell and pray against it, but will this alter or blot out its existence? The eternal gates stand. The irrevocable word is spoken. Isaiah prophesies it; the Psalmist dreads it; St. John describes it; St. Paul threatens it, and Christ holds the keys of death and hell. No one has proclaimed its existence and its eternity more clearly than our loving Saviour, who overcame its powers. The inextinguishable flame, the worm that dieth not, the weeping and gnashing of teeth, all are terribly and frequently described by him to warn us, in infinite compassion, against exposing ourselves to its dread and everlasting dominion.

We sincerely regret that the so-called preachers and exponents of the Christian religion should seek to hide from men these awful but saving truths. Perhaps a reason is found in that recoil of the human mind from the frightful and utterly unwarrantable doctrine of formal reprobation as taught by Calvin. Hell is bad enough; but to be condemned to hell without cause or reason, except an irrevocable decree of God, is an idea of hell against which reason and piety revolt. We would advise our Protestant champions to examine our doctrine of purgatory, which they will find quite as soothing and practically the same as their temporary infernal abode, but we beseech them not to persist in a wicked and unwarranted attempt to destroy in men's minds the deep conviction of a future life. Should the non-existence of hell become a prevalent opinion among men, the very foundations of morality and order would be sapped. It is this terrible truth which has kept the race straight from the beginning. No substitution of sentimental religion can avail for the loss of man's belief in future punishment. The devil himself is the only one who will feel grateful for their kind intentions and efforts to disprove his abode, for his greatest triumph is gained when he has made men doubt his existence or disbelieve in his positive agency. There is no necessity for our practically testing or risking the experiment of a hell, but we should familiarize ourselves with the arguments that establish its existence, and the virtues that shall secure us against falling its victims. For Catholics it is a matter of divine faith, but as all men are in danger of becoming its inmates, so all should sternly set their faces against any attempt to weaken faith in that awful truth of hell, which, like a wall of its own fire, has flamed as a beacon of warning to the just and of terror to the impious in every age and land, and proved to be the most powerful safeguard of the morality of mankind.

AN ANSWERED PRAYER.

A SOLEMN stillness brooded over the great house. Down stairs the servants tiptoed softly about, red-eyed and sympathetic; yet with a certain sense of importance upon them as became the gravity of the occasion. Upstairs in the library the two doctors sat in consultation, and in the bedroom the young mother knelt in tearless and unresigned agony at the bedside of her dying boy; her sole earthly possession, the one thing that had filled and perfected her life, and that seemed now about to slip forever from the passionate mother-love that strove to hold him back. She rose as the doctors re-entered, and her instinctive gesture of repulse seemed like a pitiful blind effort to keep back the dreaded verdict. So at least the older of the two read it, as he stepped up and took the passive little hand. "This may prove a heavy sorrow for you, Helen," he said gravely; "but prepare for the worst, and if it comes, think that your baby is safe in heaven, and try not to grieve so over his great joy."

"Is there no hope at all?" she whispered.

"There is always hope while there is life," was the reply; "and your boy clings most tenaciously to the frail spark there is left. If he survives the night he may live; but I do not think, Helen, he will ever see the morning, at least not here;" and the doctor looked reverently at the little white face upon the pillow. "I can do nothing now to help or save him," he continued; "the issue is in God's hands only, but I will be here again to-night," and with a few whispered directions to the nurse they were gone, and Helen Van Nyce was alone with her great sorrow.

"How shockingly Mrs. Van Nyce looked," said the younger physician, when they had reached the street; "the loss of this boy will be a terrible blow to her. I never saw such helpless sorrow on a face before."

"Ah, poor Helen," said Dr. Casper thoughtfully; "it is very hard for her to bear. I have known her well, ever since she was a little baby, much younger than Horace is now, and I firmly believe that this boy is the first thing she has ever really loved with anything like the natural strength of her affections. Her mother she never knew, and her father died before she was eleven years old."

"And her husband?" hinted his companion, as Dr. Jasper paused, apparently wrapped in contemplation of the far past.

"Oh, her husband! Well, she was fond of him in a sort of way. It was entirely a made-up match, quite the thing in point of money and position, yet I often wondered that Helen's mother came so readily into the measure. Arthur Van Nyce was but a poor weak fellow, without sufficient character to be good or bad, a handsome nonentity; but she was young and easily satisfied, and the marriage turned out well enough after all. He gave her everything she could want, left her richly provided for, and died too soon for her to find out how inanely good for nothing he was. She made him an excellent wife, too; nursed him tenderly during his long sickness, and mourned him sincerely when he died; but it is out of the question that a man like that should awaken any depth of affection in a woman's heart. On this boy, however, who was born just after his father's death, she has concentrated all the love that a girl generally diffuses among parents, husband, and children. Perhaps it would be best for him to die after all; children on whom too much is lavished have often an ugly trick of turning out badly;

but here we part;" and the two physicians went their ways to other scenes of trial and suffering, and forgot for the time Helen Van Nyce and her baby boy.

But as the daylight faded into dusk, Helen still knelt by the bedside of her firstborn, pouring out agonized prayers that he might be spared to her. She would not say, "Thy will be done." There was no particle of resignation mingled with *her* pain. "Let me keep him, oh my God!" she cried; "I cannot let him go. You do not need him in your happy heaven, and he is my all, my all! Anything else, oh God, take, and I will not murmur; but this one gift of thine I cannot part with yet. He is mine as thou wert thy blessed mother's, and thou didst stay so long with her. Oh Mary, as thou hast loved the baby on thy breast, thou knowest how I love mine. Pray with me that he may live. Oh Christ, through thy love for thy mother, and through every dear delight she took in thee, her child, be merciful and leave me my boy," and so on, in pitiful frenzied prayer, as the twilight deepened into night.

Oh, selfish, sinful love! not like that of the Virgin Mother, to which thou dost so rashly liken it. She sorrowed only for her son, thou for thine own desolate heart. She gave up her only-born to suffering and shameful death to fulfil the Divine Will, and thou canst not let thy baby fly to his father's mansion.

Fair and bright dawned the next morning over the surging sinful city, and one little spirit that had seemed on the very threshold of heaven, was still in the dreary world below.

In the great house the servants whispered the joyful tidings to each other in wondering delight; and Dr. Casper shook his gray head, while tears of happiness stood in his honest blue eyes.

"It is wonderful, Helen," he said; "the Lord has preserved your baby to you through great peril, and with all my heart I give you joy, for he will live." But the mother sat still, with a strange terror creeping through her heart and deadening her gladness. Was it well, after all, that her boy should stay with her? Surely he would be safer, happier with his God.

Years passed, and the little Horace had grown from childhood into boyhood, brave and handsome, turbulent and unruly. Mothers with gentle loving girls, and honest true-eyed boys, shook their heads sagely, and said to each other that Helen Van Nyce was hardly doing her duty to her only son in allowing him to grow up disobedient, quarrelsome, and lying. Surely she was laying up for herself trouble in the years to come. How could these women in whose children the tender virtues of childhood were so easily fostered, and the petty faults so gradually welcome, how could they know of the secret anguish with which Helen little by little perceived the moral obliquity of her boy, which nullified all her untiring efforts?

Poor child! He had inherited his father's fatal weakness of character, in dangerous conjunction with fiercer passions and lower instincts than his parents ever knew. He had nothing of his mother except her intensity of purpose, tempered down to the aimless obstinacy which always accompanies weakness of the moral force. He was a liar, not from any cowardice, for the boy was physically courageous; but from his utter inability to comprehend the supreme virtue of truth. Good-natured as an animal is until angered, his passion was purposeless and weak in its very intensity, the unreasoning short-lived anger of the brute creation. His love for his mother, while the strongest impulse of his better nature, was still fatally weak. He loved her certainly; could not endure to see her in pain physically or mentally, yet never spared her a single pang by any act of self-restraint, any effort of amendment.

Poor Helen! Day by day she watched the development of this pitiful mingling of the bad and wilful with an inward agony, compared to which that one night's pain at his dying bedside seemed sweet and restful. Her boy's physical health was superb, his limbs strong and graceful, his skin fair as a baby's, and his light-blue eyes, with their shifting glance and their reflective steely brilliancy, the one feature that really marred the beauty of his handsome face. Once or twice he was sent to large boarding-schools, under the hope that discipline might effect what home-love seemed powerless to achieve; but in a few months he was always returned to her hands, his influence being too bad to admit of his continuance at school. Still, through all his troublesome boyhood, Helen struggled and hoped. Surely with manhood would come reason and sober sense. Turbulent boys before have become good men, and Horace was not wholly bad. He had fits of short-lived repentance and gentleness, during which he said his prayers with a childlike fervor, and sought to please his mother in little ways that filled her heart with joy and the sweet delusion that his faults were but the faults of youth which maturity would banish.

But as Horace grew into early manhood, one by one these long-cherished hopes withered and fell like dry leaves before a bitter blast. The most abandoned sinner is still within reach of repentance, to the confirmed scoffer faith may come, but what could she hope for one whose viciousness was in reality a disease, who through fatal inheritance and weakness possessed one of those natures which are born, as Holmes says, "so out of parallel with the lines of natural law that nothing short of a miracle can bring them back?" Moral insanity is a thousand times more terribly incurable, save by an especial action of Divine Grace, than any form of mental disorder; and yet, thought Helen, God, who looks with equal pity upon both, will never judge my boy severely.

Everything that was bad seemed to have such a terrible attraction for poor Horace, and amidst the raging sea of evil he had but one slight cord on which to cling for preservation, the golden line that bound him to his mother. Not strong enough to draw him safely forth, it yet kept him from sinking forever. And so, for years, Helen struggled single-handed with the thousand evil inclinations that in turn attacked and mastered her boy. But all this time her greatest anguish lay in the thought, now never absent from her mind, "but for me he might now be a baby angel, singing before the throne of God, pure as the purest, safe in the arms of Mary, safe forever more." And at night her sleepless eyes seemed to catch the glimmer of angels' wings as they swept joyously upward with the ransomed baby souls; and one little shadow, as of her own infant boy, seemed always to watch them mournfully, then turn reproachful eyes upon her, until Helen thought she was going mad, and prayed earnestly for strength and reason, "for his sake, O Lord, I cannot die before him."

Nor were her daily prayers unheard, for some thought of his poor, sad mother seemed to hold back Horace from grosser immoralities, and Almighty God mercifully preserved his hands from the stain of his brother's blood. Through fierce drunken brawls, when the animal passions in him were goaded to madness, he emerged unconscious, maudlin, more beast than human, yet never with the guilt of murder on his soul, for all night long his mother wept and prayed; and once, when in a drunken freak he and his boon companions fired a building, ignorant of the unconscious sleepers under the roof, the papers next morning rang with the wonderful escape of

those who seemed in such helpless peril.

Then came the day that he brought home his wife, and gave to Helen as a daughter a low-bred, vulgar woman, whose bold, coarse beauty, had caught and chained his degraded fancy. People said that Mrs. Van Nyce had borne with her son quite long enough, that she did herself great wrong in taking his wife into her house, and that it would be a mercy if she could only die as the shortest way out of her great trouble. What did they know of her daily prayer that she might be suffered to outlive her boy?

"With all your love for your son," said her daughter-in-law to her one day, "you can scarcely move him at all, while I can wind him round my little finger. He daren't say me no." And so, indeed, it seemed. For some time after his marriage Horace was the slave of his wife's slightest whim, spent largely from his diminished income in gratifying her every extravagance, and angrily supported her in her ceaseless complaints. But the supremacy of one coarse soul over another is quickly over, and before two years Horace wearied of his wife, and his short-lived affection sank into dislike and brutal ill-treatment. But the slender golden thread of his mother's influence, though hard-strained, never snapped, and she, standing between her son and his unhappy wife, proved the poor girl's only friend until she died, contrite and broken-hearted, and was followed to the grave by her infant boy. "God is merciful to take thee to him," thought Helen, as she arranged her grandson's little figure for the tomb; and placing two rosebuds in his tiny white hands, she whispered softly, "For your father and myself. You will be sure and not forget us in heaven, my pretty one. Oh, that I had looked upon my baby lying so!"

Many years had passed, and Horace Van Nyce, a man of forty-one, lay once more at the point of death. His splendid organization had at length yielded to the prolonged strain upon it, and for the first time since babyhood his life hung in a slender balance. Long days and nights had his mother watched at his bedside, quieting his raving terrors, soothing him when all else failed, and now he was once more calm as when he lay an infant in his cradle. Tenderly she prayed, and talked to him, and like a child he listened, and clung to her with childish confidence.

"He may recover yet," said the doctor; "your skilful nursing and his own quiet state of mind are working wonders in his favor. But it is not safe to hope too much; a few more days will show."

"Mother," said Horace, softly, after he had gone, "did the doctor say I had any chance of getting well?"

"Yes, my child," said Helen.

"I am glad," was the musing answer. "I will be, please God, so different, if I live. You would like me to get well, wouldn't you, mother," he added, wistfully, "if I make a good son after all?"

"Horace," said Helen, tenderly, "You are all I have in the world, and I love you with my whole heart; but surely, dearest, it would be better to die and go to God, now that you are sorry and he loves you, than to risk again the troubles and temptations of life. Surely, you would rather go, Horace, if God in his mercy will call you."

"Whatever God thinks best," was the quiet answer; "only you know I don't deserve heaven, mother, and I thought that if God will, perhaps—but, he knows best. It's a great pity I ever lived at all, isn't it, dear?" But Helen bowed her head, and murmured, "He knows best," while in her inmost heart she prayed, "Take him, O, my God! never will he be more worthy of pardon. Thou knowest how weak,

how pitifully weak, he is. Take him now, if in thy infinite wisdom and mercy thou seest fit."

That night Horace Van Nyce died, died with the consolations of the Holy Church, and with the mingled fear and confidence of a child, who, shrinking, yet hopeful, presents himself at his father's door for pardon. But Helen lived to be an old woman, in whose gentle, weary face and sad, dim eyes you read the life-history of one who had sinned and suffered and been forgiven.

QUA CURSUM VENTUS.

As ships becalmed at eve that lay,
With canvas drooping, side by side,
Two towers of sail at dawn of day
Are scarce long leagues apart descried;

When fell the night, up sprung the breeze,
And all the darkling hours they plied,
Nor dreamt but each the selfsame seas
By each was cleaving, side by side!

E'en so—but why the tale reveal
Of those whom, year by year unchanged,
Brief absence joined anew, to feel
Astounded, soul from soul estranged?

At dead of night their sails were filled,
And onward each, rejoicing, steered—
Ah, neither blame, for neither willed
Or wist what first with dawn appeared!

To veer, how vain! On, onward strain,
Brave barks! In light, in darkness, too,
Through winds and tides one compass guides—
To that, and your ownselves, be true.

But oh, blithe breeze! and oh, great seas,
Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,
On your wide plain they join again,
Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought,
One purpose hold where'er they fare—
Oh, bounding breeze! oh, rushing seas!
At last, at last, unite them there!

JOHN DE BREBEUF, S. J., THE APOSTLE OF THE HURONS.

"A man of iron frame, whose masculine heart had lost the sense of fear, and whose intensified nature was fired by a zeal before which obstacles fled like the mists of the morning."—PARKMAN.

"That most extraordinary man, the Apostle of the Hurons, the Xavier of North America."—ARCHBISHOP SPALDING.

AFTER carefully examining the lives of the early Jesuit Fathers in North America, the historical student is forced to the conclusion that they were a band of almost incomparable men. The more thoroughly their history is sifted and scrutinized, the more firmly does this conviction become rooted in the mind. Though they differed in ability, physical strength, and personal character, there is one shining quality possessed in common by them all—*heroism.* Men more capable of compelling our admiration were not produced, even in the first ages of Christianity.

The biography of *Father John De Brebeuf* is not found in Butler's *Lives of the Saints;* but we search in vain through that excellent work for anything to surpass it in sublime interest. In his towering figure, iron frame, and supernatural gifts he resembled St. Columbkille; while his lion heart and martyr-spirit would do honor to St. Lawrence. We shall glance at the career of this illustrious man, who was the prince of Indian missionaries—the greatest of the American Jesuits.

John De Brebeuf was born in the diocese of Bayeux, France, on the 25th of March, 1593. He belonged to a noble family that gave Normandy many a brave soldier and fearless knight. In his twenty-fifth year the gifted young man entered the Society of Jesus, and such was his humility that he requested to be admitted as a simple lay brother. "And again," says one of the old *Relations*,* "before he made his vows he renewed the request, thinking himself unworthy of the priesthood, and fit only for the most menial offices. . . . Yet he was capable of the greatest things."

One of the pioneer band of Jesuits to Canada, Father De Brebeuf landed beneath the bold cliffs of Quebec in 1625. The winter of that and the following year he spent as a sort of apprenticeship, wandering in the neighboring woods and mountains among the savages. Fatigue, disgust, hunger, thirst, and intense cold are but tame expressions when applied to what he endured.*

In the spring of 1626, in company with a few Franciscans and some Indians, Father De Brebeuf penetrated through the wilderness to the shores of Georgian Bay—a journey of over one thousand miles. Here a mission had been begun about ten years before by the "unambitious" Le Caron,† as Bancroft styles him. The work of evangelizing the Hurons progressed slowly, and the Franciscans finally retired. Father De Brebeuf was left alone. He was, perhaps, nine hundred miles from a fellow-Christian, but he toiled on as pen cannot picture. Living amongst the Indians, he became one of them. They called him *Echon.* In short, he was all to all that he might gain all to Christ. The good effect of his untiring toils and instructions began to tell on the multitude of wild men, when an unhappy event occurred. England obtained temporary possession of Canada. Made prisoners, Father De Brebeuf and his religious colleagues who were

* That of 1649.

* Murray, History of the Catholic Church in the United States.

† Le Caron was a Franciscan.

stationed at Quebec were sent to Great Britain, whence, after some time, they were allowed to proceed to France. Here, we are told, he lived among his brethren with the simplicity of a little child. The thorny way of the Indian missions had but advanced him on the royal road of the Cross.* In 1631 he wrote: "I feel that I have no talent for anything, recognizing in myself only an inclination to obey others. I believe that I am only fit to be a porter, to clean out the rooms of my brethren, and to serve in the kitchen. I mean to conduct myself in the Society as if I were a beggar, admitted into it by sufferance, and I will receive everything that is granted me as a particular favor."

The person who wrote this was, without any doubt, one of the most gifted men of his age!

In a few years France regained possession of Canada, and the cassock of the Jesuit might once more be seen on the rude streets of Quebec. Let us take a glimpse at one of the six fearless sons of Ignatius, who sit in their humble residence of Notre Dame des Anges, at Quebec, in 1633, at their evening meal. "Of the six, one was conspicuous among the rest—a tall, strong man, with features that seemed carved by nature for a soldier, but which the mental habit of years had stamped with the visible impress of the priesthood. This was John De Brebeuf."† The apostle of the Hurons had again blessed the soil of Canada with his presence.

The late learned and venerable Archbishop Spalding fell into several errors in writing of Father De Brebeuf's first journey to the Huron country. "In the spring of 1626," says Dr. Spalding, *Miscellanea*, p. 326, revised edition, "he (De Brebeuf) penetrated into the Huron wilderness alone and on foot; the first white man—certainly the first missionary—who ever entered its unexplored recesses."

It was *not* so. Father De Brebeuf did not go alone on that occasion; neither was he the first white man, nor the first missionary who "penetrated into the Huron wilderness." As stated above, the great Jesuit went in company with a few Franciscans and a band of Indians. Father Le Caron, O.S.F., visited the Hurons, and founded a mission among them as early as 1615, ten years before de Brebeuf came to Canada. In the same year (1615) the famous chaplain passed through the wilderness of Upper Canada and discovered Lake Ontario. These are *facts* which cannot be disputed. See Bancroft's *History of the United States*, vol. iii, Shea's *Catholic Missions*, Parkman's *Jesuits in North America*, and Murray's *History of the Catholic Church in the United States.*

In July, 1633, one hundred and forty canoes were pulled ashore at the warehouses of Quebec. Over six hundred Huron warriors and chiefs had come on their annual trading expedition. Preliminary arrangements past, a council was held in the fort. Jesuit Fathers, French officers, and dusky chiefs and warriors formed this singular assembly. Its object was to come to an understanding with the savages in relation to sending three missionaries among them. To Fathers *De Brebeuf*, *Daniel*, and *Davost** had fallen the honors, dangers, and woes of the Huron mission. Governor Champlain introduced the three priests to the Indians. "These are our fathers," said the noble founder of Canada. "We love them more than we love ourselves. The whole French nation honors them. They do not

* History of the Catholic Church in the United States.

† Relation of 1649.

* Archbishop Spalding in his Miscellanea, p. 312, states that only *two* Jesuits, De Brebeuf and Daniel, went on the first Huron mission after the French regained possession of Canada. This is another mistake. All the best authorities mention *three*, one of whom was Davost.

go among you for your furs. They have left their friends and their country to show you the way to heaven. If you love the French, as you say you love them, then love and honor these our fathers."

On the eve of departure, however, a misunderstanding among the Indians prevented the missionaries from proceeding on their journey, and another year passed away before the fleet of canoes came down the lordly St. Lawrence.

In the summer of 1634, the dusky traders landed their light crafts, this time at Three Rivers, and De Brebeuf and his two companions set out with them on their return trip.

"They reckoned the distance," writes Parkman, "at nine hundred miles; but distance was the least repellent feature of this most arduous journey. Barefooted, lest their shoes should injure the frail vessel, each priest crouched in his canoe, and toiled with unpracticed hand to propel it. Before him, week after week, he saw the same lank, unkempt hair, the same tawny shoulders, and long, naked arms, ceaselessly plying the paddle. The canoes were soon separated, and for more than a month the priests rarely or never met. De Brebeuf spoke a little Huron, and could converse with his escort, but Daniel and Davost were doomed to a silence unbroken save by the occasional unintelligible complaints and menaces of the Indians, of whom many were sick with the epidemic, and all were terrified, desponding, and sullen. Their only food was a pittance of Indian corn crushed between two stones and mixed with water. The toil was extreme. De Brebeuf counted five portages where their canoes were lifted from the water and carried on the shoulders of the voyagers around the rapids or cataracts. More than fifty times besides they were forced to wade in the raging current, pushing up their empty barks or dragging them with ropes. Brebeuf tried to do his part, but the boulders and sharp rocks wounded his naked feet and compelled him to desist. He and his companions bore their share of the baggage across the portages, sometimes a distance of several miles. Four trips at least were required to convey the whole. The way was through the dense forest, incumbered with rocks and logs, tangled with roots and underbrush, damp with perpetual shade, and redolent of decayed leaves and mouldering wood. The Indians themselves were often spent with fatigue. De Brebeuf, with his iron frame and unconquerable resolution, doubted if his strength would sustain him to his journey's end.

"He complains that he had no moment to read his breviary, except by the moonlight or the fire when stretched out to sleep on a bare rock by some savage cataract of the Ottawa, or in a damp nook of the adjacent forest. . . . . Descending French River, and following the lonely shore of the great Georgian Bay, the canoe which carried De Brebeuf at length neared its destination, thirty days after leaving Three Rivers. Before him, stretched in wild slumber, lay the forest shore of the Huron. Did his spirit sink as he approached his dreary home, oppressed with a dark foreboding of what the future should bring forth?

"De Brebeuf and his Huron companions having landed, the Indians, throwing the missionary's baggage on the ground, left him to his own resources, and, without heeding his remonstrances, set forth for their respective villages, some twenty miles distant. Thus abandoned, the priest knelt, not to implore succor in his perplexity, but to offer thanks to the Providence which had shielded him thus far. Then rising, he pondered as to what course he should take. He knew the spot well. It was on the borders of the small inlet called Thunder Bay. In the neighboring Huron town of Toan-

ché he had lived three years, preaching and baptizing. De Brebeuf hid his baggage in the woods, including the vessels for the Holy Mass, more precious than all the rest, and began to search for his new abode. . . Evening was near, when, after following, bewildered and anxious, a gloomy forest path, he issued upon a wild clearing, and saw before him the bark roofs of Ihonatiria.

"A crowd ran out to meet him. 'Echon has come again! Echon has come again!' they cried, recognizing in the distance the stately figure robed in black that advanced from the border of the forest. They led him to the town, and the whole population swarmed about him. After a short rest, he set out with a number of young Indians in quest of his baggage, returning with it at one o'clock in the morning."* Such is a vivid and faithful picture of the illustrious Jesuit's journey to the Huron nation.

Before proceeding further, let us study a little Indian geography. The ancient country of the Hurons is now comprised in the northeastern and eastern portion of Simcoe County, Canada West,† and is embraced within the peninsula formed by the Nottawassaga and Natchedash Bays of Lake Huron, the River Severn, and Lake Simcoe. This small area was quite thickly inhabited by a race of traders, who had many fortified towns. The Jesuit estimated the number of towns or villages at thirty-two, and the entire population at about 20,000.

On the west and southwest of the Hurons proper lay the kindred tribe of the Tobacco Nation, so called from their luxuriant fields of tobacco. And south of both of these, from Lake St. Clair to Niagara, was the Neutral Nation, which obtained its name from the neutrality observed by its people in the long and deadly struggle between the Hurons and Iroquois.*

Welcomed by one of the richest and most hospitable Hurons of Ihonatiria, Father De Brebeuf made his abode with him. As days passed he anxiously awaited the arrival of his two fellow-priests and their French companions. One by one they made their appearance. But they could scarcely be recognized. Half dead with hunger and fatigue, they one and all resembled living skeletons more than men.

A house for the *blackrobes* after the Huron model was soon erected. As hundreds of Indians joined in the work, the bark mansion rose in a few days—a complete edifice. It was divided into three parts—storehouse, dwelling-house, and chapel. This house and its furniture soon became the wonder of the whole Huron country. Visitors were in abundance. It was the clock above all that puzzled and pleased them.

"The guests," writes Parkman, "would sit in expectant silence by the hour, squatted on the ground, waiting to hear it strike. They thought it was alive, and asked what it ate. As the last stroke sounded one of the Frenchmen would cry 'Stop!' and to the admiration of the company the obedient clock was silent. The mill was another wonder, and they were never tired of turning it. Besides these, there was a prism and a magnet; also a magnifying-glass, wherein a flea was transformed into a frightful monster, and a multiplying lens which showed them the same object eleven times repeated. 'All this,' says Father Brebeuf, 'serves to gain their affection, and make them more docile in respect to the admirable and incomprehensible mysteries of our faith; for the opinion they have of our ge-

* The Jesuits in North America.
† Now called *Ontario*.

* It is not now known how this fierce feud first originated between these kindred nations. It was going on when the French arrived in Canada, and naturally they took the side of their neighbors, the Hurons. Hence the hostility of the Iroquois to the French.

nius and capacity makes them believe whatever we tell them.'

"'What does the Captain say?' was the frequent question, for by this title of honor they designated the clock.

"'When he strikes twelve times, he says, "Hang on the kettle," and when he strikes four times he says, "Get up and go home."' Both interpretations were well remembered.

"At noon visitors were never wanting to share the Father's sagamite, but at the stroke of four all rose and departed, leaving the missionaries for a time in peace."*

Father De Brebeuf, as superior of the mission, and his two colleagues now began their labors. To warriors and women, children and chiefs, the Gospel was announced. The work of conversion was long and most difficult. In fact, during the first few years no adults were baptized save those at the point of death. The experienced De Brebeuf knew Indian nature well, and he greatly feared backsliding. Hence his caution. In his eyes *one* good Christian was better than a multitude of bad ones. Besides, all the Indian vices—and the Huron nation was corrupt to the core—had to be eradicated before Catholicity could be planted. The herculean toil of battling against depravity, and of seeing that neither young nor old died without aid, such was the unceasing task of the Jesuits.

In the summer of 1635 there was a severe drought, which defied Indian magic, and ruined the reputation of many a medicine-man. One of the most renowned of these jugglers, "seeing his reputation tottering under his repeated failures, bethought himself of accusing the Jesuits, and gave out that the red color of the cross which stood before their house scared the bird of thunder and caused him to fly another way.† On this a clamor arose. The popular ire turned against the priests, and the obnoxious cross was condemned to be hewn down. Aghast at the threatened sacrilege, they attempted to reason away the storm, assuring the crowd that the lightning was not a bird, but certain hot and fiery exhalations, which being imprisoned, darted this way and that, trying to escape. As this philosophy failed to convince their hearers, the missionaries changed their line of defence.

"'You say that the red color of the cross frightens the bird of thunder. Then paint the cross white, and see if the thunder will come.'

"This was done, but the clouds still kept aloof. The Jesuits followed up their advantage.

"'Your spirits cannot help you,' said Father De Brebeuf, 'and your sorcerers have deceived you with lies. Now ask the aid of *him* who made the world, and perhaps he will listen to your prayers.' And he added that if the Indians would renounce their sins, and obey the true God, they would make a procession daily to implore his favor towards them.

"There was no want of promises. The processions were begun, as were also nine Masses to St. Joseph, and as heavy rains occurred soon after, the Indians conceived a high idea of the efficacy of the French 'medicine.'"*

If in 1636 more Jesuits came to the assistance of the dauntless De Brebeuf, his difficulties on that account did not diminish. For several years the pestilence had scourged the Hurons, but now it arrived in its most terrible form—the small-pox. Mourning overshadowed the land. De Brebeuf and his brave band became, if possible, more than

* The Jesuits in North America.

† The following is the explanation an Indian gave Father De Brebeuf, of what thunder was: "It is a man in the form of a turkey-cock. The sky is his palace, and he remains in it when the air is clear. When the clouds begin to grumble he descends to the earth to gather up snakes, and other objects which the Indians call *manitous*. The lightning flashes whenever he opens or closes his wings. If the storm is more violent than usual, it is because his young are with him, and aiding in the noise as well as they can."

* The Jesuits in North America.

heroes. Amid the wails of the living and the groans of the dying, they passed around, like good angels, from cabin to cabin, aiding and comforting as they went along. Often the only return for their charity were jeers and curses.

"When we see them," writes the Protestant Parkman, "in the gloomy February of 1637, and the gloomier months that followed, toiling on foot from one infected town to another, wading through the sodden snow, under the bare and dripping forest, drenched with incessant rains, till they descried at length through the storm the clustering dwellings of some barbarous hamlet, when we see them entering one after another these wretched abodes of misery and darkness, and all for one sole end, the baptism of the sick and dying, . . . we must needs admire the self-sacrificing zeal with which it was pursued."

In those wild scenes of misery, no pen can picture the heroic toils, the calmness, the greatness of Father De Brebeuf. How the human frame could endure it is something which fills the mind with astonishment. Nor had he to battle against disease and Indian wickedness only. The powers of darkness assailed the brave priest in every way possible. "Demons in troops appeared before him, sometimes in the guise of men, sometimes as bears, wolves, or wild-cats. He called on God, and the apparitions vanished. Death, like a skeleton, sometimes menaced him, and once, as he faced it with a non-quailing eye, it fell powerless at his feet. He saw the vision of a vast and gorgeous palace, and a miraculous voice assured him that such was to be the reward of those who dwelt in savage hovels for the cause of God. Angels appeared to him, and more than once St. Joseph and the M. B. Virgin were visibly present before his sight."*

In 1637 Father De Brebeuf had the extreme consolation of solemnly baptizing a Huron chief, the first adult in health yet admitted to the Christian fold. It was done with great ceremony, and in the presence of hundreds of wondering Indians.

But the devil became alarmed at this triumph of the faith. More than ever the savages began to suspect the Jesuits. It was secretly whispered abroad that they had bewitched the nation, in short were the chief cause of the pest which threatened to destroy it.

A dwarfish medicine-man, who boasted that he was a veritable devil incarnate, originated this rumor. "The slander spread fast and far. Their friends looked at them askance, their enemies clamored for their lives. Some said that the priests concealed in their houses a corpse which infected the country—a prevalent notion, derived from some half-instructed neophyte, concerning the body of Christ in the Eucharist. Others ascribed the evils to a serpent, others to a spotted frog, others to a demon which the priests were supposed to carry in the barrel of a gun. Others again gave out that they had pricked an infant to death with awls in the forest in order to kill the Huron children by magic. 'Perhaps,' observes Father Le Mercier, 'the devil was enraged because we had placed a great many of these little innocents in Heaven.'

"The picture of the Last Judgment* became an object of terror. It was regarded as a charm. The dragons and serpents were supposed to be the demons of the pest, and the sinners whom they were so busily devouring to represent its victims. On the top of a spruce tree near their house at Ihonatiria, the priests had fastened a small streamer to show the direction of the wind. This too was taken for a charm, throwing off disease and death to all quarters. The

* Parkman, The Jesuits in North America.

* This was one of the few pictures that adorned the rude forest chapel.

clock, once an object of harmless wonder, now excited the wildest alarm, and the Jesuits were forced to stop it, as it was supposed to sound the signal of death. At sunset, one would have seen knots of Indians, their faces dark with dejection and terror, listening to the measured sounds which issued from within the neighboring house of the mission, where, with bolted doors, the priests were singing litanies, mistaken for incantations by the awe-struck savages."*

On the evening of the 4th of August, 1637, the chiefs held a solemn council to discuss the whole question of the pest and the Jesuits. Father De Brebeuf and his associates were requested to be present, and gladly they accepted the invitation. A stranger scene it would be difficult to imagine. Chiefs grizzly with age and bearing the scars of many a fierce contest, spent their eloquence, the whole gist of which was—the Huron nation was dying away, and the Jesuits were the cause. When the last of the dusky orators sat down, the noble De Brebeuf arose and thoroughly exposed the utter absurdity of the charges against himself and his fellow-priests. But it was all to no purpose. There was a clamor for the "*charmed cloth!*" In vain did the Jesuit protest that they had nothing of the kind. The loud and savage demands but increased.

"If you will not believe me," said De Brebeuf, "go to our house; search everywhere; and if you are not sure which is the charm, take all our clothing and all our cloth and throw them into the lake."

"Sorcerers always talk in that way," was the reply.

"Then what will you have me say?" demanded De Brebeuf.

"Tell us the cause of the pest," was still asked.

De Brebeuf's explanations and the loud interruptions of the Indians delayed the debate until long after midnight. As one of the old chiefs passed out, he said to the "Xavier of North America," "If some young brave should split your head we should have nothing to say."

The Fathers were now in peril of their lives. The few converts they had lately made came to them in secret, and warned them that their death was determined upon. The house was set on fire, in public every face was averted from them, and a new council was called to pronounce the decree of death. They appeared before it, we are told, with a front of such unflinching assurance that their judges, Indian like, postponed the sentence. Yet it seemed impossible that they should much longer escape. De Brebeuf, therefore, wrote a letter of farewell to his superior, Father Le Jeune, at Quebec, and confided it to some converts whom he could trust, to be carried by them to its destination.

"We are, perhaps," he writes, "about to give our blood and our lives in the cause of our Master, Jesus Christ. It seems that his goodness will accept the sacrifice, as regards me, in expiation of my great and numberless sins, and that he will thus crown the past services and ardent desires of all our Fathers here. . . . . Blessed be his name forever, that he has chosen us among so many better than we to aid him to bear his cross in this land! In all things his holy will be done." The spirit of the fearless Christian hero shines out in these admirable sentences.

After a fervent novena to St. Joseph, the clouds of death that hung over their devoted heads began slowly to move away. "Truly," wrote Father Le Mercier, "it is an unspeakable happiness for us in the midst of this barbarism to hear the roaring of the demons, and to see earth and hell raging against a handful of men who will not even defend themselves."

* The Jesuits in North America.

Illustrious land of incomparable men! Let us call the immortal roll: "The iron De Brebeuf, the gentle Garnier, the all-enduring Jaques, the enthusiastic Chaumonot, Lallemant, Le Mercier, Charletain, Daniel, Pijart, Ragueneau, Du Perron, Poncet, Le Moyne," one and all bore themselves with a bold tranquillity even when their very scalps hung by a hair.

During the remainder of the narrative we must confine ourselves to the personal history of the renowned De Brebeuf. Gladly would I follow all in their labors, but space will not permit. In the words of a learned writer: "Fain would I pause to follow each in his trials and his toils; recount their dangers from the heathen Huron, the skulking Iroquois brave, the frozen river, hunger, cold, and accident; to show Garnier wrestling with the floating ice through which he sunk on an errand of mercy; Chabanel struggling on for many years on a mission from which every fibre of his nature shrunk with loathing; Chaumonot compiling his grammar on the frozen earth; or the heroic De Brebeuf, paralyzed by a fall, with his collar-bone broken, creeping on his hands and feet along the frozen road, and sleeping unsheltered in the snow, when the very trees were splitting with cold."*

In November, 1640, Father De Brebeuf, accompanied by Father Chaumonot, set out to establish a mission among the ferocious savages of the Neutral Nation. A more perilous journey they could not have undertaken. Five days of toilsome marching brought them to the first Neutral town. "Their progress," says Parkman, "was a storm of maledictions. The cry of 'sorcerers' was immediately raised, and in every quarter the priests were denounced as the destroyers of the human race. They were driven from door to door, yelled at, spat on, jeered, and cursed."

* History of the Catholic Missions.

One day, as Father De Brebeuf's eyes were turned in the direction of the land of the Iroquois, he beheld the ominous apparition of a great cross in the air approaching from that quarter. Afterwards he told the vision to his comrades. "What was it like?" "How large was it?" they eagerly demanded. "Large enough," replied De Brebeuf, "to crucify us all."*

But God did not abandon his faithful servant in adversity. "One evening," writes Father Chaumonot, "when all the chief men of the town were deliberating in council whether they would put us to death, Father De Brebeuf, while making his examination of conscience, as we were together at prayers, saw the vision of a spectre, full of fury, menacing us both with three javelins which he held in his hand. Then he hurled one of them at us; but a more powerful hand caught it as it flew, and this took place a second or a third time, as he hurled his two remaining javelins. . . . Late at night our host came back from the council, where the two Huron emissaries had made their gift of hatchets to have us killed. He wakened us to say that three times we had been at the point of death; for the young men had offered three times to strike the blow, and three times the old men had dissuaded them. This explained the meaning of Father De Brebeuf's vision." Still their danger was not past. It was secretly agreed that no one should shelter them.

"Go and leave our country," exclaimed an old chief, "or we will put you into the kettle, and make a feast of you."

Father De Brebeuf and his companion, notwithstanding their dangers, spent a few weeks more in the territory of the ferocious and inhospitable Neutrals, and then shaking the dust off their feet, they proceeded north to St. Marie, the headquarters of the whole Huron mission.

* The Jesuits in North America.

Six years of almost incredible toil and sufferings had now been spent in the stony field of the Huron mission. To the mere human eye it was labor thrown away. But nothing is lost that is done for God. Others may sow and water; *he alone* can give the increase, which he always does in his own good time. After all, *motives, not success*, are the test of real merit. If, however, the sublimest motives and the noblest merit can command success, did not Father De Brebeuf deserve it?

The venerable apostle of the Hurons had the happiness to live to behold his labors blessed by heaven. During the remaining nine years of his glorious career thousands came into the Church. Marvellous sight! Obstinate and fierce barbarians were transformed into model Christians. The wolf became a lamb. Speaking of the state of the missions in 1648, Father Ragueneau wrote: "Everywhere the progress of the faith has far surpassed our hopes; the greater portion of the savages, even those who had been before the most ferocious, having become so docile and so pliable to the preaching of the Gospel as to make it manifest that the angels labored more among them than ourselves. The number of those who received baptism this year is about eighteen hundred."*

Four new missionaries having arrived in September, 1648, the total number laboring in the Huron mission then amounted to *eighteen*. All the chief villages had their flourishing missions. In the conversion of these dusky sons of the forest we see the truth of the lines—

> "Nothing great is lightly won
> And nothing won is lost."

How delighted must have been Father De Brebeuf in witnessing the marvellous progress of the faith described in the Huron *Relations* of that time. "Without doubt," writes the Superior, "the angels of heaven have been rejoiced at seeing that in all the villages of this country the faith is respected, and that Christians now glory in that name which was in reproach but a few years ago. For my part I could never have hoped to see, *even after fifty years of labor*, one-tenth part of the piety, of the virtue and sanctity, of which I have been an eye-witness in the visits made to those churches which have but lately grown up in the bosom of infidelity. It has given me a sensible delight to witness the diligence of the Christians who anticipated the light of the sun to come to the public prayers, and who, though harassed with toil, came again in immense throngs before night to render anew their homages to God; to see the little children emulating the piety of their parents, and accustoming themselves, from the most tender age, to offer up to God their little sufferings, griefs, and labors. Often little girls, while engaged in gathering wood for the fire in the adjoining forests, can find no employment more agreeable than to recite the rosary, seeking to outstrip each other in this exercise of piety. But what has charmed me most is to see that the sentiments of faith have penetrated so deeply into the hearts of those whom we have but lately called barbarians, and I can say with entire truth that divine grace has destroyed in most of them the fears, the desires, and the joys inspired heretofore by the feelings of nature."*

Such was the happy condition of the Huron mission. The labors of the illustrious De Brebeuf and his fellow Jesuits were crowned with more than success. Catholicity flourished in the snowclad wilderness of the North.

There were in the Huron country in March, 1649, eighteen Jesuits and four lay brothers. The headquarters of the mission, where the Father Superior resided, was, as we have said,

* Relation of 1648.

* Father Ragueneau, S. J., Relation of 1648–9.

Sainte Marie, on the little river Wye, just south of Matchedash Bay. Other mission villages had likewise the names of saints, St. Ignatius, St. Joseph,* St. Louis, and many more.

Let us imagine all the Fathers gathered together in the largest apartment of the house at Sainte Marie. Among them we can at once single out the towering figure of the apostle and founder of the Huron mission, Father John De Brebeuf. His hair was now somewhat tinged with gray, for he was fifty-six years of age. "If he seemed impassive," writes the Protestant Parkman, "it was because one overmastering principle had merged and absorbed all the impulses of his nature and all the faculties of his mind. The enthusiasm, which with many is fitful and spasmodic, was with him the current of his life, solemn and deep as the tide of destiny. The divine Trinity, the holy Virgin, the saints, heaven and hell, angels and fiends, to him these alone were real, and all things else were naught."†

De Brebeuf was a man of sublime virtue. Let the pen of one of his famous companions describe his Christian greatness: "When he was made Superior of the Huron mission," writes Father Ragueneau, "and had many others under his charge, every one admired his skill in the management of affairs, his sweetness, which gained all hearts, his heroic courage in every undertaking, his long-suffering in awaiting the moments of God's good pleasure, his patience in enduring everything, and his zeal in undertaking whatever might promote God's glory. His humility inclined him to embrace with love, with joy, and even with natural relish, whatever was most lowly and painful.

"If on a journey he carried the heaviest burdens, if travelling in canoes he paddled from morning till night, it was he who threw himself first into the water and was the last to leave it, notwithstanding the rigor of the cold and the ice. He was the first up in the morning to make a fire and prepare breakfast, and he was the last to retire, finishing his prayers and devotions after the others had gone to repose.

"What is most remarkable is, that in all the labors he thus took upon himself, he did everything so quietly and dexterously that one would have believed that he had but acted in accordance with his natural inclination. 'I am but an ox,' he was wont to say, alluding to the meaning of his name in French; 'I am fit for nothing but carrying burdens.'

"To the continual sufferings which were inseparable from his employment in the missions, he added a number of voluntary mortifications, of inflictions of the discipline every day, and often twice in the day, of frequent fasts, of hair shirts, of girdles around his body, armed with iron points, of watchings, which were protracted far into the night. And after all, his heart was not yet satiated with sufferings, and he believed that what he had hitherto endured was nothing.

"His meekness was the virtue which seemed to transcend all the others. It was proof against every trial. For twelve years that I have known him," continues Father Ragueneau, "that I have seen him alternately superior, inferior, and on an equality with others, sometimes engaged in temporal affairs, sometimes in missionary toils and labors, dealing with the savages whether Christians, infidels, or enemies, in the midst of sufferings, of persecution,

* The year before, 1648, St. Joseph's was destroyed by a hostile band of Iroquois. It was early in the morning. Mass was just finished by Father Daniel. The warwhoop of the Iroquois rang in the ears of the panic-stricken villagers. Rallying the defenders, the heroic priest gave them absolution. "Brothers," he exclaimed, "to-day we shall be in heaven!" And to his flock he cried, "Fly! I will stay here. We shall meet again in heaven." As the defenders were few the carnage soon began. On seeing Daniel in the bright robes of his office, the heathen savages stared for a moment in amazement. Then came a volley of arrows. A musket-ball pierced the Jesuit's heart, and he fell murmuring the holy name of Jesus. This occurred three days after his retreat. He died a saint and martyr.

† Parkman.

and of calumny, I never once saw him either in anger or manifesting the slightest indication of displeasure. Occasionally, even, some persons tried to pique him on purpose, and to surprise him in those things to which they thought his sensibility would be the most alive, but always his eye would be benign, his words full of sweetness, and his heart in an unalterable calm."*

Stationed at the village of St. Louis were Father De Brebeuf and his slender and apparently youthful colleague, Father Gabriel Lalemant. We have already referred to the Iroquois raid by which Father Daniel met a glorious death. Those hostile savages, encouraged by the success of this first attempt, determined to pay, at some future time, another and more dreadful visit to the Huron country. Before the dawn of day on the 16th of March, 1649, a force of about one thousand Iroquois warriors attacked the village of St. Ignatius. The place was carried by assault. Out of four hundred inhabitants, but three escaped over the snow to carry the alarm to St. Louis, only three miles distant! It was scarcely sunrise as the swift-footed Mohawks surrounded the doomed village in which dwelt De Brebeuf and Lalemant.

The details of the fierce struggle and awful carnage that make that place memorable were learned from a few Indians who escaped to St. Marie, and they can be found in the old *Relation* of that year.

When the three fugitives from St. Ignatius reached the still slumbering village of St. Louis, they spread the alarm with telegraphic rapidity. The Christian Indians entreated De Brebeuf to save his life—to fly with them. But, in the words of Parkman, "the bold scion of a warlike stock had no thought of flight. His post was in the teeth of danger, to cheer on those who fought, and to open heaven to those who fell. His colleague, slight of frame and frail of constitution, trembled despite himself; but deep enthusiasm mastered the weakness of nature, and he, too, refused to fly."

Out of the seven hundred inhabitants all availed themselves of the opportunity to escape, save about eighty warriors, who determined to sell their lives dearly. The warwhoop of the fierce Iroquois shook the very wigwams, as yell echoed yell, and shot answered shot.

"The combat deepens,
On ye brave!"

The dauntless and iron De Brebeuf and his gentle companion "employed," says the old *Relation*, "every moment of their time, as the most precious of their lives, and during the hottest of the contest their hearts were all on fire for the salvation of souls. One of them was at the breach baptizing the catechumens; the other was giving absolution to the Christian braves. Seeing things desperate, a heathen Huron urged flight. His words were heard by the fearless Stephen Annaotaha, the distinguished Christian chief of the village. 'What!' exclaimed the noble chief, 'shall we abandon these good Fathers who, for our sakes, have exposed their own lives? The love they have for our salvation will be the cause of their death. There is no longer time for them to fly across the snows. Let us then die with them, and in their company we shall go to heaven.' This chief had made a general confession but a few days before, having had a presentiment of the threatened danger, and having said that he wished death to find him ripe for the land beyond the skies."

The deadly contest continued until several breaches were made in the palisades. A yell of triumph announced the victory of the Iroquois. Fathers Brebeuf and Lallemant and a few Huron warriors were made prisoners. The town was fired.

* Relation of 1649, published at Paris in 1650.

Immediately after their capture the Fathers were stripped of their clothing, had their finger-nails torn out by the roots, and were borne in wild triumph to the village of St. Ignatius, which had been taken the same morning. On entering its gates they both received a share of blows on their shoulders, loins, and stomach, no part of their exposed bodies escaping contumely. In the midst of this cruelty the unconquerable De Brebeuf thought only of others. His eye kindling with fire, he addressed the Christian Hurons who were his fellow-captives:

"My children! Let us lift up our eyes to heaven in the midst of our sufferings; let us remember that God is a witness of our torments, and that he will soon be our reward exceedingly great. Let us die in this faith, and trust in his goodness for the fulfilment of his promises. I feel more for you than for myself; but bear with courage the few torments which yet remain. They will terminate with our lives. The glory which will follow them will have no end! '*Echon*,'* they replied, 'our hope shall be in heaven, while our bodies are suffering on earth. Pray to God for us, that he will grant us mercy. We will invoke him even unto death.'"

Enraged at these words of the heroic Jesuit, the Iroquois led him apart and bound him to a stake. These fiendish savages scorched him from head to foot to silence him, whereupon, in the tone of a master, he threatened them with everlasting flames for persecuting the worshippers of God. As he continued to speak with voice and countenance unchanged, they cut away his lower lip, and thrust a red-hot iron down his throat. He still held his lofty form erect and defiant, with no sign or sound of pain, and they tried another means to overcome him. They led out Lallemant that De Brebeuf might see him tortured. They had tied strips of bark smeared with pitch about his naked body. When Lallemant saw the condition of his superior he could not hide his agitation, and called out to him, with a broken voice, in the words of St. Paul, "We are made a spectacle to the world, to angels, and to men." Then he threw himself at De Brebeuf's feet, upon which the Iroquois seized him, made him fast to a stake, and set fire to the bark that enveloped him. As the flames rose he threw his arms upward with a shriek of supplication to heaven. Next they hung around de Brebeuf's neck a collar made of hatchets heated red-hot, but the indomitable priest stood it like a rock. A Huron in the crowd, who had been a convert of the mission, but was now an Iroquois by adoption, called out, with the malice of a renegade, to pour hot water on their heads, since they poured so much cold water on those of others. The kettle was accordingly slung, and the water boiled and poured slowly on the heads of the two missionaries. "We baptize you," they cried, "that you may be happy in heaven, for nobody can be saved without a good baptism." De Brebeuf did not flinch, and in a rage they cut strips of flesh from his limbs, and devoured them before his eyes. Other renegade Hurons called out to him, "You told us that the more one suffers on earth the happier he is in heaven. We wish to make you happy. We torment you because we love you, and you ought to thank us for it." After a succession of other revolting tortures, they scalped him, when seeing him nearly dead, they laid open his breast, and came in a crowd to drink the blood of so valiant an enemy, thinking to imbibe with it some portion of his marvellous courage. A chief then tore out his heart and devoured it.

Thus died John De Brebeuf, the founder of the Huron mission, its truest hero and its greatest martyr. He came of a noble race, the same,

* Father De Brebeuf's Huron name.

it is said, from which sprang the English Earls of Arundel, but never had the mailed barons of his line confronted a fate so appalling with so prodigious a constancy. To the last he refused to flinch, and his death was the astonishment of his inhuman murderers.*

We hope yet to see the cause of the *beatification* of this illustrious martyr and missionary brought forward in due form. Who can doubt but that he now shines among the saints? Great, indeed, must have been the virtue, faith, and heroism which enabled him to triumph over human weakness, and so grandly meet his appalling fate. "Immortal De Brebeuf! master of every virtue, humble beyond expression, meek to admiration, enduring unheard-of toils and sufferings with joy, brave far beyond the bravest of this world, illustrious in life and sublime in death."†

* Parkman, The Jesuits in North America.
† Murray, History of the Catholic Church in the United States.

Such a shining Christian hero as Father John De Brebeuf the ancient faith alone can produce. Passing from the visible to the invisible, what glory doubtless illumined that rare soul! For, "it should ever be remembered," says a famous writer, "that the exterior work of a saint is but a small portion of his real life. Men are ever searching for the beautiful in nature and art, but they rarely search for the beauty of a human soul, yet this beauty is immortal. Something of its radiance appears at times even to human eyes, and men are overawed by the majesty or won by the sweetness of the saints of God. But it needs saintliness to discern sanctity, even as it needs cultivated taste to discern art. A thing of beauty is a joy only to those who can discern its beauty."*

The head of Father De Brebeuf is preserved with great veneration in a silver case at Quebec.

* Nun of Kenmare, Life of St. Patrick.

NEPENTHE.

THY sweetest memories perish,
Thy bitterest remain;
How long, how long wilt cherish
Dark dreams of bygone pain?

O the wisdom of forgetting
Which the burdened heart should crave!
O the folly of regretting
What regret no more can save!

Look to the coming splendor,
Thou on the sunrise slope,
Nor thus to memory render
The tribute claimed by Hope.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

"This month bright Phœbus enters Pisces,
For always when the sun comes there,
Valentine's Day is drawing near. . . .
And both the men and maids incline
To chuse them each a Valentine;
The woman's willing, tho' she's shy,
She gives the man this soft reply,
'I'll not resolve one thing or other,
Until I first consult my mother.'
When she says so 'tis half a grant,
And may be taken for consent."
POOR ROBIN'S ALMANACK, 1676.

"Apollo has peeped through the shutter,
And awakened the witty and fair;
The boarding-school belles in a flutter,
The two-penny posts in despair."
PRAED.

MANY and varied have been the conjectures as to the origin of the custom of choosing valentines on St. Valentine's Day. It has been supposed by some to have originated on the strength of a popular tradition, that on this day

—— "Birds of kind
Their mates with mutual chirpings find,"

a circumstance that is frequently alluded to by the poets, and particularly by Chaucer:

"Nature, the vicare of the Almighty Lord,
That hole, colde, hevie, light, moist, and drie,
Hath knit by even number of accord,
In easie voice began to speak and say,
Foules, take heed of my sentence I pray,
And for your own ease in fordring of your need,
As fast as I may speak I will me speed.
Ye know well, how on St. Valentine's Day,
By my statute, and through my governaunce,
Ye doe chuse your makes (mates), and after flie away
With hem as I picke you with pleasaunce."

But this appears to be nothing more than a poetical idea, borrowed, in all probability, from the custom itself.

Monsieur Menage, in his *Dictionnaire Etymologique*, has accounted for the term "valentine," by stating that Madame Royal, daughter of Henri IV, having built a palace near Turin, which, on account of the great veneration in which the saint was held at that time, she called *The Valentine*. At the first entertainment which she gave there, she was pleased to order that the ladies should receive their lovers for the year by lots, reserving for herself the privilege of being independent of chance, and of choosing her own partner. At various balls which this gallant princess gave during the year, it was directed that each lady should receive a bouquet from her lover, and that at every tournament the knight's trappings for his horse should be furnished by his allotted ladie, with this proviso, that the prize obtained should be hers. This custom, adds Ménage, occasioned the parties to be called *valentines;* but the practice of choosing valentines is of much earlier date, and doubtless originated with the celebration of the ancient Roman festivals, which were feasts in honor of Pan and Juno, whence the latter deity was named *Februata*. One of the ceremonies of that feast was the placing the names of certain women in a box from which they were drawn by the men as chance directed. The owner of the name drawn was expected to devote herself to the drawer, and he, on his part, was bound to be her devoted slave for the time being. The Fathers of the Church deemed these feasts and ceremonies pagan mummeries, and we read in that book, so dear to Catholics, *The Lives of the Saints*, "that in order to abolish the heathen, lewd, superstitious custom of boys drawing the names of girls, in honor of the goddess *Februata Juno*, several zealous pastors substituted the names of saints in billets given on that day," and that St. Francis de Sales "severely forbade the custom of giving boys in writing the names of girls to be admired and attended on by them; and to abolish it, he changed it into giving billets with the names of certain saints for them to honor and imitate in a particular manner." The saints thus drawn were considered their especial patrons for the ensuing year,

and as the drawing took place on the Feast of St. Valentine, the patrons thus drawn were called valentines. The innovation, we are told, was not welcomed by the young men of Rome; they still cling to the names of the young women in preference (for the occasion) to those of the saints; and the honor they paid to the saints was to call the owners of the names drawn from the box their "valentines." Thus then we have the origin of the custom of choosing valentines on St. Valentine's Day. From Rome it spread to England, and we find that as early as 1420, the custom of choosing valentines was a sport practiced in the houses of the gentry of England.

"Seynte Valentine, of custom yeere by yeere
Men have a usaunce, in this regioun,
To loke and serche Cupide's kalendere,
And chose theyr choyse, by grete affecioun;
Such as ben move with Cupide's mocioun,
Taking theyr choyse as theyr sorte doth falle;
But I love oou whyche excellith alle."
(LYDGATE'S Poem of Queen Catharine.)

When Ash Wednesday happened to fall on the Feast of St. Valentine (as is the case this year) the "knyghtes and theyr ladyes fayre" assembled in the afternoon, the morning being necessarily occupied in attending at the Holy Sacrifice of the mass and other pious practices, as appears by the quaint song quoted by Donne in his *Illustrations of Shakspeare*, vol. ii, 252–8.

On St. Valentine's Day, 1667, Pepys says: "This morning came up to my wife's bedside (I being up dressing myself) little Will Mercer to be her valentine, and brought her name written upon blue paper, in gold letters, done by himself, very pretty, and we were both well pleased with it. But I am also this year my wife's valentine, and it will cost me £5; but that I must have laid out if we had not been valentines." On the 16th of February he adds: "I find that Mrs. Pierce's little girl is my valentine, she having drawn me, which I am not sorry for, it easing me of something more that I must have given to others; but here I do first observe the fashion of drawing of mottos as well as names; so that Pierce, who drew my wife, did also draw a motto, and this girl drew another for me. What mine was I forget; but my wife's was, 'most courteous and most fair,' which, as it may be used, or an anagram upon each name, might be very pretty." The practice of drawing valentines by lot is still common in the south of Scotland on St. Valentine's Eve. The young people assemble and write the names of their friends on separate pieces of paper, taking the precaution of putting the lads and lasses in separate bags; the girls draw from the former, the boys from the latter, three times in succession, returning the name after the first and second drawing; if one person takes out the same name three times consecutively, it is looked upon as a good omen of their being man and wife afterwards, as is shown in "Tam Glen:"

"Yestreen at the valentine's drawing
My heart to my mouth gied a stem (jump),
For thrice I drew ane without failing,
And thrice it was written Tam Glen."

Gay makes mention of a method of choosing valentines in his time, viz., that the lad's valentine was the first lass he saw in the morning, who was not an inmate of the house; and the lass's valentine was the first young man she met.

Shakspeare bears witness to the custom of looking out of the window for a valentine, or desiring to be one, by making Ophelia sing:

"Good-morrow! 'tis St Valentine's Day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your valentine!"
HAMLET, act iv, scene 5.

And the valentine when seen was bound to give a pair of gloves if at once addressed with:

"The rose is red, the violet's blue,
The gillyflower's sweet, and so are you;
These are the words you bade me say,
For a pair of new gloves on Easter Day."

Though the following uncourteous retort is reported to have been occasionally made:

"The rose is red, and the violet's blue,
The gillyflower's sweet; but I'll none of you."

The learned Moresin tells us that at this festival the men used to make the women presents; and we learn from Pepys, that when the Duke of York was valentine to the celebrated Miss Stuart, who became Duchess of Richmond, he presented her with "a jewel of about £800," and that Lord Manderville, her valentine in 1667, gave her "a ring of about £300;" and it appears from the MS. diary of Joyce Jeffereys—1630 to 1640—that the ladies also made presents to their valentines, for we find carefully inserted in her account-book a pecuniary notice of her valentine each year (being the first male person she met on February 14th), thus:

"Gave Tom Ashton for being my valentine two shillings."

"I gave Timothy Pickering, of Clifton on Teme, that was my valentine at Horn Castle, 4d." *Notes and Queries*, 3d s., vol. iii.

It is supposed that the earliest poetical valentines were written by Charles, Duke of Orleans, the father of Louis XII, who fell into the hands of the English at the battle of Agincourt, on 25th October, 1415. Whilst a prisoner in the Tower of London he wrote several thousand verses of poetry, many of which were written on St. Valentine's Day. The following extract is given as containing allusions to the subject before us:

"A ce jour de Saint Valentin
Que chascun doit choisir son per,
Amours demourrai-je non per
Sans partir à vostre butin?
A mon reveillier au matin
Je n'y ay cesse de penser
A ce jour de Saint Valentin."

There is preserved in the royal library of MSS. in the British Museum a magnificent volume containing probably all that the poet-duke wrote during his captivity in England, which extended over a period of twenty-five years.

There are many curious species of divination practiced on St. Valentine's Day or eve, among which are the following. The west country girls drop some hempseed on the ground in the churchyard as the clock is striking twelve, and then face round three times, saying:

"Hempseed I sow, hempseed I mow,
He that shall my true love be
Let him rake this hempseed after me,"

and the man that is to be their husband will then be seen raking up the hempseed attired for the nonce in a winding-sheet, even though he be at the farthest part of the world. But perhaps the most curious is that described in *Connoisseur*, No. 56, "Last Friday was Valentine's Day, and the night before I got five bay-leaves and pinned four of them to the four corners of my pillow, and the fifth to the middle; and then, if I dreamt of my sweetheart, Betty said we should be married before the year was out. But to make it more sure I boiled an egg hard and took out the yolk and filled it with salt, and when I went to bed, eat it shell and all, without speaking or drinking after it. We also wrote our lovers' names upon bits of paper, and rolled them up in clay, and put them into water, and the first that rose up was to be our valentine. Would you think it? Mr. Blossom was mine. I lay abed and shut my eyes all the morning till he came to our house; for I would not have seen another man before him for all the world."

St. Valentine's Day is still one of the best observed of our popular festivals, but we do not, however, keep it up in its primitive form. We are not satisfied with names now, we keep them secret, and send out pretty devices and poetic effusions, leaving the question to the happy recipients as to who the sender may be. Although we have been able to prove that the custom of *choosing* valentines is an ancient practice, that of *sending* them is of comparatively recent date. Brand Houe and all the best authorities on folk-lore may be searched in

vain for evidence of sending valentines being an old custom. It probably does not date farther back than the beginning of the last century, and it has grown with the development of the penny post. Some time previous to the return of this day, so dear to the minds of thousands of merrymaking and mischievous lads and lasses, the stationers' shops display a profusion of valentines, some of them very beautiful and others extremely ridiculous. On this day all persons are seized with *furore poeticæ:*

"And those now rhyme who never rhymed before,
And those who always rhymed now rhyme the more."

It may be some consolation to those who complain of the gradual decline of our "good old customs" to know that the practice of sending valentines is in no way diminished, nor is it likely to be whilst loving hearts are left.

DIEGO COLUMBUS AND HIS DESCENDANTS.

In the October number of this journal for 1876 I gave a sketch of Fernando Columbus, taken principally from the French of Count De Lorguis. I now, from the same sources, proceed to say something in relation to his elder brother, Diego, and to mention what became of the vice-royalty of the New World after the demise of its illustrious discoverer.

The birth and early years of Diego having been mentioned in my De Lorguis's *Life of Christopher Columbus*, I will, in this paper, only notice the outlines of Diego's history after the death of his immortal father.

After the mournings attendant on the sad event referred to, Don Diego besought King Ferdinand to accord him the dignities and the government justly and legally due to him as the heir of his father.

King Ferdinand, with that craftiness which ever characterized him, appeared very desirous to satisfy him, but said he had not the right himself to settle this affair, which solely pertained to the crown of Castile. Limited now to the kingdom of Arragon, his patrimony, abandoned by the grandees, detested by the people who were indignant at his shameful forgetfulness of the Queen, to whom he owed his glory and his title of Catholic, and resolved to retire to his kingdom of Sicily, he left to Don Diego the task of obtaining, as best he could, justice from the new Queen of Castile. Ovando, faithful to the instructions of Juan de Fonseca, continued to pursue with a vengeance in the son the enmity he had conceived against his father. The orders he had previously received from the King to send Don Diego what pertained to his father he disregarded. Don Diego wrote about the matter to the King, who answered him that he was truly sorry he was not treated better.

The unexpected death of the Archduke Philip totally subverted the reason of Donna Juana. The poor maniac would not consent to have his body consigned to the tomb. In her inconsolable grief she retired to Hornillos, refusing any longer to attend to the duties of royalty. The cities, at the recommendation of the Duke of Alba, notwithstanding their

disesteem for King Ferdinand, sent him addresses praying him to return and resume the reins of government.

As soon as Ferdinand returned from Naples, Don Diego ceased not to renew his petitions, reminding him of the encouraging words of his letters. Ferdinand always replied with courtesy and kindness, but would decide nothing in the matter. At length Don Diego one day dared to ask him why His Highness could not accord to him as a grace what pertained to him as a plain right, to him who served him so faithfully, having been principally raised under his eyes in the royal household. Without being offended at the question, Ferdinand replied that assuredly he had full confidence in him, but that he could not have the same in his sons and successors. Don Diego rejoined that it did not appear to him to be very just to be punished at present for faults which may be committed by children who, perchance, might never be born, he being still unmarried.

Undoubtedly the government of the Indies would never have been accorded to their lawful titulary if an affair of the heart supervening in the household or family of the King himself had not suddenly modified his disposition, and changed the destiny of Don Diego.

Although the glory of Christopher Columbus appeared, for the time, eclipsed in Spain, yet the immensity of his discoveries developing itself from year to year, the grandeur of his services and the fair fame of his name were appreciated by some minds, among whom was a young lady of the royal blood. By the beauty of his person, the maturity of his judgment, and his noble bearing, Don Diego touched and won the heart of the illustrious Donna Maria de Toledo, daughter of Fernando de Toledo, grand commander of Leon, duke and niece to Don Fadrique de Toledo, the celebrated Duke of Alba, and to King Ferdinand himself.

To her high birth and personal beauty, Donna Maria united the noblest qualities of mind and of heart. In the exaltedness of her piety were recognized the influences of the education she had received under the eye of Isabella the Catholic. Indeed, Diego Columbus could never have chosen a wife more capable of rendering him happy, independently of the high connection which he would thus form.

The Duke of Alba took under his special patronage the inclination of his niece. The proposition of Don Diego for her hand being accepted, he made the reclamation for the government of the Indies his personal affair. Already, as soon as the Duke had perceived the attraction of these young hearts for each other, he wrote to King Ferdinand, his cousin, who was then at Naples, urging him to render to the successor of the Admiral of the Indies the rights he inherited from his father.

Ferdinand could not resist the persistent solicitations of the duke, who was his cousin-german, and to whom he was under great personal obligations, and would not, by the obstinacy of his refusal, be prejudicial to the interests of their niece, Donna Maria. He yielded at last to the importunities of the father and uncle of the bride. Still it was with such restrictions as fully showed his cautious and distrustful disposition.

Ovando having incurred the displeasure of Fonseca, his recall was decided upon. On the 9th of August, 1508, Ferdinand signed an authorization for Don Diego Columbus to reside in the Indies. But without recognizing him as viceroy, he accorded to him, by the order of December, 1508, only the authorization to replace Ovando, with the same provisory title, and with the same salary and honors that had been accorded to Ovando, declaring that by this authorization he meant not to add to the rights which may be fixed by the judges; for then the

suit of Don Diego against the Fiscal was not definitely decided.

On the 10th of July, 1509, the young Admiral sailed for San Domingo, accompanied by his wife, his brother, Don Fernando, who had now grown to man's estate, his two uncles, the Atelantado, and the sub-Abbe Don Diego, accompanied by a retinue of cavaliers with their wives, more distinguished for high birth than large fortune, and young ladies who went to compose the household of the young Vice-queen. Notwithstanding the sullen and cautious reserve of the old monarch, a general sentiment of courtesy caused Donna Maria to receive always the title of vice-queen. The title of viceroy was less commonly given to her husband, who usually, like his father, was designated Admiral of the Indies.

His enlightened zeal for the interests of the colony, his attachment to religion, joined to his unswerving love for justice, showed plainly that he was the worthy son of his illustrious father. Endowed with noble and grand qualities, he was capable of governing a large kingdom. But his high endowments, his connection with the King, and the glory of his father were not sufficient to screen him from the shafts of envy. Fonseca and Lopez de Conchillos, another enemy of the Columbuses, had sent to Hispaniola, as treasurer of the Indies, Miguel de Passamonte, a trusty creature of theirs. The secret instructions given to Passamonte were to thwart and paralyze as much as possible the government of the Viceroy. He was supported in his hostility against the Admiral by some partisans of Roldan's, whose residence in Hispaniola Ovando had tolerated contrary to the orders of the late Queen Isabella.

These gentry denaturalized all the acts of the new governor, misrepresented his intentions, and gave themselves the air of protecting the interests of the King and of Castile from the usurpations of the Admiral, that son of a foreigner. They formed under the auspices of Passamonte a cabal, which they insolently called the party of the King. A mushroom aristocracy had, in consequence of their riches, arisen in the island, and thought themselves the first in the land. The arrival of the Vice-queen, who held a state truly royal, with her ladies of honor, her cavaliers, and the officers of the Admiral, somewhat changed the rude and occasionally violent manners of San Domingo, and caused the importance of this aristocracy to diminish. Hence their hatred of the whole tribe of the Columbuses.

The court of the Vice-queen became an object of admiration to the whole country. Don Diego acted in his quality of governor-general with all the dignity of a viceroy. The hidalgos of the party of the King found themselves completely obscured, notwithstanding their gold and their swaggering airs. Uniting with the old enemies of Christopher Columbus, they continued against the son their former persecutions of his father. Complaints and memorials were stealthily forwarded to Seville. Fonseca and Conchillos were now served to their heart's content in their enmity to the family of the Admiral.

In consequence of the encroachments that were now made on the just powers of Don Diego, and which it would be too tedious to detail, his uncle, the Atelantado, considered it his duty to return to Castile to try to counteract somewhat the influence of the bureaus of Seville, and to get the relatives of Donna Maria to interest themselves in the matter. In the course of the same year Don Diego undertook the conquest of Cuba, which he had the happiness to accomplish without any shedding of blood.

The complaints of the partisans of Passamonte continued to come to Seville, and in 1512 King Ferdinand

sent back the Atelantado to Don Diego with instructions still more restricting his power, which was already too limited.

Notwithstanding his probity, the prudence of his measures, the ascendency of the Vice-queen over the most respectable portion of the colony, and seeing that from year to year the bureaus of Seville tended to dispossess him of all his rights, Don Diego requested and obtained permission to return to Castile in order to justify himself.

Faithful to his abominable system of policy, old Ferdinand welcomed the Admiral of the Indies the more graciously as he was the husband of his niece. He was pleased that he had colonized Cuba and Jamaica and had established a pearl fishery at Cubaga. He admitted that the origin of the animosity of his enemies was the protection he accorded to the Indians. The King, forced to acknowledge his innocence, ordered that all the civil suits entered against him should be discontinued. Nevertheless, he refused to accord him the rights he justly claimed to his share of the profits arising from the colonies of Darien and Castilla del Orio. While Don Diego was thus urging his just claims the King died.

Don Diego was forced to await the arrival from Flanders of the young Prince Charles, who afterwards became the Emperor Charles the Fifth. After four long years of solicitations, he at length obtained a decision from the sovereign declaring his innocence and adjudging him his claims. Still the bureaus of the colonies succeeded in continuing in office Passamonte, their emissary and pliant tool.

In September, 1520, the Admiral recrossed the ocean and arrived at the seat of government. During his absence grave abuses had crept into the administration. He would correct them and apply their proper remedies to them. Hence new causes of enmities. His battle with these abuses, which he urged with great courage, lasted nearly three years. During this time he received several letters from the Council of the Indies at Seville as annoying as they were unjust. In 1523, in consequence of a memorial forwarded by Passamonte, some annoying admonitions were sent him, and shortly after the Council wrote to him to return to Castile to give explanations. Don Diego well understood that he was virtually recalled from his government.

On the 17th of September he sailed from San Domingo. On his arrival in Castile he repaired to Vittoria, where the court then resided. The monarch and the royal Council of the Indies acknowledged the falsity of the charges urged against him. It was evident that his probity, his loyalty, and his humanity towards the natives were his only faults in the eyes of those who accused him.

Notwithstanding his honorable acquittal, he was not reinstated in his offices, and the contestations about his revenues continued to draw their slow length along.

The Admiral pursued his claims with that firmness of resolution which he inherited from his father. He followed the court in its different residences at Vittoria, at Burgos, at Valladolid, at Madrid, and at Toledo. Here Don Diego fell grievously sick, but as the Emperor had departed for Seville, he would still follow him there. To the representations of his friends, who saw that he could not bear the journey, he answered that he would go in a litter, and that he would stop at Our Lady of Guadeloupe, where he would offer a novena. Oviedo, who saw him two days before his departure, tried also to deter him from it. But he replied that he would go, whatever might be the consequence, for he longed to see his wife and children again, and that at the idea of their early reunion he found himself half cured.

On the 23d of February, 1526, Don Diego proceeded on his journey in a litter, but after having made six leagues, his disease having become aggravated, he was obliged to stop in the town of Montaloan. He soon perceived that his death was at hand. For a moment he regretted that he was so far separated from his family, and deprived of the succors and consolations of religion, although he had received Holy Communion at Toledo on the eve of his departure. Providence willed that at this moment four Franciscans should come to the place. These religious were to Don Diego what they were to his sainted father, the friends of his soul. They remained with him, consoling and sustaining him in the final struggle. He died in their arms on the 23d of February, in sentiments of perfect resignation to the divine will, recommending himself to the Blessed Virgin and St. Francis, thanking God for having called him to himself, devoting his heart to heaven with acts of desire, and pronouncing as his last words: *Gloria in excelsis Deo.*

Herrera makes frequent mention of his gentleness and urbanity of manners, and pronounces him of a noble disposition, and without deceit. And Washington Irving, summing up his character, says: "He appears by the general consent of historians to have been a man of great integrity, of respectable talents, and of a frank and generous nature." And soon after adds: "This absence of all reserve quite frequently laid him open to the stratagems of crafty men, grown old in deception, who rendered his life a continual series of embarrassments, but the probity of his character, with the irresistible power of truth, bore him through difficulties in which more politic and subtle men would have been entangled and completely lost."

The domestics of the Admiral continued their route, and deposited his mortal remains in the Carthusian monastery of Santa Maria de las Grutus at Seville, by the side of those of his illustrious father. He was but little more than fifty years of age, his premature death having been hastened by the griefs and troubles he had experienced in the prosecution of his claims.

Don Diego left five children, two sons—Louis and Christopher—and three daughters—Maria, Juana, and Isabella.

The Vice-queen, Maria de Toledo, came back to Spain to protect the rights of her son, Don Louis, then only six years of age. Charles V was absent, but she was most graciously received by the Empress. The title of Admiral of the Indies was immediately conferred on her son, Don Louis, but Charles could not be prevailed on to give him that of Viceroy. Some years after, the young Admiral commenced juridically, but uselessly, his prosecution for the title and prerogatives of Viceroy. After having gone to Hispaniola with the title of Governor-General, finding innumerable obstacles to his administration, and seeing the impossibility of obtaining his rights against the wishes of the Emperor, Don Louis, by a definite arrangement with Spain, renounced his claims to the titles of Viceroy and Governor-General, and to the rights resulting from his hereditary privileges, to accept the titles of Duke of Veraguas and Marquis of Jamaica, accompanied with a considerable pension, which was afterwards reduced to twenty-four thousand piastres.

Don Louis Columbus died at an early age, leaving but two daughters, Felippa and Maria. The latter took the veil at the convent of San Quirice at Valladolid.

The brother of Don Louis had a son named Diego, and two daughters, named also Felippa and Maria.

Don Diego, who was the heir of his uncle, married his cousin Donna Felippa, but he died without issue. Thus the male line of Columbus became extinct in the year 1578.

Now arose in the female line those memorable lawsuits which made such noise in Spain, and also in Italy, the wearisome history of which I will not pretend to record.

At length Don Nuño de Gelves of Portugal, of the royal house of Braganza, who was grandson to Donna Isabella, the third daughter of Diego Columbus by his Vice-queen, Maria de Toledo, was juridically put in possession of the titles of Duke of Veraguas and Marquis of Jamaica, after he had given up all pretensions to the Viceroyalty of the New World. He also commuted the claim of one-tenth of the produce of the Indies for a pension of one thousand doubloons. "Thus," says Charlevoix, "the dignities and wealth of Columbus passed into a branch of the Portuguese house of Braganza established in Spain, of which the heirs are entitled, *De Portugallo, Colon, Duke de Veragua, Marquis de la Jamaica y Almirante de las Indius.*"

HANS HEMLING'S TRIPTYCH.

"WHO painted that picture?"

The speaker was the great Master Johann van Eyck. He was walking through the Hospital of St. John, at Bruges, on the Feast of Easter, in the year of our Lord 1479, when his eye fell on a painting lying against an easel. Around it lay a few implements of the artist, but he was not visible. The picture seemed to belong to nobody.

"Who painted that picture?"

"A poor wounded soldier named Hans," was the reply of the sister. "He was brought to us dying of fever, and out of gratitude for his recovery he wished to paint something for our church. As his intention was good, we supplied him with materials and accepted his offer, though indeed his work can hardly be of much merit."

"Not of much merit!" interrupted Van Eyck, impatiently, shrugging his shoulders. "Where is this man?"

"There he is, poor fellow!" said the good religious, pointing to the bed in the corner of the room, where the sick man lay, nearly unconscious of all around him; "and," she added, "he has taken so much to heart the ill success of his work that it brought on a second attack of fever, from which we fear he will never recover."

Van Eyck hastened to the sick man's bed, and respectfully lifted his cap. "Brother," he said, with much emotion, "thank our blessed patron, the glorious St. John, who has guided me here to this hospital. The gifts with which God has endowed you for his honor and glory will bring you fame and riches through the patronage of the Holy Church—the mother of art. You are a great painter."

The sick man cast a melancholy and doubtful look at the speaker.

"Rise up, brother," continued Van Eyck, "and come forth, like Lazarus, from the tomb in which you have been so long buried."

The man rose up, strengthened by those words of hope, and became the great painter Hans Hemling, the glory of Bruges, whose numerous works of art are to be found scattered through nearly all the great galleries of Europe, among the greatest of the treasures there. They bear an unmistakable character of their own; even when, as in some

cases, the hands of other artists of the time, and especially that of Hans's benefactor, Johann van Eyck, the inventor of oil painting, have been employed on the same picture, Hans is always clearly distinguished, not only by the fineness and delicacy of his touch, and the lightness and gracefulness of his draperies, but also by the devotional character of his paintings, excelling even the great Van Eyck, who had predicted his career of fame and honor from his first glance at the famous triptych. It is still to be seen in the Hospital of St. John, at Bruges.

There is something very charming in the thought of a Christian painter, like the pure and angelical Giovanni da Fiesole—a man of spotless life and unstained heart, on whose soul the sunshine of grace has ever fallen without a cloud to break it, who has known no love but that of God, whose thoughts have ever been occupied with heavenly beauty, and who has therefore had the gift first to catch with wonderful instinct its purest and most delicate reflections in nature and humanity, and then to set them forth in his works so tenderly and yet so vividly, as to fill us with a sense of deep unearthly peace as we gaze upon them, as if he really were able to give us a glimpse of the home of eternal blessedness. We can hardly imagine that such a painter could ever have known the storms of passion, or at least have bent before them. Yet there is another kind of purity besides that of innocence—the purity of penitence. Such is that which we must claim for Hans Hemling.

The Superior was quite right in speaking of Hans as a poor soldier who had been strangely brought to their doors by the charity of a woman. She had found him lying by the roadside wounded and dying, and managed to convey him to the hospital where he had been so carefully attended: but he had known better days, or at least more prosperous circumstances, before he had sunk to destitution. His father had been a wealthy butcher at Bruges. He and his wife lavished all their care and tenderness on the education of Hans, who was their only child, born about the year 1425. In his childhood and youth he had been too much indulged by his parents and his teachers. He was allowed to form bad acquaintances, who drew him into habits of dissipation and vice. At an early age he had shown a considerable talent for painting, and his father had placed him under the care of an artist named Rodgers, known as Rodgers de Bruges. But instead of applying himself to study the youth spent the greater part of his time in idleness. He was one of those good-natured weak souls, "no man's enemies but their own," who often end so badly. With all his faults there was something so attractive about him that he seems to have been much loved in spite of his deplorable weaknesses. Poor Hans! his home became desolate in a manner terrible indeed. One morning the young painter was returning home more than half drunk, after a night spent with his boon companions, his eyes inflamed, his step unsteady, his dress in disorder, when in the court he met his father. The poor old man could not conceal his disgust and distress at his son's condition. He reproached him severely with his disorderly life, at the same time trying to draw him into the house to screen him from the observation of the neighbors. Hans got angry and quarrelsome; from words they came to blows, and in the scuffle the old man was thrown down. His head fell against the pavement, and to his horror and dismay, when he stooped to raise his father up he found him—dead. Poor Hans gave a despairing cry which brought his aged mother to the spot; when she saw the fearful sight she fell on the body of her husband, and her mind gave way. A

few sad weeks only she lived on, unconscious of her misery.

Hans in his grief and self-reproach threw himself recklessly into a course of revelry and dissipation, trying in vain to drown the pangs of remorse. Before a year from the death of his parents was over, he had squandered all the fortune they had carefully accumulated for him. His conduct was so extravagant that he was finally expelled from Bruges by the authorities. Nothing remained for him but to enlist as a private soldier in the Burgundian army; and he seems to have fought in the battles of Morat, Granson, and Nancy. The army at that time contained many desperadoes, banditti, rather than soldiers, who were forever breaking away from military discipline, in the satisfaction of passion or greed. Hans, to do him justice, seems to have set his face against the cruelty and license of their lives; at least he would not join them in their excesses, and so became a sort of butt among them. One day, when he had been unusually tried by the scorn and ridicule they heaped upon him, he retaliated and struck one of them a hard blow. This was the signal for several ruffians of his corps to fall upon him; he received a deep stab in the breast and was left in his own blood on the highroad to die. It was there that the poor woman found him. She took him first to her house, and then (when the case got beyond her skill) transferred him to the Hospital of St. John, where his career as an artist was so strangely to begin.

For many weeks he lay tossing on his bed in a high fever. When at last the crisis was over, and his senses returned, he was able to think of the past. The poor man remembered his former life with the truest contrition. He thought how he had embittered the lives of his parents, and how in some way he had been guilty of their miserable deaths. In the quiet hospital he lay and recalled all his sins; the prayers of his childhood came back to his lips, and he prayed, as those pray who have lost all in this world, for mercy and forgiveness. He thanked God for the wound and illness that had laid him low, and vowed to offer up the rest of his life to his glory.

The good Sisters rejoiced in the holy dispositions of Hans, and did all in their power to strengthen him in them. He had told them humbly, like a child, of all his troublous past life, and they, with true charity, had spoken to him of hope and confidence, and the infinite mercy of Jesus, nor did they forget to recommend him to the prayers of his holy patron, the blessed St. John, in whose hospital he lay.

As he got stronger, his great wish was to make some offering to the house, out of gratitude. He begged the Superior to give him some painting materials, and to allow him to make a small unused room into a studio. Partly for the sake of finding something to interest him, and partly from curiosity to see the result (for she had small faith in anything but the good-will of the poor soldier), she yielded to his request. Day after day was Hans to be seen praying and painting, like that holy Dominican monk of Fiesole. The skill of the former pupil of Rodgers de Bruges was there, but the pride was gone. Often and often the fear alone of wasting the precious materials prevented his destroying the picture. When it was finished, his humility made him feel that he had failed; he had not represented his ideal. He sank back on his bed discouraged and sick at heart, and his fever returned, so that his recovery seemed hopeless, till the greeting of Johann van Eyck on that Easter morning brought back hope and life.

As soon as his strength had fully returned, Van Eyck presented Hans to the Count of Flanders, "Philip the Good." Philip established him in his own palace, and from thence

the fame of Hans Hemling spread over the whole Catholic world. He often travelled to foreign courts, where he was always received with homage and distinction. Wherever in his journeys he saw a cross or a lonely shrine, he knelt before them, and with outstretched arms humbly besought the pardon of God for all his sins. Whenever he could succor the poor, the sick, and the friendless, he did all in his power for them, pouring out his wealth for their needs in the name of him who died upon the cross.

It is said there are eighty pictures by him still existing, of unquestionable originality. They are all on sacred subjects. He seems also to have assisted in the illumination of several exquisite missals and breviaries. But there is a peculiar interest about that beautiful triptych* in the hospital at Bruges, not only because he has painted in it a portrait of himself, in the costume of the hospital, uniting with the kings in adoration of the Divine Infant, and from the signature and date which it also bears, but from the history of the painting itself, so characteristic of the early times of Catholic art, and its importance as the foundation of all the glories connected with the name of Hans Hemling.

* The three compartments represent, 1. Our Lord in the manger; 2. The Adoration of the Magi; 3. The Presentation of our Lord in the Temple.

THE VILLAGE HOSTAGES.

AN EPISODE OF THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR.

THE battle raged fierce and strong a few leagues distant from a little village in the north of France. The roar of the cannon, and all the various sounds of strife, though deadened by the distance, struck terror into the hearts of the inhabitants. The parish priest was at the altar praying for his country, while the villagers around him, pale and trembling, besought God to protect them.

Some German troops anxious to join in the fight, halted on their way not far from the village, and sentinels were placed to watch the surrounding approaches. They failed, however, to see two young lads who warily crept along from bush to bush till they got within firing distance; four shots were heard, and the lads were seen to leap like young deer and disappear in a neighboring field of wheat. They were immediately pursued and some twenty shots were fired, but in vain; the youths were not caught, and not a drop of blood revealed their track.

They had fired well, those lads, for three German soldiers were rolling in the dust mortally wounded, and the fourth shot had lodged in the two-headed eagle of a Prussian officer's helmet.

The incensed Germans marched into the village, and the officer in command demanded the mayor in the name of his majesty King William to deliver up the culprits; failing which six of the inhabitants were to be selected to be shot. The poor people were in despair; they could not give up the lads, who had made their escape, and of whom they knew nothing, except that they had followed the German troops from another parish, to revenge themselves, possibly for the death of their father or the burning down of their home.

The mayor, the priest, and the chief inhabitants of the village be-

sought the officer to have compassion; but alas, in vain! He was very calm and even courteous, but the six men he must have to be punished for the sake of example. So lots were drawn, and six poor wretches were delivered to the officer, and locked up in the village schoolhouse.

The curé was allowed to visit them and administer the comforts of religion. Five of the men he found in such a state of wild despair that they could scarcely understand or listen to him. The sixth sat alone, apart from the rest; he was a man about forty, a widower with five small children, of whom he was the sole support; he listened patiently at first to the exhortations of the priest, but suddenly broke forth into the most frightful imprecations; cursing, blaspheming, and then wildly sobbing, asking that his children might be put to death with him. "Yes," he said, "I will tell them it was my little Bernard (a child of three years) who fired upon those wretches!"

Finding it impossible to gain his attention, the curé left him and walked slowly to the guardhouse, where he knew he would find the Prussian officer. "Sir," said the good man, "six hostages have been given up to you; in a few hours they will be shot; but not one of them fired on your troops. The real culprits having escaped, your intention is to make an example that will strike terror into the hearts of all who hear it. It matters not to you whether James or John, Peter or Paul are shot, provided you have your number, in fact the better the victims are known in the country the better you will gain your object. I have come to beg the favor of taking the place of one of these men. He is the father of a family who would be left in misery should he die. He and I are both innocent, but my death will be the most profitable to you."

"It shall be as you wish," replied the officer.

Four soldiers then conducted the curé to the prison, where he was bound and incarcerated, the widowed father of the family was set free; after embracing the curé he went to his home, congratulated by his friends.

All that night the curé ceased not to pray for and with his parishioners who were doomed to die, and God heard him and blessed his efforts: from grumblers and cowards his companions became heroes and martyrs; and as such they were prepared to meet death when, at eleven on the next morning, a detachment of soldiers came to march them to the place of their execution. The curé was at the head of the procession, reciting aloud the prayers for the dying, and all along the road the villagers on their knees cast a last and loving look on him. The victims were nearing the place of execution when a Prussian major with his orderly chanced to pass. Struck with the sight of the priest, he asked for an explanation, which was given him by the captain in command, and the circumstances of the case were deemed worthy of being made known to the general.

Accordingly, the execution was suspended, and the general desired the curé to be brought before him. The interview was short. The general, whose heart was in the right place, understood the priest at once.

"Sir," he said to him, "I cannot make an exception in your favor, and yet I do not wish your death. Go, and tell your parishioners that for *your sake* they are forgiven."

When the curé was gone, the general said to the officer who witnessed what had taken place: "If all the French had hearts like this simple poor priest, we should not long remain on this side of the Rhine."

NAZARETH.

A VISIT TO THE HOME OF OUR LORD.

SOME light-hearted pilgrims were cantering through the gently sloping valleys and olive groves which lead from Samaria to Dothan. They had spent the previous days at Nablous, the ancient Sichem, with its beautiful groves of fruit trees and palms, its narrow bazaars and fanatical population, and curious Samaritan synagogue with its ancient Pentateuch. By the well of Jacob they had read the fourth chapter of St. John the Evangelist, and on the mount Gerizim they had witnessed that mysterious sacrifice, the last vestige of an ancient rite, so admirably described by Dean Stanley, that any account of it could be but a repetition. From thence too they had first caught sight of Hermon, with its dazzling snowy peak, and Tabor and Gilboa, and the lesser hills of Galilee, while the whole of Central Palestine seemed stretched out as in a map at their feet. From Nablous they had ridden to Sebaste (the ancient Samaria), and camped on a high table-land overlooking the surrounding country, close to the ruins of Herod's palace. A multitude of columns still remain to testify to the magnificence of that miserable king. Hard by are the remains of a church, now converted into a mosque, built by the Knights of St. John, whose broken crosses are still to be seen imbedded in the walls. A flight of steps conducts the pilgrim to the prison where St. John the Baptist is said to have been confined, and finally beheaded.

And now the road leads them through fertile pasture-land and past inland basins of rain-water covered with wild fowl, to Jenin, with its beautiful date palms and olive trees and orange groves. But the inhabitants were surly and fanatical. From a cave in the rocks two of them had pointed their long guns at the cavalcade as they neared the village; but on being pursued by one of the horsemen, armed with a revolver, they rapidly retreated. The travellers rested during the heat of the noonday sun in a parklike ground, with fine trees, by the side of a rushing stream; but their occupation of it was disputed by the inhabitants, and finding that the only eligible spot for pitching the tents had been secured by the servants of the Duke of M——, they resolved to push on a few miles further, and camp at Jezreel. A straight route, four miles in length, leads direct to the city, now in ruins, and to the remains of Ahab's watchtower; that very route by which "Jehu the son of Nimshi" was seen "driving furiously." They found that their dragoman had pitched their tents on the rocky site of what is supposed by tradition to be Naboth's vineyard. But here uncomfortable tidings awaited them. The escort promised by the Sheik of Jenin had failed to make its appearance, being engaged in checking a raid and revolt on the other side of the valley; and a hostile tribe of Bedouins, with their long low black camel-hair tents, were camped in a wooded bottom scarcely half a mile from the halting-place of the travellers. A council of war was held with the Sheik of Jezreel, who agreed to allow twenty or thirty of the principal inhabitants (*moyennant* a handsome "backshish") to act as guards during the night. Every precaution was taken, the tents pitched in a circle, the horses and mules picketed in the centre, and watchfires were lit all round the encampment. The younger portion of the party, heedless of danger and wearied with the heat and the long day's ride, very

soon forgot their alarms in sleep; but their elders watched all night, and well it was that they did so, for at one o'clock in the morning the alarm was given that the Bedouins were upon them. It was only a reconnoitring party, however; and finding the Europeans on the alert, and the native guard valiantly patrolling and shouting out their national war-cries, they wheeled round and rapidly galloped back to their tents. Fearful, however, that they might return in increased numbers, the travellers resolved to leave their insecure camping-ground as early as possible; so that four o'clock of the following morning found them in the saddle on their way to Nazareth. Winding down a steep hill they came upon the great plain of Esdraelon, which is more than twenty miles in extent, and capable of the finest cultivation; but, under the sway of a powerful Bedouin sheik, it is reserved for the pasture-ground of his tribe; and the few peasants, who, armed to the teeth, were ploughing little patches here and there or tending small flocks of sheep, pay a heavy blackmail to the marauder for even this scant courtesy. Shunem, a miserable village, surrounded with a hedge of prickly pear, was quickly passed; but our travellers lingered at Nain, where a rude cross marks the spot on which in ancient times a church was erected by the "gate of the city," where that wonderful miracle of love and tenderness was performed by our divine Lord. A fountain remains, where the Arab girls were filling their pitchers and posing them on their heads with their usual native grace. A burial-ground, still used by the Moslems, is shown to the right of the village, and on this very path must our Lord have met the sorrowful procession as it passed out of the gate. From Nain the travellers came to Endor, with its caves in the rocks, which seem as if they must be unchanged since the time of the witch's residence. Here a glorious view burst upon them. Tabor, with its low round green top, and its base skirted with dwarf oak, ilexes, and arbutus; high above it, glistening in the sun, rose the conical peak of Hermon, "white as snow," with the Kishon dividing the valley beneath and Carmel forming the barrier to the left, while to the right lay the long low range of Bashan, "beyond Jordan." It is a magnificent panorama, and brings before one the imagery of the Prophets and of the Psalms more strikingly than almost any other part of Palestine.

Quantities of storks were feeding on the green patches in the plain, while here and there eagles and hawks soared above their heads. But one of the ladies of the party was ill; she had been suffering from fever ever since leaving Jerusalem; so, in order to expedite her journey, the guides suggested that the travellers should take a short cut to Nazareth, up a steep and somewhat rugged path, by the Mountain of Precipitation, while the baggage-mules went round the longer way by the plain. In an evil hour this proposal was acceded to, and the ascent begun; but very soon the road became impassable for the horses; in their efforts to scramble up the precipitous rocks the saddle-girths broke, and the travellers were compelled to dismount, greatly to the increasing suffering of their invalid, who fainted repeatedly on the road, and caused them the gravest anxiety. It was with immense thankfulness, therefore, that, on reaching the summit, after two hours of painful exertion, they perceived the white houses of modern Nazareth nestled in a gorge between two hills, and with still greater joy found themselves at the door of the Franciscan convent, where the usual hearty welcome awaited them, and the Duke of M—— gave up his own rooms to afford more comfortable accommodation to the suffering lady. The illness became serious,

and detained the party three weeks, and during the whole of that time the thoughtful care of the monks, and especially of the kind old Spanish doctor and the venerable Padre Guardiano, exceeded belief. The latter literally spent his days in devising little luxuries and alleviations for the invalid. The earliest asparagus, the first strawberries, the brightest flowers, even some scented soap and toilet vinegar, which had been presented to him in bygone days by some enthusiastic lady-pilgrim, were ransacked from his stores for the benefit of the sufferer. When she was well enough to be moved homewards, he arranged a litter for her to enable her to reach the seacoast without fatigue. And this lady was neither of his own country nor of his own creed! Yet pilgrims have been found to say harsh and bitter things against this kind old man and his Franciscan brethren, to complain of and find fault with their hospitality, to grumble at the food, and to throw discredit generally on their order, thereby causing them grievous pain and disgust.

But to return to our travellers. It was the 4th of April—the 25th of March had fallen that year on Good Friday, so that the grand festival of the Incarnation had been remitted to that day. From the earliest dawn, the beautiful Church of the Annunciation, with its high altar, raised on a double flight of steps, and its beautiful shrine below, leading to the house of the Blessed Virgin, had been thronged with kneeling figures. The women were unveiled—for Nazareth, like Bethlehem, is essentially a Christian town. They were all dressed in gay colors and holiday costume, with strings of gold coins round their necks or wound in their dark hair. They covered every inch of the steps leading to the sacred subterranean shrine, where a star marks the spot—"*Hic Verbum caro factum est*"—a broken column suspended from the roof indicates the place where the Blessed Virgin was kneeling when Gabriel, God's chosen messenger, appeared before her.

Here were spoken those words in which she accepted her sacred mission, and with it her share in the sufferings of the redemption: "*Ecce ancilla Domini; fiat mihi secundum verbum tuum.*" Words as fruitful as the first "*Fiat*" pronounced by the Creator when, in his omnipotence, he made the world; for, by her humble acquiescence in the divine will, she consented to the conception, by the Holy Spirit, in her immaculate womb, of the Creator himself made man.

Here lived St. Joachim and St. Anne; here St. Joseph; here, in a word, was the home of the Holy Family. Here our Lord, after his return from Egypt, lived thirty years of that sacred hidden life: here "*erat subditus illis,*" living in the profoundest submission to his virgin mother and his supposed father. And this place where the great mystery of the Incarnation was accomplished, what was it but a poor humble home in a quiet village of a land reduced to the condition of a petty province of the great Roman Empire; nay more, even in this land Nazareth had become a byword of contempt and reproach!

High mass was over when the Padre Guardiano came to propose to our travellers to visit the other spots which make Nazareth a place of such deep and thrilling interest to every reader of Gospel history. Their first visit was to the synagogue where our divine Lord, having read in the Book of the Prophet Isaias the words regarding himself, sat down and expounded them to the people, who "wondered at the gracious words which proceeded from his mouth." This synagogue is now converted into a Greek church, supposed to have been built by Tancred, who was Prince of Galilee during the temporary Christian occupation of the Holy Land. From the syna-

gogue they passed on to St. Joseph's workshop, now a little chapel, rudely furnished, but where mass is daily said by one of the Franciscan Fathers. From thence they walked to the table or rock popularly called "Mensa Christi," where our Lord is said to have dined with his disciples, both before and after the resurrection. It is on the summit of the city, and a tiny chapel has been erected close to the stone. The Padre Guardiano then led the way to the fountain of the Madonna, which is situated at the eastern entrance of the town, and is the only spring of fresh good water existing in Nazareth. Here, by undisputed tradition, the Blessed Virgin daily came during those thirty years. Here, again, must her divine Son have constantly accompanied her. Groups of women now, as then, were filling their pitchers at the fountain; looking like the ancient Bible pictures of our childhood, and dressed precisely as the Blessed Virgin is perpetually represented by the early masters—in red dresses and blue drapery, a white square cloth covering the head. In every walk, at every turn, in the streets, or on the hills, or in those flowery valleys, one seems to realize the presence of both the Mother and the Son. In the beautiful words of a modern traveller, "Nazareth was the nursery of one whose mission was to meet man and man's deepest needs on the platform of commonplace daily life," and every step of that "daily life" becomes ennobled in the thought of him who trod the same path.

Coming home, our travellers visited the convent of "Les Dames de Nazareth," who have a large orphanage admirably managed, not far from the Franciscan convent; and among the children are many sufferers from the terrible Lebanon massacres. The Superior pointed out one little girl, with dark and earnest eyes, whose mind had never recovered from the shock and horror of that scene. Her father had been murdered while endeavoring to save her; and his brains had been dashed all over her face, which the poor child was continually rubbing, as if to wipe away the horrible remembrance. These nuns were most kind in their offers of service to the sick lady at the hospice, and afterwards volunteered to receive her in their little home at Caiffa, previous to her embarkation. A beautiful benediction, sung by the Sisters and orphans, closed a walk so full of absorbing interest.

The following morning our pilgrims were early in the saddle, and again, under the guidance of the kind Padre Guardiano, were ascending the steep and beautiful path leading to Mount Tabor, which is a ride of about two hours from Nazareth. The hillsides were perfectly pink with delicate linum, the cistus, and other spring flowers. The shape of Tabor is that of a truncated cone, the base being thickly fringed with dwarf oak, ilex, and arbutus. The ascent is difficult and painfully rugged; but the view from the summit repays all the toil. On one side is stretched the great plain of Esdraelon, with the little village of Deborah the Prophetess, which still bears her name, nestled under the great hill; on the other, the village of Cana and the plain of Zabulon, the Mount of the Beatitudes, and the beautiful lake of Tiberias glistening in the sun; while beyond are the mountains of Hermon and Lebanon, and the cities of Safed, Bethulia, Naphthalia, and Cæsarea Philippi. The ruins of no less than three fine churches remain on the top of the mountain, one of which has lately been restored by the Greeks. But the Padre Guardiano led our party to the one to which

tradition points as the actual scene of the transfiguration, and there celebrated the holy sacrifice.

The mass over, the party breakfasted under the shadow of the ruins, on a smooth greensward, which formed the flat summit of the mount, and then reluctantly proceeded to leave the sacred spot and descend the hill. Here the Padre Guardiano left them, to return to Nazareth, while the pilgrims continued their road towards Tiberias, resolving to pay a visit on their way to Achill Aga, "the Sheik of sheiks," as he is called, whose black tents were stretched out on the plain at the base of the mountain. This mighty Bedouin chief virtually owns the whole of the surrounding country; and the Porte has found it both politic and necessary to make a treaty with him, so as to insure the safety of the travellers and of the dwellers in the plains. He is a remarkable man, with a frank and pleasing exterior, and has the reputation of being both generous and brave. A kind of native *durbar* was being held when our travellers approached, but Achill Aga rose with stately courtesy, and conducted the ladies to a divan raised at one end of his tent. On a signal from him, cushions, coffee, and other refreshments were noiselessly brought. In the meantime various other sheiks made their appearance, all of whom prostrated themselves on their arrival before Achill Aga, and submissively kissed his hand. One of these chiefs, a man of a singularly cruel and forbidding aspect, was the sheik of the tribes in the plain of Esdraelon, and had six hundred mounted horsemen day and night ready to fulfil his behests. He was at the head of a far more powerful people than Achill Aga, but the moral influence of the latter compelled an outward show of submission.

Coffee and pipes having been discussed, Achill Aga offered to show the ladies his harem, and a black eunuch was summoned to escort them to a neighboring tent, where a singularly handsome woman, beautifully dressed, and with large pearls round her neck, was waiting to receive her guests. Having no interpreter, however, signs were obliged to take the place of words with the ladies, but it needed no explanation when a black attendant produced a beautiful child, of two or three years old, just woke out of its sleep, at the sight of whom the mother's love shone out unmistakably from the bright eyes of the Bedouin lady. In the meantime a kind of guard of honor had been prepared for our travellers, who amused them by a variety of feats of horsemanship, throwing their long lances, and executing a species of war-dance, as they wheeled and doubled round and round the party, and occasionally rode races with the younger and best mounted of them. The sun was still high in the heavens when the pilgrims found themselves at the base of the Mount of the Beatitudes, after crossing the plain of Zabulon—that plain so fatal as being the theatre of that last disastrous battle which decided the fate of the Christians, and ended the reign of the Crusaders in the Holy Land. The field below the hill is the one in which our Saviour is supposed to have walked and gathered the ears of corn on the Sabbath day, to the scandal of the proud Pharisees. Ascending the Mount of the Beatitudes, a Carmelite priest, who was of the company, recited the fifth chapter of St. Matthew, sitting on the stones which mark the ruin of an ancient church built by the Crusaders on this sacred spot. The whole of the Sea of Galilee appeared stretched at their feet, forming, with the violet color of its surrounding mountains, the most beautiful panorama possible. The hill on the opposite side of the plain was pointed out by the guides as the scene of the miracle of the Loaves and Fishes; but the pilgrims, being anxious to reach Tiberias before nightfall, gave up the idea of

ascending this also, and followed the winding track which led down a steep and precipitous hill to the sea-shore.

Tiberias is a fortified town, but the walls and forts have been nearly destroyed by a succession of earthquakes, which have, however, spared the church. Rebuilt by Herod Antipas in honor of Tiberius Cæsar, it was once a royal city of great importance, but is now reduced to a few miserable houses, inhabited by a race of fanatical Jews. Our party camped on the sandy shores of the lake beyond the town, not far from the thermal springs and baths supposed to have been built by the Emperor Vespasian. The next morning early one of the party, following a native guide through a cleft in the wall of the city, made her way rapidly through the deserted streets to the little church built in honor of St. Peter, on the very spot where our Divine Lord is said to have given him the keys which were henceforth to bind or loose the whole Christian world. This site has been held in veneration ever since the second century, but the actual church was built by Tancred at the time of the first Crusades. It is in the form of a ship ready for launching, and the waves of the Sea of Galilee beat upon its prow, but have never yet prevailed: fit emblem of the Bark of Peter, which all the powers of hell and of the world have conspired to attack, but failed to overthrow. There is a little hospice attached to the church, occupied by a Franciscan priest and a lay-brother, with a beautiful view from the terrace on the flat roof of the house. But their position is a painful one, surrounded by a singularly fanatical population, mainly consisting of Jews, who in their long dressing-gowns, and with their corkscrew ringlets, scowled at the pilgrims as they passed down their streets. Two beautiful fair boys, with the faces of cherubs, served the mass, but the congregation was scanty and poor, and fever had decimated the Christian residents. After mass the party again mounted to ride along the shores of the lake, which were fringed with oleanders, pink and white, in the fullest blossom, and with beautiful double and single hollyhocks of different shades. A party of Achill Aga's men, armed to the teeth, accompanied our travellers, singing war-songs, and occasionally galloping furiously forward, as if to attack them, when, suddenly reining in their horses, which were brought down almost on their haunches, they would remain immovable, with their long lances crossed in a point on the ground, in token of respect and courtesy. An escort was very necessary along these shores, for hostile tribes were about, whose raid on the cattle of the unoffending fishermen, Achill Aga's men were about to avenge, and their scouts were seen lurking here and there among the ruins. Passing by Magdala, a small village with nothing remarkable about it save the ruins of an ancient watchtower, our party came, after an hour's ride, to Bethsaida. A ruined mill alone marks the spot so full of interest as the birthplace of St. Peter, St. Andrew, and St. Philip, and as the spot where St. James and St. John were called by the Saviour, while "mending their nets," to their high place in the Apostolic College.

Another half hour brought them to Capernaum, that city so full of reminiscences of the daily life of our Divine Lord during his three years' ministry, that scene of so many miracles, and yet that city the eyes of whose people were blinded that they saw not, and on which, as on Bethsaida and Chorazin, the woe was emphatically pronounced by the Saviour—that woe so literally fulfilled; for not one stone remains upon the other, and it has been "more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon" than for them. A little further on they came to the place where

the Jordan empties itself into the lake. Close by is a heap of stones, which mark the site of Chorazin, of which all that can be said was said by the guide to our travellers: "*Una volta era qui!*" Above their heads, perched on the side of the mountain, was Safed, the city "set on a hill," which "could not be hid." Every foot of this ground is sacred to the eye of faith, every mountain and stone teems with its sacred imagery. Returning to Tiberias, our travellers felt that their pilgrimage would be incomplete without going on the lake, and so hired a clumsy boat, one of the only two existing, which looked primitive enough to have been there since our Saviour's time, and for which the Jewish proprietor demanded an exorbitant price. The day was lovely, the heat intense. Nothing could equal the stillness of the scene, or the desolation of the shores; but the lake is proverbially treacherous. Only two days before a storm had suddenly overtaken a similar party, who, in this unmanagable tub, were saved with difficulty. A few fishes were caught by the boatmen as they lazily rowed towards the south of the lake, past the ruins of the town of Tarichea and the land of the Gadarenes, to the mouth of the Jordan on the opposite side; and then back again to the town of Tiberias, where the tents were already folded on the baggage-mules in readiness for the return towards Nazareth. The temptation to linger by the lake had overcome the usual prudence of our travellers, and midday only found them half-way to Nazareth, exposed to a burning sun, and with a scanty supply of water to quench their thirst. One of the younger ones, with less endurance than the rest, at last threw himself from his horse, declaring his inability to go any further. But he was compelled to remount, and the whole party galloped as quickly as the road would allow till they reached Cana, and with it the only spring of good water to be found between Tiberias and Nazareth. A beautiful broken sarcophagus lies by the fountain, where some cows were drinking, whom the weary cavalcade quickly displaced. Their thirst at last quenched, they proceeded to visit the house, or rather court, which was the scene of the first miracle—a building recently purchased by the Marquise de ——. A church was formerly erected on this spot, of which a few broken arches only remain; but some large water-jars were lying in the court, exactly of the shape and size represented by the painters, which completed the picture or "composition of place" in the minds of the pilgrims. From Cana a beautiful ride through a wood of dwarf oaks, arbutus, and myrtle leads to Saffurieh, the ancient Seforis, where are the remains of a fine old Roman castle, and a magnificently decorated church, dedicated to St. Anne, the mother of the Blessed Virgin, whose native place was Seforis. A steep and rugged road conducts the traveller from Cana to Nazareth, winding up a narrow gorge, where the horses can barely keep their footing on the pointed sloping slabs; but the view from the top, looking down on Nazareth and the plain on the one side, and Cana and Seforis on the other, is unequalled even in that land of beautiful and sacred memories. One more quiet Sunday did our travellers spend in that spot so associated with our Blessed Lord's boyhood and youth; and then the time came for them to leave their kind hosts and pursue their journey to Carmel.

After early mass, one of the travellers crossed the court and entered the convent parlor, where she was to take leave of the Padre Guardiano. She found him carefully packing for her the "Sacro Bambino," that waxen image of our Lord's infancy, which, manufactured annually for the grotto of the nativity, remains at Bethlehem during the whole of the solemn

octave in that sacred shrine, and then, with the seal of its authenticity attached, is sent to Nazareth, and from thence, year by year, forwarded to churches in far-off lands. Gratefully does she accept it for a church very dear to her heart in her own land, the beautiful Church of the Oblates of St. Charles, where she received her first teachings of Catholic truth. And then she stood listening to his few parting words of kindness and loving counsel.

"I have nothing of value to give you, my child," said the old man in conclusion; "nothing but this, the breviary given me by the bishop who ordained me in the Tyrol many years ago. See, it has the picture in it of my patron saint, St. Wenceslaus, and of our Franciscan brethren who were martyred in Japan. Take the book and read it, if you can, *daily*, in remembrance of me. You have been so accustomed to say office with us that you will have little difficulty in finding your places. Some day I hope you will be admitted into the third order, and then you know our office will be incumbent on you."

Sorrowfully the lady received his parting gift and blessing, and mounting rode away. As she reached the brow of the hill she looked back, and still saw the brown figure of the kind old monk standing watching her from the convent door. It was the last time she was to see him on earth.

A few months later a malignant fever which broke out at Tiberias carried off the Franciscan priest who served the little church of St. Peter there. The Padre Guardiano instantly set off to replace him till a successor could be appointed. But the same poisonous air rapidly filled his veins. He fell sick the following day, and in less than twenty-four hours the end came. He died alone and unattended, save by a poor Greek priest who came to administer to him the last rites of the Church. Yet surely other ministries waited, unseen, around that dying bed; and the dark river past, those words must have echoed in his ears: "*Euge, serve bone et fidelis; quia in pauca fuisti fidelis supra multa te constituam; intra in gaudium Domini tui.*"

NOW.

ARISE! for the day is passing,
  While you lie dreaming on;
Your brothers are cased in armor,
  And forth to the fight are gone;
Your place in the ranks awaits you;
  Each man has a part to play;
The past and the future are nothing
  In the face of the stern to-day.

Arise from your dreams of the future—
  Of gaining a hardfought field;
Of storming the airy fortress;
  Of bidding the giant yield;
Your future has deeds of glory,
  Of honor (God grant it may!)
But your arm will never be stronger,
  Or needed as now—to-day.

Arise! If the past detain you,
  Her sunshine and storms forget;
No chains so unworthy to bind you
  As those of a vain regret—
Sad or bright, she is lifeless ever;
  Cast her phantom arms away,
Nor look back, save to learn the lesson
  Of a nobler strife to-day.

Arise! for the hour is passing;
  The sound that you dimly hear,
Is your enemy marching to battle,
  Rise! rise! for the foe is here!
Stay not to brighten your weapons,
  Or the hour will strike at last;
And from dreams of a coming battle,
  You will waken and find the past.

FRENCH SYSTEM OF RELIEVING THE POOR.

IT is a prevalent impression that there is no legal relief for the poor in France, because there is no cla s answering to that of "paupers," and no workhouses. But although no dingy brick buildings, nor palatial structures, destined for the reception of the indigent, meet the traveller's eye in France, and although there are neither paid overseers, nor surly masters, nor salaried union doctors connected with the administration of aid to the distressed in that country, still there can be no doubt that the poor are there much more tenderly treated, and more efficiently relieved, too, than in England. Amongst us, relief attended with enormous expense is thanklessly received, because it is almost always contemptuously, and but too often brutally, administered; and because here poverty is regarded as a crime to be punished, rather than as a misfortune to be alleviated; whereas in France, the revenue destined to succor those requiring public assistance is dispensed with an economy which permits almost all the receipts to go directly to the purpose for which they are designed, and alms are given in a manner calculated to assuage the humiliated feelings of the recipients; the rule most strongly insisted upon in the official instructions issued to the directors of the "Bureaux de Bienfaisance" in France being the truly Christian one, "that in the distribution of relief they must always remember that misfortune does not obliterate shame or destroy self-respect, and that one of their most important duties is to succor the unfortunate without causing them a blush."

Before the great Revolution of 1789, the sick, the infirm, the aged, and the destitute were relieved in France by the convents and monasteries, whose ample revenues enabled them to provide liberally for the necessities of the surrounding poor, and by the public hospitals, which were numerous and richly endowed; but in the first outburst of unbridled license and infidelity which followed that memorable event, religion and everything pertaining to its sustenance was swept away, and public charity ceased when the sources from which its support was derived were directed to other purposes.

In 1793, and the following year, the sufferings of the French people were extreme, and some attempts were then made to establish a system of relieving the poor; but it was only after the Reign of Terror had fairly passed away, and when the national mind was in some measure reassured by the brilliant victories which saved France from invasion, and by a comparative state of internal tranquillity, that the government had sufficient time or power to devote itself to a serious consideration of the means necessary to alleviate the misery of the indigent and afflicted. On the 27th November, 1796, the Directory introduced and succeeded in passing a law which, with unimportant modifications, is that under which public relief to the poor is at this moment administered in France.

The French system of poor relief is entirely and strictly confined to outdoor assistance, save only that portion of it which is administered through the "hospices" and hospitals; the former serving as asylums for deserted children, and those whom old age or incurable infirmities may have rendered incapable of earning their bread, and the latter appropriated to the reception of those suffering from acute disease, or accidents which necessitate medical advice and assistance. By the law of 1796 a tax of one penny per ten francs ($2) was imposed for the benefit of charitable establishments

on all tickets sold for admission to theatres where plays were acted, where balls or concerts were given, or horsemanship performed, and also on the rents of the boxes of such establishments which were let by the season or year. By a decree of 21st August, 1806, there was further appropriated to the same purposes one-fourth of the gross receipts of all balls, concerts, races, exhibitions of fireworks, and all other sorts of entertainments to which the public are admitted by tickets or subscriptions. This last tax was designed to bring within the range of the law the rural communes where there are no theatres, but in which there are annual "ducasses" (parochial fêtes), which generally last for three days, and other reunions or dances of more or less importance. And by a subsequent decree, all lands originally belonging to hospitals, and which had been usurped by the nation, were restored to those institutions, together with a pecuniary indemnity for the misappropriated rents. In addition to the taxes levied on the amusements of the people, the directors of relief are empowered to order collections for the poor to be made in the churches of all religious denominations, to have boxes for the receipt of donations set up in all public places of business or amusement, and, if need be, to make domiciliary quests once a quarter throughout the commune. They have, besides, at their disposal fees on the sale of burial-places, and a certain sum contributed by the municipalities, the amount of which is regulated according to the number of those considered as fitting objects of charity. Independently of the resources already enumerated, and which are placed under the control of the Bureaux, there is always provision made in the Budget of the Minister of the Interior for extraordinary distress beyond the means of local charity. In such cases, this money is applied to the employment of able-bodied laborers in the suffering districts on public works of national utility. The "hospices" and hospitals are entirely, or in part, supported by the confiscated estates restored to them under the first empire; and when their own resources prove insufficient, the deficiency is made good by grants from the municipalities. The old and infirm inmates are employed in performing any light work required within the house which is not beyond their strength; and for this they receive small gratuities, which they expend on tobacco and snuff, or in procuring for themselves what they term "*petits douceurs*" (little delicacies), in addition to the ordinary diet of the establishment. As regards the deserted children, along with receiving an excellent education the boys are taught trades, and the girls are instructed in every description of embroidery and needlework, and in all the duties of domestic servants. At sixteen years of age they leave, and after being once placed are never permitted to return. These institutions are also governed by committees of five, named by the Préfet, with the "Maire" as official president; the members go out in rotation, as do the members of the "Bureaux de Bienfaisance," with which, however, they have no connection, as the same persons cannot belong to both bodies. From resources apparently so trifling, and by means of taxes which are almost imperceptible to those who pay them, all persons really entitled to public support receive it, and that class according to the definition of the law, includes those who are thrown out of work by exceptional circumstances, those whose families are too numerous to be supported by the personal earnings of the father, deserted children, and all who, from age or incurable infirmities, are incapable of winning their bread by their labor.

Although the system of relieving the poor is carried out through the

agency of unpaid officials in France, still the acts of those benevolent persons who devote their time gratuitously to provide for the wants of the deserving poor, are as strictly watched over by the constituted authorities as if they were well-paid public servants. The manner in which they discharge their duties is marked and reported upon, and dismissal is the certain consequence of inattention or neglect; a disgrace which is more keenly felt than we, with our ideas on such subjects, can imagine. To be selected to fill any position of social eminence is considered a high honor by every Frenchman or woman; and to the dread of being lessened in the estimation of their neighbors by a removal from it for incapacity or misconduct, must be mainly attributed the admirable manner in which the Bureaux de Bienfaisance are almost invariably administered. The receiver, on whom the responsibility of all money transactions devolves, is salaried by a percentage; and the *religieuse*, who acts as inspecting and ministering agent, is supported by a very humble allowance from the commune to whose services she devotes her time. Medical men rarely accept a salary, for it is, when granted, so small (never exceeding $60 per annum) that they prefer acting gratuitously, while their unpaid exertions in favor of the poor naturally recommend them to the notice of the affluent who can afford to pay, and often procure for them the Cross of the Legion of Honor. The only case in which fees are paid by the Bureaux, or received by the faculty, is for attendance on accouchements, when the honorarium only amounts to one dollar and twenty-five cents.

By the decree of 1796, "Bureaux de Bienfaisance,' that is, offices where relief is administered to the poor, were established and still exist in every commune of France. The committee intrusted with the management of each consists of five members, "to be chosen from the richest and most respectable inhabitants of the district;" originally they were elected by the municipal councils, but in 1821 their nomination was transferred to the Minister of the Interior, acting on the recommendation of the Préfet of the department. Each year the senior member vacates office, when a list of five persons chosen by the committee itself is submitted to the Minister, from amongst whom one is selected to fill the vacancy. The outgoing members may be re-elected, but special instructions forbid the choice of two persons of the same family. The "Maire" of the town or commune is official president in right of his office, and in his absence the first "adjoint," or deputy Maire; the committee choosing from amongst themselves a chairman to preside on ordinary occasions, when the authorities may consider it unnecessary to attend. The members of these committees are unpaid, and have no concern with the money matters of the bureau, their duty being to inquire into the claims of all seeking relief, and to determine the amount of assistance to be granted, and the mode in which it should be given. From amongst their own body they select the "ordonnateurs," or managers, without whose signature no money can be disbursed by the receiver who is named by the Minister, who also fixes the amount of caution-money which he is to deposit, and the salary which he is to be paid. This caution-money is most frequently lodged in the "caisse," or treasury of the "Mont de Piété," where it helps to alleviate the distress of the poor by being lent on their pledges at a very reduced rate of interest. There are no pawnbrokers in France, and those "Monts de Piété" which supply their place are government institutions managed by paid officers. Not more than three per cent. is usually charged for loans, and in some places it is

even less, the highest rate never exceeds twelve per cent., and only reaches that in localities where the capital is inadequate to supply the wants of the applicants. Any surplus over the expenses of these establishments and the sums required to carry on their operations, is from time to time handed over to the hospitals or Bureaux de Bienfaisance, to augment their resources. Those grants, however, are but periodical and rare. By the receiver all moneys are received and disbursements made, and it is his duty to see to the proper collection of the revenue and to enforce its payment from those who may be in arrear. He is also empowered to receive all gifts and legacies, under the sanction of the Préfet, when they do not exceed 300 francs ($60). When above that sum it is necessary to have the Minister's approbation, before obtaining which, all documents connected with the transaction must be forwarded for his inspection. The "Maire," as official president, has the right of inspection whenever he may consider it right to exercise it; he then not only satisfies himself that the accounts are rightly kept, but sees that the balance of cash is actually forthcoming and tangible. The salaried inspectors-general of the "Bureaux de Bienfaisance" appointed by the government have also the same right of inspection, but they never exercise it unless specially called upon to do so by the Préfet, sous-Préfet, or Maire of the commune in which the receiver is supposed to be a defaulter. Each month the committees are obliged to make a report of their receipts and expenditure to the Municipal Councils, besides an annual account of their proceedings, which is furnished every year between the 1st and 15th of April. An honorary secretary, one of their own body, keeps a register of their deliberations and correspondence, and they are authorized to arrange their own times of meeting and to decide on the number of agents they require to employ, and the duties to be assigned to each. All members of those committees must reside within the district for which they are appointed, and services rendered in the Bureaux de Bienfaisance are considered "as public services rendered to the state, and as such count as claims for admission to the order of the Legion of Honor." The committees may name as assistants other ladies or gentlemen of the neighborhood to aid them in the distribution of relief, but those latter take no share in their deliberations or decisions, the members nominated by the government alone having the right to grant or reject all applications for assistance. Sisters of some religious institution devoted to the succor of the poor are always attached to each bureau, one of whom visits the dwelling of each applicant, and reports upon his case before a decision is come to by the committee; she then herself dispenses at their homes whatever aid may be accorded to the necessitous. Amongst these sisters there is always one, a regularly educated apothecary, who compounds from their own chest, and administers the medicine ordered by a doctor, without the authority of whose prescription she is forbidden to act. Relief, which is limited as far as possible to food, firing, and clothes, is invariably given at the dwellings of the recipients by means of orders on the different tradesmen with whom the bureau has entered into contracts for the supply of the articles required either for maintenance or clothing, as the rule acted upon is to endeavor to maintain those feelings of affection which ought to subsist between the different members of the same family, and to use the words of the ministerial instructions, "to assist the sick and indigent in their own homes not only effects a great economy, but to that must be added the consolation which fathers and mothers naturally feel at being tended

in their own beds by their own children, or which children must equally experience at having their wants and wishes ministered to by their parents." The government omits no opportunity of impressing on the minds of the members of the Bureaux de Bienfaisance the grave responsibility of their charge, and of stimulating them to exertion. "The men" (says the instructions) "called to the functions of guardians of the poor will estimate the importance of the ministry confided to their care, and they will omit nothing which can add to the relief of the unfortunate: by their example and good administration they should excite the charity of their fellow-citizens." The members of the Bureaux hold their meetings under ordinary circumstances three times a week, in one of the public buildings of the commune, either the "Mairie," or "Palais de Justice," where such exist, and there the person seeking relief must make his application. If the case be one of extreme urgency measures are immediately taken to afford the necessary succor, if not, a note is made of the applicant's address, and the particulars of his statement. His dwelling is then visited, and his character, antecedents, and present circumstances minutely inquired into by a member of the Bureaux, by a religieuse attached to the establishment, or by both, if the case be doubtful, before the next day of meeting, and upon their report based on the information received placed either on the temporary or permanent list, or his demand for aid is altogether rejected.

The first duty of the committee is to ascertain that the applicant for relief is domiciled in the commune; the residence of the mother at the time of the child's birth being the place at which the latter is legally entitled to claim public assistance. Up to the age of twenty-one, every French person has a right to relief without going through any formality whatever; after attaining their majority, they must reside for six months in the commune to acquire the right which they before enjoyed as minors. All persons not born within the commune must reside for twelve months after the date of their inscription on the books of the municipality, before they can claim the right of domicil to entitle them to relief, but they will be considered as preserving their rights in their former domicil until the time necessary to establish them in the new one shall have expired. The municipality may refuse the right of domicil to persons without passports or official certificates to prove that they are not vagabonds. Those who marry, and reside for six months in a commune, have the right of domicil there, and military men (sailors or soldiers) with honorable certificates of having fought in the service of their country have a right to immediate domicil wherever they may choose to settle. Persons seventy years of age or recognized as infirm without hope of recovery, as well as those of any age who in the interval of delay necessary to establish their right to relief, shall be afflicted with illness brought on by the exercise of their occupations, must be received in the nearest hospital, and every person in absolute want must be at once relieved, whether domiciled or not.

We have never seen a statistical account of the number of persons receiving public relief throughout France, but it appears from the Budget of the municipality of Paris that during one year 106,193 individuals seeking aid were inscribed on the books of the different Mairies, and that the expense of their support amounted in round numbers to about $700,000. We have also had access to the statistics of several departmental communes, including towns of considerable importance in the manufacturing districts, for the same

period, all of which exhibit a remarkable similarity to those of Paris, both as regards the numbers relieved and the individual cost. From these statistics, which may fairly be taken as demonstrating the average of pauperism in France (except in the exclusively rural districts, where it is naturally less), it appears that the number of persons generally receiving temporary or permanent relief from the Bureaux varies from 14 to 16 per cent. of the gross population, and that the cost of relief administered to each only amounts to about $7, indisputable evidence that the vast majority inscribed upon their lists must belong to the former class, and a clear proof that outdoor relief, when it can be strictly administered, is the least burdensome to those who pay for, as well as the most acceptable to those who receive it. It is true, however, that independent of the relief accorded to the poor under sanction of the law, very large sums indeed are dispensed in France through the medium of charitable societies; that of St. Vincent de Paul has hitherto expended about half a million dollars annually, and the "Dames de Charité," established in every considerable town and many of the rural communes, disburse perhaps as much. This latter society consists of the most influential ladies of each locality, who devote themselves especially to the relief of the class termed in their vocabulary "pauvres honteux," who need only occasional and temporary relief, but who are too proud to proclaim their poverty by seeking the aid of public charity. The "Dames de Charité" have their regularly constituted Bureaux, consisting of honorary presidents and secretaries, and they are bound under a penalty, always enforced, to attend the meetings held once a fortnight, when special districts are assigned to each of them, with lists of the individuals whom they are required personally to visit.

In most countries the persons who once become public paupers rarely cease to continue so, because they lose all sense of shame under the ordeal to which they are subjected before receiving relief, and are afterwards brutalized by their companionship and treatment in the workhouse. In France, while the wants of the family are supplied without a public exposure, the children are preserved from pollution by being still continued under the care and control of their parents. The able-bodied French poor require and only seek temporary relief, as is evident from the very small sum annually expended ($7 per head) on the support of all descriptions of paupers; it is well known that they invariably, and of their own free will, decline further aid from the charitable societies so soon as their improved circumstances permit them to dispense with it. And this spirit of decency and desire to maintain themselves by their own hard-won earning, so generally prevalent amongst the distressed poor in France, may, we think justly, be attributed to the fact that there the law under which public charity is granted aims at "succoring the unfortunate without causing them a blush," and that it is administered by men who never cease to remember "that misfortune does not obliterate shame or destroy self-respect."

SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR.

FOR more than four years the three names painted on the doorway of No. 9 Old Inn remained unaltered. The house itself was the smallest in the Inn. All the other houses contained six sets of chambers; No. 9—cramped up in a corner—had only three sets. They were each occupied by a single tenant, and their names, as painted on the doorway, were "Mr. Bolt, 2d floor;" "Mr. Hay, 1st floor;" "Mr. Frith, ground floor."

I was Mr. Hay, of the 1st floor. Mr. Bolt of the 2d floor and I were not on speaking terms. We had frequently met on the stairs and in the passage under our common roof. I knew him very well by sight. He was a tall, thin man, some years younger than I, pleasant-looking, notwithstanding a broken nose and huge red whiskers. He had a noisy, blundering way of moving about; always rushed up the stairs three at a time, kicking and banging his great boots against the woodwork. "That is Bolt!" I used to say, as his footsteps came tumbling up to my floor, and then went tumbling up to his own. I don't know whether he broke his nose over those stairs before I went to No. 9, but I always expected that he would break it again whenever I heard him return home.

Now Mr. Frith of the ground-floor was different in every way. I knew him equally well by sight; but he and I, likewise, were not on speaking terms. He was short and inclined to be stout. He never seemed in a hurry. He never made a noise, except on his piano, and even the tone of that was soft and subdued like himself.

So we three—the noisy gentleman on the 2d floor, the musical gentleman on the ground-floor, and myself—I don't know what the other two called me, probably the gentleman with the dog—lived for four years in the same house, and yet were strangers to one another. It seemed part of one's daily life constantly to see Mr. Frith, or to hear Mr. Bolt come tumbling up the stairs; part of one's daily care to prevent becoming acquainted with either; part of the pleasure of one's vacation to get away from them, as it was to get away from the bundles of law papers and clients' letters.

So last autumn, when I went to Switzerland, I endured the sea-passage; bore patiently the sleepless night journeys by rail, and the hot morning drive by diligence, cheered by the thought that I was adding mile after mile to the distance between me and Old Inn and everything connected with it. And all for what? For the very first person I meet at Chamouni to be Mr. Frith in tweeds, instead of Mr. Frith in broadcloth. He was standing just inside the salle-à-manger, looking for a seat at the long table, at which the diners were already assembled.

As I enter he turns round, and we look at one another defiantly, with a sort of "Well! I have as much right here as you," and then face to the right and left respectively. He goes down one-half of the table and I go up the other, hoping to put the whole length of it between us. There is no vacant seat on that side, so I walk round the end to the other side, and, to my disgust, see that he has done the same. We face each other again, are obliged by necessity to converge towards the same point, and finally seat ourselves near the centre of the table, with only a little Frenchman between us.

The first two courses we eat in silence, either staring at our plates or at the wall before us. Pending the third course the Frenchman turns to Mr. Frith, but that gentleman, not

wishing to look my way, tries hard to escape the proffered conversation. The Frenchman, however, who speaks English very well, has no intention of being shaken off, and common courtesy forces Mr. Frith to answer.

"Do you come from London?" again begins the little tormentor as soon as the dessert commences.

"Yes."

"Ah! it is a fine city, that London. I know it well. From what part of London do you come?"

"Old Inn."

"Indeed! Do you know a Mr. Smith at Old Inn?"

"No."

"No! At what number in Old Inn do you live?"

"Nine."

"Nine!" echoes the little gentleman; "and Mr. Smith lives at No. 10, and you do not know him?"

"No."

Not overpleased, the Frenchman turns to me, and Mr. Frith, very much pleased, turns away from us both.

"And are you from London, too?" he begins, as though I had taken a part in the previous conversation.

Mr. Frith's back being towards us, I don't mind answering the little fellow, seeing that he doesn't care whether I come from London or Timbuctoo, but that it is simply impossible for him to eat his dinner in silence. So I say, "Yes, I come from London. All Englishmen seem to live in London, don't they?"

"Oh! but it is such a large city! From what part of London do you come?"

"Old Inn."

"Again Old Inn," he says, with a smile. "Perhaps you know Mr. Smith at No. 10?"

"I only know him by sight," I answer; and then, for the fun of increasing the little gentleman's astonishment, I add, "I live at No. 9."

The words are hardly spoken when the Frenchman, with true politeness, pushes back his chair. "Then you and this gentleman," touching Mr. Frith's arm, "are travelling together, and I have separated you and prevented your talking. I am sorry. Will you take my seat and be next your friend?"

He is just rising for us to exchange chairs, when I put my hand upon his shoulder and whisper, "Thank you. I thank you. No. I do not know that gentleman."

The little fellow nods as if he understood, and then says, also speaking in a whisper, "You have quarrelled then? I beg your pardon if I have been disagreeable to you."

"Oh! not at all. We have never spoken to each other."

"What!" he cries, forgetting now to speak in an undertone; "you two live in the same house and you do not know one another! Ah, well!" putting a hand on our arms and smiling at both of us, "you will know one another now, and be great friends for the future."

There is no help for it. "I shall have great pleasure," says Mr. Frith, with a freezing bow. And I bow likewise and in a like manner, but say nothing.

Then follows a pause, during which the diners begin to leave the table; so we three rise and stand by our chairs, still with the Frenchman in the middle.

"Come!" he says, presently, and suddenly laughing; "you two have been making fun of me. Is it not so? You are friends travelling together."

Mr. Frith immediately denies this statement, and, having done so, walks away to a window, which looks out upon Mont Blanc. After what has passed, I feel that the one who first leaves the room will be obliged to make some remark, or do some little act of courtesy to the other; and to avoid the burden of doing this being thrown upon me, I go into the recess of the window next Mr. Frith's, and likewise stare

at Mont Blanc. The Frenchman wishes us both good-evening, and takes himself off.

The next minute I hear his voice again. He and somebody else have come into collision in the passage, whereupon follows a mutual asking of pardons, and he enters the room again. His companion is hidden by the screen near the door, but I hear the little fellow say, still speaking in English,

"Ah, Monsieur! you are just too late. The diligence from Genève was behind time, I suppose? You have ordered dinner, of course? Yes. Come and look at Mont Blanc. The moonlight is on it."

From my window I hear their footsteps approaching me,—the tripping, light step of the one, and the heavy, slouching tread of the other. As I listen to the latter a cold chill comes over me. We distinguish footsteps after a time as we learn to know voices. I have a strong misgiving that I know that tread, but I listen in suspense without looking round.

"Yes, it is very grand," says a voice at my elbow, referring to Mont Blanc, which towers before us clear and distinct in the bright moonlight.

Oh, that voice! It realizes my worst fears. How often had I heard it calling from the second floor at No. 9 Old Inn. I feel disposed to rush out of the room, but remembering Mr. Frith at the next window, wait to see what comes of Mr. Bolt's arrival.

"Very grand," he continues. "We don't have sights like that in London. Do you know London?"

"Gently, gently, Mr. Bolt! for your own sake," I murmur. "If you could only know the trap you are falling into."

"O yes! I know London," replies the Frenchman, promptly. "What part of London do you come from?"

"Old Inn."

"Old Inn!" echoes the other, in a tone of surprise. "Do you know Mr. Smith at No. 10?"

"N—o. That is to say, I know the name. He lives next door to me."

"You live, then, at No.—?"

"No. 9," plumps out Mr. Bolt.

"Then you expect to meet a friend here," says the Frenchman, looking for Mr. Frith, seeing that Mr. Bolt does not seem to recognize my back.

"No, I don't expect to meet a friend."

"Then you will meet one; you will meet two. Look, here is one. And you were close to him, and yet you did not know him."

As I turn round in obedience to the Frenchman's pull, Mr. Bolt does know me, but not as a friend, for he looks as if he would like to punch my head for being there.

"No; I haven't the pleasure of knowing this gentleman," he says, putting on a sickly smile.

"What!" cries the other. "Ah! Then that is the friend you will meet," pointing to Mr. Frith, who at that moment unwittingly comes out of the recess of his window.

"No; I haven't the pleasure of knowing him either."

For a minute the Frenchman does not seem to understand. "But you all live in the same house," he then says slowly.

"O yes," replies Mr. Bolt, who begins to see the fun, and seems rather to enjoy it, "all lived there, I believe, for more than four years."

"And you are all strangers?"

"Perfect strangers," again replies Mr. Bolt.

"Well, I should not have thought it possible, even in England," says the little fellow so seriously that we all smile. He looks first at one and then at another, and finally rushes off to tell his friends of the three curiosities that he has discovered.

Our smiles vanish with his pres-

ence, and the moment he is gone our black looks return. Mr. Bolt goes off to the third window; Mr. Frith returns to his recess; I remain in mine; so we all stand and stare at Mont Blanc.

"Very fine," says Mr. Frith, being obliged to pass me in leaving the room, and feeling that he ought to say something.

"Very fine," I answer; and so exits the "ground-floor."

"Looks very beautiful in the moonlight," I suggest to Mr. Bolt, as I follow Mr. Frith's example.

"Very beautiful," he answers, but does not leave his window as long as I remain in the room, though his dinner is on the table and the garçon waiting to remove the cover. Then I go, and, after that, we meet no more that night.

The next morning I am not as careful of my landlord's feelings, perhaps, as I might be. I hardly proffer an excuse for leaving, but leave I do, and take up my quarters in another hotel. That settled, I go to the post-office, thence to the Bureau des Guides, and on my way thither, after a good deal of considering this and looking at that, decide upon the excursion for that day. I choose the one to "Le Jardin," arguing that it was too late for Mr. Frith, and that Mr. Bolt, who evidently visited Chamouni before, was not likely to do that excursion on his first day. Pretty confident, therefore, that I should not be troubled with either of them, I hire a guide and start at once to make up for lost time.

"Pity I didn't start an hour ago."

"Why?" I say to Pierre—Pierre being my guide—as we go up the zigzags of the Montanvert.

"Because Jacques went with another English gentleman, and it would have been company for us," answers Pierre.

I express myself quite satisfied with the companionship I have, and Pierre, of course, swears that he was thinking of me only and not of himself. When we reach the glacier we see the gentleman of whom he spoke, but he is too far ahead for me to distinguish him.

Feeling sure, however, that he is neither Mr. Frith nor Mr. Bolt, I don't bother my head about him. As we go along Pierre tells me a long story about some of his comrades. He speaks villanous *patois*, and has a confused way of telling his story; and so, though I do my best to be enlightened, I am never certain whether I am supposed to be Jean or Alphonse; in fact, I can't make out whether Jean and Alphonse are two distinct men, or the two names of the same man. Jean falls down a crevasse; I understand that; but then it is Alphonse who is afterwards pulled up, so I get hopelessly muddled again. And, moreover, I can't sufficiently realize that I am either of them, for, as we near "Le Jardin," my own legs keep cruelly reminding me that I am Alfred Hay and nobody else; and I find myself panting in a way that either Jean or Alphonse would be ashamed of doing.

"Ah, voilà Jacques!" exclaims Pierre, as we step on to the grass at our journey's end, pointing to his comrade, who rises from the side of the stream over which he was stooping. I look round for the Englishman, but he is not visible. Jacques, when he comes to us, points to a great boulder of rock behind which, he says, the other is lying, rather knocked up by the walk. And there, sure enough, I see part of a pair of legs so protruding beyond the boulder as to indicate that their owner is on the broad of his back. While I am looking at them they begin to move with a wriggling sort of motion, and the next minute Mr. Frith's face appears, cautiously peeping beyond the rock. Completely taken by surprise, and not having time to turn away, I stare vacantly at the sky over his head; but I see, nevertheless, his face disappear again very quickly,

and his legs wriggle nearly out of sight.

"Hang him!" only I say something stronger; and he, doubtless, from behind his boulder, returns the compliment. "What on earth made him come up here?" I mutter, feeling a strong temptation to send a big stone by my side at his boots.

They prevent me admiring the view; they prevent me enjoying my luncheon; they make me wish that he and they were at the bottom of the deepest crevasse in Switzerland. And, worse still, when Jacques, coming to my side, expresses his pleasure at seeing me, because I can help "Monsieur là" back to Chamouni. "Not I. I'll see 'Monsieur là' frozen to death before I will help him." And to avoid being called upon to assist him in any way, I tell Pierre that I am in a hurry to get back, and hint that we had better start at once. To this he answers, "Here are two others coming." It has nothing to do with my getting back, but, nevertheless, I ask where the others are.

"There!" And both he and Jacques point out the direction. I can't see the newcomers at first, and, when I do, I lose them again immediately afterwards. They are much nearer the next time they appear; near enough for me to discern that one of them is tall and thin, and, though he is walking quickly, has an awkward clumsy step. That is quite enough. I am certain who he is; but after finding Mr. Frith at "Le Jardin," I am not surprised. I take it quite philosophically at first. Then I try to look at our all meeting again in its ludicrous light, but here I miserably fail and get angry. I lean back in disgust and pull my hat over my face; and the rest of my grumbling is confided to the lining.

In due course of time Mr. Bolt reaches "Le Jardin." The guide, after handing him the haversack and receiving back his portion of the luncheon, joins the other two. Mr. Bolt scrutinizes my corpus; again fails to recognize me, but suspects me to be English, so he keeps his distance. Peeping under my hat, I see Pierre and Jacques presently compare watches and then rise. The latter, however, moves away alone and goes to the boulder. At his first words the odious boots disappear entirely, but he begins to remonstrate, shows his watch, points to the sun, and after a little while bends forward to help Mr. Frith to rise.

That gentleman then emerges from behind his friendly rock, shaking his legs and settling his coat, and, without looking my way, tries to bustle off as if he didn't know I was there. Not so Jacques. He speaks to Pierre, who comes to my side, and Jacques lingers, seeing that I do not rise. Meanwhile Mr. Frith, by his crablike movement, nearly tumbles over Mr. Bolt, without seeing him. "Halloa," cries the latter, "you here!" Whereupon Mr. Frith turns round and stares, with open eyes and mouth, seeing Mr. Bolt when he expected to see me.

"I had not an idea you were here," he says, emphasizing the "you," and so criminating himself. "Fine scene, isn't it?" He then makes a second attempt to be off, but Jacques still lingers.

Pierre all this time has been nudging me in the side, and now, shaking me gently, says, quite loudly, that the other gentleman is going. Being unable to feign sleep any longer under such treatment, I remove my hat and sit up, and see that Mr. Bolt is looking at me. "By Jove! No. 9 in force," laughs that gentleman, pointing at me and then at Mr. Frith, who thereupon pretends to see me for the first time.

"Mr. Hay, too," he says, in feigned surprise. "Dear me, have you been here long?" asking this in the most innocent tone.

"Why, nearly an hour," I answer,

as if it was the strangest thing in the world that we should have been so near one another for so long and not have found it out.

The next minute we are all standing together, no one knowing how to get away first or how to stop behind. But Pierre puts an end to any manœuvring by saying that if we wish to get to Chamouni in time for the table d'hôte, we must start at once. We can't say that we don't wish to be there in time for the table d'hôte, so we look helplessly at one another as the three guides start off together; and then we three follow, also together, but in silence.

Mr. Bolt is the first to speak. "It seems," he says, "that we are not to be separated." Well! fate is fate; and as we have, likewise, a walk of about five hours before us, it is nonsense to be snappish and surly. There isn't much conversation at first, just a remark about the scenery or a word about climbing; but it creeps on little by little. We begin to talk more freely and to say what we think. We avoid speaking about No. 9, or anything connected with it, for some time, till Mr. Bolt asks me why I didn't bring my dog. He claims an acquaintance with it, that I was not aware of; and that makes me think better of him directly. We pass "Les Egralets," but not without Mr. Bolt nearly killing himself, and get well upon the glacier. The crevasses are nothing, and we walk abreast. I begin to think, as we go along, that Mr. Frith is not a bad fellow, and that there is a good deal of fun, after all, in Mr. Bolt. I find their conversation more pleasant than the guide's, with his interminable story about Jean and Alphonse. We actually get to laugh about the little Frenchman and about our all meeting, and, somehow, speak about the latter as if it were a fortunate occurrence. I begin to wish that I hadn't changed my hotel, and, while I am thinking about it, Mr. Frith asks if I didn't think the —— very full last night.

"Yes, and too much dress. One doesn't care for that sort of thing here, you know."

"No, you don't. In fact, I changed this morning to the ——," naming one equally good, but quieter, and more frequented by regular pedestrians.

"You went there! As Mr. Bolt says, 'we are not to be separated.' I changed there this morning too."

"Simply because the other was too crowded!" he says, with a smile.

"That's the only reason why you left it, I suppose?" I answer.

Then we both laugh, but promise, nevertheless, to look out for one another at the table d'hôte.

"And I shall be left alone with the Frenchman," says Mr. Bolt, with mock seriousness.

"No, come and dine with us," replies Mr. Frith.

"And bring the Frenchman," I add. "Then we can have a rubber afterwards. He will be sure to play."

When the time for the rubber comes, we find that he does play, and a first-rate hand into the bargain. Before he leaves us he makes a little speech. We are in a room by ourselves, so he stands up and drinks our health, and then says that it is the happiest day in his life, for he has made us friends forever.

We cannot persuade him to join us on our next day's excursion, for which the three of us start together instead of meeting half-way. That excursion is followed by another, and that by another, and so on, for a fortnight, till we reach Aosta, and are there forced to part.

Since then we have all met again at No. 9. But the three names are no longer the same on the doorway. Mr. Frith's alone remains. Mr. Bolt and I, however, often go there, and it was only the other night that we were making arrangements for starting on our next trip together.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE controversy upon the subject of eternal punishment is participated in by all classes. What do you think about hell? is a query heard in drawing-rooms, and the word does not seem to produce its former wilting effect upon ears polite. There is a dim, half hopeful feeling that after all the famous Protestant divines who have taken up the cudgel against Satan may vanquish him, but to our thinking it is better to take the view of St. Bernardine of Sienna, who replied to some unbelieving companion that rallied him upon the disappointment which the virtuous would feel in the absence of a heaven and hell: "If there is no heaven I shall be safe, but if there is a hell, can you have the like security? It is better in doubt to take the safe side."

The faith of the Church upon the subject and the earliest Christian tradition are clear upon the question of an unending state of future punishment. Origen, in the first age of the Church, fell into the error of the ultimate salvation of the demons and the damned, but he was immediately and unqualifiedly condemned. His error resulted from his predilection to Platonic philosophy and the doctrine of the metempsychosis. We do not read that he remained contumacious in his heresy. The Church has not defined aught upon the nature or quality of the punishment endured, though she is definite with regard to duration. Of course, theologians have speculated much upon the theme, and nearly all hold to the materiality of the fire which torments the lost. St. Thomas has written very fully upon the subject, and gives the teaching of the Scholastic schools. There is a regular gradation of pain meted out, with the strictest regard to justice. The principal woe is of course the loss of the Beatific Vision, and yet who knows that hell may not have some redeeming qualities? With the Church, however, we should pray: "*Ab æterna damnatione, eripiat nos Deus.*"

WE hope our readers will not suppose that our reflections upon the other world have led us to speak of Victor Emanuel. In the obituary notices of him there is a singular lack of hearty praise. Even the Masonic papers are chary with their laurels. His bad life was vulgarly open. That "chivalry" which, according to Edmund Burke, takes away half the evil of vices by taking away their grossness, did not lend its enchanting grace to the late king, although his flatterers styled him the *Re Galantuomo.* He flaunted his amours in the glare of day, and without the slightest regard for the feelings of his wife and children. Like George the Second, who consoled his dying wife with whimpering out, "*J'aurai des maîtresses,*" and whose Dutch mistresses stolidly faced the Queen, the royal family, and the whole court, Victor Emanuel did not even regard the ordinary laws of reserve and concealment required by a decent respect for the opinions of society. Such an example upon the throne was deplorably scandalous, and in the middle ages would have brought down upon his head the sharp censure of the Vatican. But the relations of Pope and King were changed.

The dying declaration of the monarch showed "a will most adverse to heaven." In the gathering darkness of eternity he declared that he had done nothing that he regretted; that he was the friend of religion, etc. This was to falsify the declarations of the Holy Father. We are willing to make every allowance for the King, if, as some contend, he was a weak tool in the hands of powers and elements that he could not control. But was he so helplessly swayed? He did not look like a weak or vacillating man, and his talents were of no mean order. He was brave to a fault, and certainly knew how to take care of his crown. To represent him as a sort of automatic sovereign under the influence of Garibaldi and the Revolution, is to contradict what we know of his force of personal character and general reign. At all events he is judged as a principal party in what history will ever regard as the basest spoliation and meanest violation of international law that modern times present, not even excepting the dismemberment of Poland.

He realized the dream of free and united Italy, the free church in a free state of Cavour, and that fervid Italian temperament which had so long desired the happy consummation was satisfied at last. But in that dream Rome, too, could have been seen as the crowning grace of the vision. Rome, Catholic and Papal, harmonizing and directing the kingdom, or at least introducing no discordant elements therein Why seek to remove the chair of St. Peter to make room for the Italian throne, when in all ages it was possible for Cæsar to rule, yet God have his own? There was no truer son of Italy than Pius IX, no more liberal and enlightened ruler, nor one who would more willingly make the greatest sacrifices to promote her glory and her prosperity. In fact he was too trusting, too indulgent to his children. The liberal constitutions which he

granted were turned into occasions for rebellion and revolution, and despite the pæans of joy which Italians sing, it is a well-known fact that their boasted liberty and unity exist mainly in name.

It is with the gravest apprehensions that the policy of the present Italian King, Humbert the First, is awaited. Known to be hand and glove with revolutionary leaders, filled with the bombastic notions of a second Liberator, and almost openly infidel, he no doubt will attempt to signalize his reign by the expulsion of the Pope. His zealous hatred of the Church, however, may be tempered with diplomatic caution, but as a cheap and, unfortunately, loud-resounding, fame may be gained by an active crusade against the Vatican, we fear that he will not be able to resist the temptation of obtaining a complete victory over the Church. *Principes convenerunt in unum. Dominus autem irredebit eos.*

IN the statistics of the Church for 1877 we notice a gratifying increase in nearly all the departments of religious activity and life. The increase in parish schools is about thirty-four per cent., a striking evidence of the importance and interest which Catholics take in the religious training of their children. When we reflect upon the comparative poverty of the Church this tells a tale of self-sacrifice which should put to shame our enemies who speak of the ignorance of Catholics, and their "opposition to popular education."

In fact, we do not hesitate to declare that the Catholic religion, which is a liberal education in itself, inspires its professors with a love for learning, particularly of a theological sort. There are very few Catholics who have not an intelligent idea of their religion, which fact certainly implies a wide range of reading and reflection. They generally know the history of the Church, and are sure to be familiar with the great points of difference between themselves and Protestants. A Catholic generally knows Protestantism better than its own members, and he rarely has those violent prejudices and opinions about it that characterize *their* views of Catholicity.

Dr. Marshall, in *Clerical Friends*, speaks of the politeness and intelligence which seem to be produced by thorough Catholic piety and faith. A like remark may apply to their influence upon intellectual character. He who knows his religion well has exercised all the powers of his mind. His imagination is purified and developed, and his intellect exercised upon the noblest subject of thought. We should suppose that Catholic education, even in a didactic sense, is better fitted for schooling and training the intellectual powers than any system of merely secular instruction. If theology is the queen of the sciences, the Catechism is the royal book of learning.

Dr. Becker, of Wilmington, advocates a great Catholic university, and we certainly regard his plan as feasible. The obligation of being educated is a moral more so than a civil obligation. We are bound to know God; a knowledge which is the most comprehensive in the world. There is a necessity for educated men, whose duties in society and in civil life are manifold and important. George William Curtis, in his lecture on the Political Duties of Educated Men, has many suggestive thoughts which strike us as possible of realization only in hands trained in the great school of Catholic doctrine and morals. But if we cannot have Bishop Becker's university for awhile yet, we can have plenty of parish schools. Let us keep these nurseries of learning, well attended, and the university will be sure to come.

It is hard to think that so much talent goes to waste. How few Catholic parents can afford to give their children a first-class education. The boys must go to work, in order to help the old folks along. Just when the intellect is putting forth its first mature efforts, the boy must leave school for the factory or shop. We may touch upon this subject at some future time.

WE have to record another of those terrible and heartrending marine disasters which have become so common of late. On Thursday, January 31st, the steamship Metropolis, of New York, from Philadelphia, bound to Brazil, was wrecked off the coast of North Carolina, in the terrible gale that swept the coast on that stormy night, and upwards of one hundred lives lost out of a total list of two hundred and forty-nine passengers. The cause of the disaster has not been definitely ascertained as yet, nor the responsibility fixed upon any particular persons, though the facts so far come to light would seem to inculpate first the owners of the steamer, who knowing her unseaworthiness, yet permitted her to be heavily laden with a cargo of iron, requiring the stanchest ship to carry; secondly, the government officials, whose duty it was to inspect her and pass upon her seaworthiness; and thirdly, the life-saving service, which proved so entirely inefficient at the time she struck, rendering no assistance whatever to those struggling on the wreck, many of whom might have been brought ashore had any aid been offered them. Whether any measure of responsibility should attach to the Messrs. Collins, the contractors for the new Brazilian

railroad, along the Madera, in whose interest the Metropolis had been chartered, or to their ship-brokers, cannot be known until a thorough investigation is made. It is but just to the Messrs. Collins, however, to say that the evidence so far seems to entirely exonerate them from any responsibility for the disaster, as they appear to have taken every reasonable precaution to insure the safety of the steamer and secure the comfort of all on board.

The passengers on the ill-fated Metropolis were composed almost entirely of poor laboring men, who had been engaged to work on the new railroad. Most of these men were driven by their necessities to separate from family and friends to seek a livelihood in a distant land, and many of them who were lost leave behind them widowed families, who not only deserve our warmest sympathy in their sad bereavement, but who have also the strongest claims upon our practical charity. We trust that the movement begun in Philadelphia for raising funds for the relief of the survivors of this terrible disaster, and for the alleviation of the distress that will fall so heavily on the families of those who perished, will be seconded and heartily encouraged by the charitable everywhere.

THE great Russo-Turco war is at last over, the conditions of peace having been formally signed on the part of the two belligerents, on Thursday, January 31st, at which time hostilities at once ceased. The terms of the Protocol are : *First.* The erection of Bulgaria into a principality. *Second.* A war indemnity or territory in compensation. *Third.* The independence of Roumania, Servia, and Montenegro, with an increase of territory for each. *Fourth.* Reforms in Bosnia and Herzegovina. *Fifth.* An ulterior understanding between the Sultan and Czar regarding the Dardanelles. *Sixth.* The evacuation of the Danubian fortresses and Erzerum.

The exaction of these conditions by Russia and their acceptance by Turkey by no means consummates the agreement. Other interests may be concerned, and will have to be consulted before they can go into permanent effect.

Count Andrassy has already proposed a conference of the Powers, which has been accepted and will be held at Vienna.

At this conference the whole question of the effect of the late war upon European politics will be discussed, and the ratification, modification, or rejection of Russia's demands will be determined upon according to the varied interests to be reconciled.

No matter what the terms of the protocol may ultimately be, however, it is a matter of great joy that the conflict has ended, and that the terrible carnage of the past nine months has at last ceased.

THERE have been a great many statements, and not a little speculation concerning the exact circumstances under which Victor Emanuel gave up the ghost. We are inclined, however, to discredit all these stories, and to agree with the *London Tablet* that exactly what was done or said on that occasion will never be known.

That he did make some declaration concerning his attachment toward the Church and the Holy See, and that he died expressing sorrow for the wrongs he had committed we have reason to hold for certain. At the same time the *Fanfulla*, supposed to be in the confidence of the Italian court, gives the following version of it. According to this authority the King said: "I die a Catholic. I have always had the greatest affection and respect for the person of His Holiness. If, in some of my acts, I have personally given pain to the Holy Father, I declare that I regret it; but in all that I have done I am convinced that I have always performed my duties as a citizen and a prince, and have done nothing against the religion of my ancestors." Whether this was really all that the King said we do not know; we think it very likely that this is a correct account of it; but in any case it is perfectly certain that no more complete retraction would ever have been allowed to appear.

RT. REV. GEORGE CONROY, D.D., the apostolic delegate to Canada, who is now visiting our country, has been the recipient of many social compliments since his advent amongst us; but not the least touching was that recently tendered him in New York by the many priests throughout the country who were formerly students under him at All Hallow's College, Dublin.

An address was read to him by Rev. Father Hogan, of the diocese of Newark, which was signed by the Rev. Patrick Corrigan, of Newark, Chairman, and thirty-three priests from all parts of the Union.

Accompanying the address was an offering of $1100, and a handsome album containing the photographs of his former students, now priests in this country.

IT is a gratifying sign of the times when we are able to record that even in Scotland the Church is making rapid headway. From an English non-Catholic paper we learn that in June, 1876, there were 228 Catholic chapels in Scotland, 248 priests who had under their spiritual care over 320,000 souls. The Episcopalian Church, in contrast with this, can only muster 73,100 worshippers.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SADLIER'S ALMANAC AND ORDER, for 1877. Sadlier.

This standard publication is at hand with the gratifying evidences of the continued prosperity and increase of our Holy Church. It is very easy to carp at an occasional mistake in some local matter of an almanac; but we believe that, taken all in all, Sadlier's Almanac is as free from errors as most Church almanacs. Nor can any errors be attributed altogether to editorial oversight, especially in view of the fact that most of the Diocesan reports are official.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER'S MANUAL; or, the art of Teaching Catechism, for the use of teachers and parents. By *A. A. Lamburg.* Cincinnati: Benziger Bros. 1877.

We cordially recommend this little book to the careful perusal of all engaged in the teaching of the Christian doctrine. The teacher, it may be said, is born, not made, as the experience of many a Sunday-school attests. With all the earnestness and piety possessed by many of our Sunday-school teachers, there is quite a pardonable lack of didactic experience which this little book will suggest. The chapters on the correct idea of teaching Catechism, the necessity of explanation, and the art of questioning will abundantly repay careful perusal. The book should be in every Catholic school library in the country.

ELEMENTS OF GEOLOGY. A Textbook for Colleges, and for the General Reader. By *Joseph Le Conte.* New York: D. Appleton. 1878.

Geology has not developed into exact science, notwithstanding the enthusiasm and fascination which its study produced. There is something so alluring in the idea of progressive ages, of prolonged development, and massive processes of creative action, especially when scientific observation seems to warrant boundless flights of imagination, that the wonder is geologists can hold themselves within any limit at all. Yet we have no hesitation in asserting that from year to year its researches have become more and more confused, and its conclusions farther and farther from the exactions of science. Cuvier's elaborate system is entirely disregarded, and Sir Charles Lyell is convicted of mistakes in calculation amounting to millions of years. We confess our fondness for reading books on geology, evolution, etc., much as we are fond of George Eliot's novels. They are at once satisfying to our sense of reality, and yet vaguely romantic and interesting. The only objection which we have to this book is its attempt to bring in geology to the aid of Darwinism—a theory which we submit to any student of geology is absurd in the extreme. We can study our rocks without having the irrepressible ape to confuse our division of the periods. Professor Le Conte puts our unfortunate race through every period, from the glacial to the bronze, but we are left in a delightfully hazy idea as to our antiquity. The book is well printed and admirably illustrated.

NEW ENGLAND TRANSCENDENTALISM. By *Joseph Cook.* Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1878.

The literary outcome from the New England transcendentalists is as remarkable in its way as anything that Carlyle or Lewes in England produced. It resulted principally in the exquisite literary finish which was the mark of all its essays. Nothing can exceed the strange and beautiful monodies of Emerson, Hawthorne, and Thoreau. The weird and fanciful reveries of German transcendentalism, which strike the reader as so outré in Carlyle, come to us all interfused and transfigured through the poetic mind of the American poet-prosaists. That yearning for the ideal, that strange intellectual crisis which Goethe sought to embody in *Die Lieder Von Werther* and *Wilhelm Meister* lost the harshness of the original German treatment in the hands of the New England writers, principally J. Russell Lowell and Emerson. Transcendentalism was the beautiful but immature offspring

Rev. J. Cook, in his onslaught upon it, has awakened regret at its unsubstantial growth. All the dreams of our youth are precious to us, if only as dreams. Emerson has become more robust, and the cold, calm atmosphere of exact science has completely disillusioned our hero-worship, our fondness for nature, and our generally absurd theories of reform. But, as Wordsworth says, "the light that never was on sea or land" still throws a transient gleam, and whilst we feel obliged to Mr. Cook for pointing out absurdities, we confess to a thorough sympathy with Dickens's Sissy Jupe, who hated Mr. Gradgrind and his "hard facts."

January 1, 1876.—We are pleased with the success of the CATHOLIC RECORD, and feel assured that it will conti
in deserve the patronage of the Catholic public. †JAMES FREDERICK, *Arch-bishop of Philadelp*

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THE

CATHOLIC RECORD.

Vol. XIV.—MARCH, 1878.—No. 83.

PIUS IX AND THE REVOLUTION.

THE TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS OF THE GREAT PONTIFF.

THE life which came to a close in the prison-palace of the Vatican on the 7th of last February is unquestionably one of the most eventful that has ever graced the pages of history. The reign of Pius IX is destined to mark an epoch in the political as well as in the religious history of the world. No doubt, since the time of St. Peter himself, no Roman Pontiff has so long guarded the interests of Christ's faithful, and his reign has exceeded by wellnigh seven years the period of the first supreme pontificate that elapsed from the time when the prince of the Apostles made Rome, instead of Antioch, the capital of Christendom. He is the first of nearly two hundred and sixty Popes who has seen the legendary years of St. Peter, the first to infringe upon what had come to be considered an almost inviolable rule, formulated in these words, addressed to every successive Pontiff: "Thou shalt not see the days of Peter." *Petri annos non videbis.* Into this comparatively long reign, but short period of time, events have been crowded more than sufficient to fill up an entire century, and his whole life covers one of the most eventful epochs in all history. For thirty-two years has he stood the most conspicuous among the great ones of this earth, the centre of attraction and affection for the faithful, of envy and hatred for the enemies of the Church, even when the bustle and hurry of foreign wars, and the excitement and turmoil of revolution might come to effect in the various states the ruin and desolation which he has done so much to prevent and remedy. And the revolution itself, the characteristic heresy of the nineteenth century, the most widespread and most powerful that has ever troubled the peace of society, or threatened to corrupt and ruin the Church, has cowered before his gaze and trembled at his speech. With lying on its lips and malice in its heart, it hailed his accession to the Papacy with mock applause, as its prototype, the Jewish people, had given to his divine Master the honors of a grand triumphal entry into their city on the eve of his execution as a malefactor, charged with the worst

of crimes by the very people who had with such apparent jubilation proclaimed him to be their king. But as the Saviour of mankind rose triumphant over death, so his late representative on earth gained in his death the greatest victory of his whole life; for no sooner does he breathe his last than his very bitterest enemies come forth, Balaam-like, to proclaim aloud to all the world, in words of unqualified praise, the virtues of him whom they have been sent to curse. His persecutors have become his panegyrists. They who have always hated him with the bitterest hate which one man can entertain for another, are forced to keep their rancor shut up within their own breasts, and for the moment acquiesce with the universal feeling of respect and admiration. What have they been doing who were but yesterday, as it were, predicting that Pius IX would be the last of the Popes? They are yet to be heard from, and it is perhaps their humiliation and utter confusion that prevents them from giving an account of themselves and explaining why they have allowed a successor to Pius IX to be chosen without the slightest opposition on their part. Let us see what is this powerful organization which has been plotting so long for the destruction of the Papacy, and yet when the supreme moment came, allowed the Church to gain another brilliant triumph by letting the world be reminded once more that though Pius may die, Peter will rise again in the person of his successor. It will also be seen what party, the world or the Church, has gained the most signal and brilliant triumphs in this the last and fiercest of their struggles.

When Cardinal Mastai Ferretti accepted the dignity of the Papacy he assumed all the responsibilities of a struggle which had lasted for more than eighteen centuries. It might be abandoned for a time, but it was sure to be renewed, generally with increased violence, the world being always the aggressor. The Church on earth has never for a single moment ceased to be the Church militant, not only in the struggle of its individual members against the arch enemy of God and man, but also in the defence which it has to maintain against powerful and unscrupulous aggressors, who sometimes pretend to be devoted children of the Church, whose most sacred rights they trample upon. But God never subjects his children to trials without giving them the means of overcoming them. He never allows an enemy to arise without providing more powerful means of defence. A Henry IV is met and overcome by a St. Gregory VII, and though the holy Pontiff may die in exile, yet he has given the deathblow to German tyranny. The enemy may change in name, but not in character or design. Call it what you will, Reformation, Philosophism, Revolution, or Scientism, the same ungodly principle ever animates it. But it is always confronted with the same principles of truth, no matter how it may change its tactics. Pius IX is to the nineteenth century only what St. Gregory VII was to the eleventh. Neither began the work which he completed. Both were trusted friends and powerful auxiliaries of the Popes who immediately preceded them, but Hildebrand enjoyed this honor and bore this responsibility in a much more eminent degree than Mastai Ferretti. With their assumption of the triple crown comes a change in these relations. The work which the latter has undertaken is so much the more important than that of the former as a subtle heresy is worse than a relaxation of discipline. Though both were victorious in their struggle for spiritual supremacy, yet one died in exile and the other a prisoner in his own palace.

It used to be said that Jansenism was the most subtle heresy that ever

led Christians astray from the paths of truth. It was swept away by the storms of the Revolution, leaving the distinction of pre-eminence in the accomplishment of evil to the principles which have given its worst character to that social convulsion, and which collectively are still known as *The Revolution*, keeping society in constant dread of destruction, and threatening to hurl it at any moment into the abyss of anarchy. The "Declaration of the Rights of Man" was only the legitimate offspring of the doctrine propagated by the philosophers of the Encyclopædia, but it was the formal declaration of a terrible war on all that man holds most sacred. The Pope of that day undertook the defence of truth, as was his duty, but Pius VI was besieged in his own city, taken prisoner, and carried into exile, where he died a martyr. Pius VII continued the good work, but he, too, was subjected to the ordeal of exile and imprisonment. He lived, however, to see his enemies humiliated, and to enjoy the honors of a triumphant ovation on his return to the Eternal City. The reigns of Leo XII and Pius VIII were too short for those holy men to take much part in the great work of regeneration which was to be accomplished, or to have time to witness the fresh impetus that was about to be given to the fury of the Revolution. But the storm was already brooding which burst over the head of Gregory XVI, almost before he had yet time to begin the work of his pontificate.

To the occupation of Central Italy by the French Imperialists we must trace the origin of these troubles. The soldiery of Napoleon remained there just long enough to corrupt the middle classes and instil into their minds the pernicious principles of the Revolution. Along with the baneful taste for organizing secret societies, these adventurers did not forget to leave behind them the idea of a revolted Italy; and it was this idea that gave them a new significance by turning them into political clubs. Thus originated the Carbonari, who are identified with the Umbrian outbreak of 1831, which was easily quelled. It would have augured better for the future of Italy if the five great powers had left the Pope and his subjects to settle their own difficulties, instead of laying before him the permanent threat of the famous Memorandum, a document which owed its existence to a Protestant mind, and was drawn up by Protestant hands. This, however, such as it was, made it impossible for the good Pope to make any concessions to his revolted and discontented subjects, and thus the disgraceful attitude of France, Austria, Russia, England, and Prussia kept the nation in suspense, and encouraged, if not fomented, rebellion for the space of fifteen years. Gregory XVI died on the 1st of June, 1846, and Cardinal Mastai Ferretti was chosen to succeed him on the 16th of the same month.

Never was the accession of any monarch hailed with more general rejoicing than was that of Pius IX by his temporal subjects. Nor did he deceive the hopes and expectations of his people. He could honorably make all the concessions and effect all the reforms that were conducive and necessary to the people towards whom his sole desire was to act as a true father, who in every instance consults the well-being of his children. What the great powers had made impossible for his predecessor, he could do without leaving it in the power of any one to say that he was driven to it by the force of circumstances, and his honesty of purpose soon unveiled the nefarious designs of these same great powers. For no sooner had he of his own free will granted what they had previously demanded in vain, than they at once became alarmed lest his popularity should become too great and last

too long. The Revolution seemed to be thwarted in its designs, but it was only for a moment. All the enemies of the Papacy, and conspicuous among them the leading English statesman of that time, the notorious Lord Palmerston, the evil genius of European politics, at once fraternized with the arch-conspirator Mazzini, a man who had long before made up his mind to spend every moment of his whole life in planning schemes for the total destruction of the Papacy both in power and in name. It was he who organized the party of Young Italy out of the ruins of the Carbonari, and in the councils of this party the design was hatched from which sprang the Roman Republic, the mock triumvirate of 1849. This plot grew to maturity, whilst the vast majority of the people continued to rejoice and give thanks for the reforms introduced by their good sovereign. Disturbances were excited, and the Eternal City was more than once threatened with all the calamities of mob rule And worse than all, a breeze was then flowing down from the slopes of Piedmont, which was carrying with it over the length and breadth of the Peninsula the patriotic cry of release from all foreign interference, and the contagious craze of a United Italy. The Austrians must be expelled from their last foothold on Italian territory, and the French prevented from assuming a protectorate over any principality or family in the land. This was the general cry; but no farther than this were those who took part in it unanimous. There were disputes about the manner in which the different states should organize for mutual defence. Most people would have it that a confederation be organized with the Pope at its head. Among these were many genuine friends of the Papacy, whose prudence and foresight were not equal to their zeal. The Holy Father knew very well that the Revolution was at the bottom of this agitation, and that it meant no good for the Church. He also was the first to detect the intrigues of Piedmont for supremacy over the other States. In these circumstances nothing could induce him to wage war against Austria, though no one was more opposed than he to Austrian domination. Thus, under the guise of patriotism, a storm was raised against him, in which his faithful prime minister, Count Rossi, was assassinated, together with many of his warmest friends, he himself compelled to fly in disguise from his dominions, and his capital handed over to the orgies of an infuriated mob. The agitation had driven Piedmont too far to allow it to recede, and the result was that its small army was crushed and its presumption humiliated. The Young Italy party thus seemed to have gained a double victory, for it was conspiring against Charles Albert as well as against Pius IX. Mazzini had driven one into exile and forced the other to abdicate. But the greater victory, which the world is sooner or later forced to acknowledge, was on the side of truth and justice with him who had taken refuge at Gaeta, just beyond the Neapolitan border.

To their great disgrace be it told that among the statesmen of Europe the only one to understand the position of Pius IX and do him justice was the French Calvinist, M. Guizot; and for thus expressing himself, he too was swept away by that political Æolus, Lord Palmerston. But Pius IX had done himself and the Christian world justice, when, before the storm had yet arisen, he issued his first Encyclical, the *Per multus Annos*, on November 9th of the same year in which he had been chosen to fill the chair of Peter. On that day he issued a formal declaration of war against the principles of the Revolution. He showed at once that he thoroughly understood the enemy's position and was determined to take it by storm; and should the first at-

tack not be successful, to return to the charge with renewed vigor. Though it became necessary to issue the "Syllabus," yet every error condemned in it is also condemned in the former document; nay, even the two Constitutions published by the Vatican Council are anticipated. In a common-sense point of view no better evidence could be desired of the soundness of the doctrines and the danger of the errors condemned in this Encyclical than the angry howl with which it was received by the anti-Catholic and Liberal press. The enemies of truth could not bear to be told that they were men linked in guilty fellowship for the purpose of waging a fierce and terrible war against every portion of the Catholic fold. If the accusation were untrue and unfounded they could very well afford to laugh it to scorn, and would most probably have so treated it. But the eagerness with which they hastened to resent it is a voluntary self-accusation, which will some day be universally admitted as such. They saw that the shepherd of the faithful was putting his flock upon their guard against the snares laid for them by those "who disentomb from the darkness all the most monstrous shapes of error, and industriously disseminate them." He wanted to encourage the "tendency towards piety, justice, and honor," which they wished to destroy. It was his object to reform the morals which they would corrupt, and to fortify the bases of religion and civil society which they would overturn. He even anticipates the declaration, *Nulla unquam inter fidem et rationem vera dissensio esse potest*, of a much later date, sharply reproving those who "cease not to appeal to reason and to set it above the faith inculcated by Christ, pronouncing the one to be contrary to the other," and plainly tells them that "both are streams from the one eternal fountain of truth." Nor will he allow them to assert the superiority of human over divine things, thus setting themselves up as the perfecters of the Catholic religion, and the superiors of God himself in wisdom.

He then points out the insidious designs of the nefarious secret societies from which he himself was to suffer so much; "societies," he says, "emerging from their native darkness for the ruin and desolation of the community, and again condemned by the Roman Pontiffs." Having included in this category "the insidious Bible societies, which, borrowing the arts of the heretics of old," set aside the teaching authority of the Church to give to every man the privilege of interpreting the Scriptures as his own fancy may direct him, every Protestant community in England and America showered its own torrent of abuse upon him. When we come to view these events through the light of history and see the undoubted connection of the "Christian League" and the "Evangelical Alliance" with the Italian revolution, we are compelled to wonder why some Protestant community or other has not had the hardihood to disown the indignation then expressed, if not felt, by all. Some members of these organizations afterwards boasted of the injuries which they had inflicted on the cause of the Papacy in Italy; but they would only tacitly admit that he whom they hated so much had dealt a far heavier blow to the Revolution of which they were the servile and unprincipled agents. In revenge for his outspoken condemnation of it, they might hunt him to Gaeta, but they could not prevent the affections of the faithful from following him thither and being more heartily and more universally expressed than if they had left him to enjoy peace in his own capital, to which he was destined to return under the apparent tutelage of children of the Revolution.

Before that 12th of April, 1850,

on which he appeared again among his subjects, who were glad to be released from a government of robbers and murderers, and whom he loved with such an intense love, he knew that Napoleon, Palmerston, and Cavour were leagued in a powerful conspiracy for the complete overthrow of that authority which, owing to the presence of public opinion, they now permitted him to resume. He saw that Piedmont had already gone far in the way of sacrilegious spoliation; nor did he forget that the President of the French republic had taken part in the insurrection of 1831 against his predecessor, and that the brother of this same Napoleon was mortally wounded whilst fighting on the side of the rebels. He foresaw that the aims of the young Carbonaire would be prosecuted by the powerful emperor, though as President of the French republic he might now be compelled to sanction the liberation of the Eternal City from the clutch of his associates in conspiracy. And it required no penetrating genius to fathom the designs of Palmerston. But the holy Pope was equal to the emergency, and met all his enemies, one by one, upon their own ground.

Pius IX gained his first material victory, which was far from being his first moral success, in the land of the last-named statesman, when, despite all that English intrigue and diplomacy could do abroad and religious bigotry and fanaticism effect at home, the hierarchy was restored in the land of St. Augustine and St. Thomas of Canterbury, at the same time that shepherds were given to the faithful flock in Holland. Ecclesiastical Titles Acts were passed, and brutal passions excited in vain. The request made by the reviving Church in the land that was once proud to be called the Virgin's Dower, must not be disregarded or even treated lightly, and, in the circumstances, the opposition with which the project was met was only an additional reason why it should be more strongly urged. The old Establishment was losing its hold on the intelligence as well as on the masses of the people, a people yet essentially Christian. And very many in their earnest search after truth had already entered the one true fold of Christ, thus considerably increasing the small flock that had always remained faithful. Thus firmly re-established, the Church has since continued to prosper in what was once a land of saints. Some of its ancient glories have already been rivalled, and there is no reason to fear that it may not again acquire its pristine glory, and regain its proud distinction.

But though Pius IX never neglected an opportunity to propagate the faith in the most distant lands, and provide for the wants of the Church in every corner of the earth, yet his special mission seems to have been the repeated assertion of the never-changing truth and the condemnation of new errors, as well as old ones in a new garb. He never for a moment lost sight of this duty, even amid the anxiety and trials of revolution and exile. He had always a special devotion for the Blessed Virgin, and ever since his accession to the Papacy he had it before his mind to make the doctrine of her Immaculate Conception an article of faith. It was from Gaeta that he gave to the Bishops of the whole Church the first official intimation of this design, when he published the Encyclical asking them to collect all the evidence they could on the subject. This being done, he invited them to assemble around him on December 8th, 1854. On that day, in presence of the Sacred College of over two hundred bishops from all parts of the world, of a vast concourse of the faithful, and many curious sight-seers from both hemispheres, he published the bull "Ineffabilis Deus," promulgating the doctrine that the Mother of the Redeemer

was conceived without spot or stain. This was a direct blow at the root of the evil from which our modern society is suffering so much, a blow under which it writhed in painful agony. All the truths which infidelity denied were implied in this one act; the existence of original sin and all its consequent evils, the necessity of grace and of man's redemption, the Incarnation of the Son of God, and the Divinity of Christ. Besides asserting all these fundamental dogmas of our holy religion, it showed the great vitality and energy of the Church, making it, after half a century of outrage and persecution, appear stronger than ever. For the first time in history a dogma had been officially proclaimed without leaving a peculiar heresy behind, or without a dissentient voice being raised among the faithful. The rejoicing was universal throughout the Church, and the enemy whom it attacked preserved an unusual silence, being too intent on carrying their great conspiracy to a successful issue.

But as the good Pope was every day making this more impossible for them in the field of faith and morals, they had made up their minds to crush him under the overwhelming weight of brute force. Their plots were continued and their aims for a time kept concealed behind an affected secrecy. It was not long, however, till they considered themselves in a position to make them public. The Italian war of 1859 broke out. The Austrians were driven from Italy, and an iniquitous course of confiscation and spoliation was inaugurated at which the Catholic world stood appalled. Without the declaration or even the intimation of war, the States of the Church were invaded, and the little army which heroically undertook to defend the patrimony of St. Peter was surprised, overwhelmed, and massacred by a vastly superior force. Protests were made, and this high-handed robbery was denounced from the highest tribunal upon earth, but the nations had ceased to be ruled by Catholic governments. Protest and denunciation, therefore, seemed to be of no avail; the barefaced falsehoods invented and industriously circulated regarding the condition of the invaded provinces gained currency and credence for a time, and by a large section of the world's population the sacrilegious robbers were hailed as deliverers of an oppressed and downtrodden people. But "the truth is great, and it shall prevail." Though no one was filled with greater indignation than the holy Pontiff himself, yet he alone knew how to retain his equanimity. Trials and tribulations may come, but they must be turned to the greater glory of God. The great ones of this world may conquer by force of martial arms, but it is out of their reach to gain a victory in the spiritual world. And even in their own sphere they most frequently overreach themselves. Few imagined that in 1859 Napoleon III was preparing the way for the destruction of French ascendency in Italy, and digging a grave for the third Empire.

When a robber asks his victim whom he has left penniless to assist him in evading the law, we would consider beyond human endurance for this unfortunate victim to bear the insult with equanimity. Such, in a higher sense, is the position in which Victor Emanuel placed Pius IX, when he asked the holy Pontiff to enter with him upon the path of modern civilization, and thus have a glorious share in renewing the face of the world. But the successor of St. Peter could not fraternize with men who rejected the fundamental principles of even natural religion, who would accept a final appeal before no higher tribunal than their own abused consciences and perverted reason, nay, who rejected what had hitherto been looked upon by all

mankind as fundamental principles in human law. He knew that these men took oaths and concluded treaties with the sole object of hiding their insidious designs, so that ere long it became an infallible principle in their regard, that the more solemn their oaths the more iniquitous the schemes which they were planning. These were the regenerators of Italy who actually invited the Pope to abandon his temporal sovereignty, that he might thereby become greater than any earthly monarch, raise the Apostolic See to a height unknown for ages. Even had their designs been much better planned, the viceroy of Christ could not be caught in the trap which they wanted to lay for him. He could not but see the deference, respect, and even encouragement with which they treated heretics of all possible shades of opinion, at the same time that they derided, persecuted, and imprisoned faithful bishops and priests, and assassinated the most faithful among the laity. He knew how they encouraged all kinds of immoral literature at the same time that Catholic books and newspapers were suppressed, and their editors and publishers subjected to the full rigor of the law of injustice. If this was what they meant by modern progress and civilization, he certainly could not join them in advancing it; and as this, along with their daring hypocrisy, was all they had to show, he must oppose its progress and proclaim to the world the principles of true civilization. It was his mission to impress upon mankind the great saving truths which the Revolution had impugned. This he did in the famous allocution of March 18th, 1861, the *Jam dudum cernimus*, which, taken in connection with the "Syllabus," is, with a single exception, the most important of his whole reign, that exception being the *Maxima quidem lætitia*, delivered fifteen months later.

The bishops had been summoned to Rome to witness a much more brilliant pageant than that of 1854, namely, the canonization of the Japanese martyrs, on the 8th of June, 1862. The solemn ceremonies of that celebration being over, the Holy Father called around him all the bishops present on that occasion, nearly three hundred in number, of whom fifty-five were Frenchmen, whose mere presence there was a mute but significant protest against the imperious and double-dealing policy of their government. In their presence he delivered an allocution, which has its own place assigned to it in the annals of Church history. If the Holy Father felt supremely happy at seeing so august an assemblage on that great and solemn occasion, his sorrows for the moral miseries from which mankind was suffering were not to be suppressed. These miseries he specified one by one, assigning their causes with the infallible precision of a most skilful physician, and prescribing the only remedies that could save society from the utter ruin with which it was threatened. He had begun his pontificate with the preaching of a crusade against the prevailing errors of the age, and he considered it his special mission to carry that crusade to a successful issue. The dangerous errors which he had so often condemned in general terms, he thought it well now to specify in an unmistakable manner. Not only would he continue to harass the enemy, but he would fortify the faithful within the impregnable intrenchments of defined truth. Therefore it was that he enumerated all the errors of the age against faith and morals, errors of pantheism and atheism, of naturalism and skepticism, of socialism and communism, of government and the domestic relations. The "Syllabus" or "Catalogue" of errors, which was published on the 8th of December, 1864, was principally compiled from the *Maxima quidem lætitia*, other monstrous assertions that had been made in the meantime, and some

dangerous propositions that had been condemned by preceding Pontiffs, having been added. The eighty propositions of the "Syllabus" were arranged under various and distinct headings, so that the faithful might be supplied with a classified catalogue of all the false teachings against which they must be on their guard. Nothing remained to give this document its highest significance but the seal of an infallible teacher's authority, which was soon to be impressed upon it by the Council of the Vatican.

The "Syllabus," together with the Encyclical which accompanied it, was at once most vehemently attacked by the official and anti-Christian press of Paris and Turin. Elsewhere but little public attention was devoted to it. The great conspiracy, however, went on; and even in these two cities the organs of public opinion assumed a calmer though more hypocritical tone. At the bidding of their master, the Revolution, they tried to persuade their readers that he who condemned as errors of the worst kind what they were pleased to call the fundamental principles of "modern progress and civilization," was, after all, only a man like themselves, whose opinion was no better than their own. But this their last stronghold was soon to be taken from them; and even though the primary object of holding an Œcumenical Council was not to define the Infallibility of the Pope, yet the Revolution dreaded the event and threatened what it could not execute, namely to prevent the Council from being held. It succeeded in interpreting its purposes, but not in time to prevent the publication of a decree which has left it no other resource than to subject the Church to an open and violent persecution. This state of affairs was foreshadowed when, as soon as the decree convoking the Council was issued, a powerful opposition to what would be done was organized; and to the great scandal of the faithful, at the head of this opposition were men seemingly of very high standing in the Church. The Revolution, encouraged by the acquisition of such powerful allies, began to push on its work more vigorously. No sooner had the vast concourse of pilgrims who had flocked to Rome to witness the magnificent celebration of 1867, in honor of the eighteenth centenary of St. Peter, and the addition of new saints to the calendar, dispersed to their homes, than the Revolutionists publicly resumed hostilities; and before the end of the year 1867 the Eternal City would have been in the hands of sacrilegious banditti had not Napoleon III been compelled to interfere in spite of himself and against his own secret machinations. But the disastrous war of 1870 having removed this difficulty out of the way of the Piedmontese robbers, the Papal territory was invaded under the pretext of friendly protection, Rome itself besieged, captured, and given over to plunder, and the Holy Father compelled to declare himself a prisoner in his own palace.

In a merely human sense the Pope was conquered by pure worldlings. But they had far from subdued that spirit which had confronted the Revolution, and beaten it on its own ground of principle. The temporal power was gone, for a time, at least, but spiritual and moral conquests had been made, and others were soon to follow, almost unprecedented in the history of the Church. The boundary between truth and error had been so distinctly drawn as to make it impossible for any one to mistake it. No longer could any wolves in sheep's clothing remain within the fold. False friends, the most dangerous of enemies, had been driven out into the hostile camp to which they properly belonged. The harvest had come, and the tare which had been allowed to grow up with the wheat was taken and cast into the fire. He was a heretic himself

who once said that heresies are only the weeds which the Pope throws over his garden wall. But the weeds thrown out on this occasion deposited their roots and seeds in a barren soil; and despite all the attention with which they were cared for by Bismarck and his less eminent colleagues in persecution, they withered, and nothing now remains of them but the sapless stems. Whilst they who watched by the cradle of Old Catholicism are now following its bier to the tomb, the Church against which they have fomented a most violent persecution is gaining more than she has lost in them. As Pius IX once said himself that God allowed him to be driven into exile only to show that he could bring him back, so the Church is persecuted for the purpose of convincing mankind that she can survive the most violent treatment to which it is in the power of human malice and ingenuity to subject her.

And not only in the reawakening of faith by persecution has she made gains during the Pontificate of Pius IX, but also in the new and important conquests which she has everywhere achieved. Besides the restoration of the hierarchy in England and Holland, the new organization which had been established in the great Republic of the West has been enlarged to magnificent proportions, so that after the growth of less than a century, the Church in the United States does not abandon the palm of importance to any other section of the Christian world. And besides this, sees that once were flourishing seats of Christian piety and virtue in lands now occupied by infidel hordes, have been restored, and new ones erected where the light of Christianity never shone before. There is scarcely a nation or people to which Christian missionaries, sent out by Pope Pius IX, have not announced the saving truths of the Gospel. And in return for all these blessings bestowed, the sympathies of the faithful in all climes and under all forms of government have been turned towards Rome, the centre of Catholic unity, where dwells the successor of St. Peter. When Pius IX was reduced to the condition of a prisoner these sympathies became more heartfelt than ever, increasing with his sufferings until death came to relieve him. Bands of pilgrims went to Rome to give him encouragement and show him how they could brave all the insults of what is so unjustly called human respect. This pilgrimage movement went on increasing from year to year, until at last the whole Christian world was moved to a magnificent display of piety on the fiftieth anniversary of John Mary Mastai Ferretti's elevation to the episcopal dignity. Then a scene presented itself which has no parallel even in the most fervent of the ages of faith. The whole world was moved. Thousands of pious pilgrims set out for Rome from almost every point in both hemispheres, bearing with them to the Holy Father the bounteous offerings of every diocese; and in every church the event was celebrated with all the pomp befitting the occasion. Preparations were making for the possibility of his attaining the full years of Peter when he was called off to receive the reward of his most usefully spent life, after he had seen his principal enemies pass before him to judgment—Cavour carried off in the midst of his schemes, leaving his enormous wealth to pass, in a few years, into the hands of a most devoted son of the Church; Napoleon III an exile from that France which has been severely chastised for allowing herself, the "eldest daughter of the Church," to become an accomplice in conspiracy against the gentlest, most loving, and most forgiving of mothers; La Marmora is called away only a few days before the robber-king, at whose bidding he laid violent hands on the Holy City, and in

his last agony this king himself receives the blessing of his victim, for he, too, is carried off in the full vigor of manhood. All of them pass away, and regarding them the world forgets the old maxim: *De mortuis nil nisi bonum.* One alone is proof against reproach. Even his calumniators during life are silent over his tomb when bigotry prevents them joining in the universal song of praise. This is he who is to be known throughout all future ages as Pope Pius the Great.

TWO SONNETS.

Pius IX.

A HUSH fell on the breathless world; I heard
A voice say, "Servant of thy God, well done!
Soldier of Christ! thy battle-hour is gone.
A young knight thou didst gird thy tempered sword
About thee, and the dread hand of the Lord
Gave thee the knightly accolade alone;
And in the lists of God thy spurs were won."
So with his requiem strike a gladder chord.

Thine is the glory of a thousand wounds,
Thine is the triumph of a thousand wars!
Why do we sorrow? why these mourning sounds,
Because the hero, mightier in his scars,
Far from a dead life's royalty hath found
A throne of splendor, higher than the stars!

Leo XIII.

Thy path lies stretched before thee in the gloom:
Thorns cluster round it, stormy is the way;
And little promise of the rising day
Flames from the rosy Orient to illume
Thy steps with peace. The future's darksome womb
Seems pregnant only with the stormy ray
Of spiritual strife and moral fray,
While darker storms on thy horizon loom.

But go on all undaunted; for thy feet
Are in the footsteps of the holy dead;
And myriad memories that cannot die
Throng round thee in high vision, pass and greet;
Thy pathway echoed to great Peter's tread,
And mighty Leo passed in triumph nigh!

"WHERE THERE'S HEART-ROOM THERE'S HEARTH-ROOM."

In a quaint, quiet old city, whose name I will remark at the outset is not Boston, there is, nevertheless, a building with a gilded dome, but it belongs to the courthouse. These facts are as certainly true as the existence of the city itself.

This courthouse is a hive for workers, busy as bees, affording employment to many men and women, and having on its list of applicants a still larger number of names. The city is not large, though it rules the large shire whose centre it is, and it has come to pass that people are more interested in each other's private affairs than they might be were the field of interest a wider one. So if any new clerk is expected at the courthouse, the matter forms a topic of importance, and everybody tells what everybody else has said or heard on the subject.

One morning in September, about ten minutes before the time for the day's work to begin, an eager group stood at a window in the second story of the courthouse with its gilded dome, busily talking.

"Her name is Bernard—Evelyn Bernard," said one.

"Oh, what a sweet name!" cried another, a young lady with flowing ringlets and dreamy eyes. "Is she as pretty as her name?"

"I don't know—never saw her—never heard of her before. There's a father, and a stepmother, and a dozen stepsisters and brothers, more or less. The father is in consumption, and the mother is an invalid, and this Miss Evelyn has them all on her shoulders. I did not stop to think of her looks when I heard that."

"And how did she contrive to get a chance here?"

"Judge Barnes knew her father. But how she can support such a family on such a salary is more than I can see. They live in a bit of a cottage off High Street, and it is very—but, look, she is coming now with the Judge."

Every one stared, which could be done with impunity, as the girl never glanced up. She was tall and slight, and though not a beauty, was so graceful and lovable in the mere look of her that nobody ever cared whether her features were regular or not. The Judge brought her upstairs and introduced her. Something in her shy yet cordial and unaffected manner attracted them all. Evidently she was a girl who was accustomed to trust everybody, and whose trust had never yet been betrayed.

James Purcell, thirty years old, dullest, and stupidest, and kindest of men, as his comrades called him, always blundering, never ready to account to them for the use he made of his slender salary, yet always dressed in shabby, old-fashioned clothes, tender-hearted, soft-headed James Purcell saw Evelyn Bernard's lovely face, recalled the story he had heard of her brave efforts to keep a whole household above water, and said to himself resolutely, "We must help her."

He was always trying to help somebody. To add to all his other idiosyncrasies, to commit in the eyes of his fellow-clerks a folly more full of stupidity than all his other follies, James Purcell was a Catholic, nor was he in the least ashamed of it, nor did he so much as seem to know that it was anything of which to be ashamed. But the host of ragged children and grown people who claimed him as their intimate friend was a source of constant mirth and

dismay to his companions at the courthouse.

"Mr. Raeburn will tell you your day's duties, Miss Bernard," said the Judge. "Mr. Purcell, have the kindness to see that Miss Bernard has all she needs." And lifting her sweet gray eyes, Evelyn saw before her the two men who were, in their diverse ways, to lay a claim upon her life.

A worker ready to learn and swift to do they found her. Soon she was writing at her desk as calmly as though she had been there always.

"That is how she makes one feel," thought James Purcell; "just as though she had been here always. I hope she will never have to go away. Oh, no, that's not fair. I hope something will turn up so that she may not have to drudge all her life, bless her."

Raeburn watched her too, thoughtfully. He was not accustomed to spend much thought on the clerks who were subordinate to him. This girl, however, was evidently no common person. She won his pity by her evident need, his admiration by her lovely manners.

He took some legal documents one evening and made his way to the "bit of a cottage off High Street." A round rosy boy in his shirt-sleeves opened the door and ushered him at once into the sitting-room. There sat Evelyn, with the lamplight shining on her face, mending a jacket which was too probably her brother's only one, and explained his appearance.

"Pardon my call, Miss Bernard," Raeburn said; "I had meant to ask you if you would like a little extra work to do out of hours. It brings unusually good pay, and none of us object to that. I forgot to mention it to you at the office, and I must have it again the day after to-morrow."

She looked at a heap of stockings in the mending-basket and sighed. Then the sound of a cough from the next room fell upon her ear.

"Yes, I can do it," she said, resolutely and cheerfully. "Thank you much, Mr. Raeburn, for thinking of me."

He thought of little else all the way home, after a call of half an hour. He devoted most of his conversation to her father, but his quick eyes and ears had taken note of all that she said and did. Often some child came to her with a request or a complaint, and was always met by a gay or tender word and a prompt attention. Or often they came to her, not as if they really needed her, but as if it suited their fancy to touch her or to hear her voice. She was in and out of the room more than once during that brief half hour to attend to the wants of her invalid stepmother, and she had finished the jacket and begun to trim a bonnet before Raeburn rose to go.

On the next day but one she brought him the documents beautifully copied.

"I wonder when you did it," he said. "After I saw all you had to do at home, I blamed myself for so much as mentioning any extra office work to you."

She smiled brightly. "I don't blame you," she said. "I thank you much. You know I copy very fast, and besides, we who have much to fill our time have a gift of finding time."

"I wish I could do more for you," he said, earnestly.

That noon, James Purcell, walking down High Street, through Bly Lane, which was the longest way to his eating-house, but which he had found oddly convenient to take of late, saw Mr. Bernard sitting at his window with a drooping rose-tree beside him and a minute glass of jelly. Whereupon James invested the sum allotted to his dinner in a choice bit of fruit instead, and stopping at a baker's made a dinner of a couple of buns.

"It's really quite enough till sup-

per," thought James. "I suppose I could get used to just a bit at noon, if I tried."

He was always making experiments of that sort on himself. But he was not given to proclaiming them abroad, nor was he quite sure that as practices they would suit everybody; all people were not as strong as he. Which was undoubtedly true as regards one kind of strength.

He made a blundering entrance at the cottage, yet he found a hearty welcome; Mr. Bernard and the children seemed to appreciate him at once. From that time there were two frequent visitors in Bly Lane who never dreamed of rivalry.

James was the children's and the parents' friend, seldom bringing anything of much value, except the very great value of his sympathy and self-forgetfulness. Raeburn came with flowers, and fruit, and books, and elegant conversation, and Evelyn grew to depend upon his coming, and to blush and look sweeter than ever in his presence, while she treated James with ease, as if he were an elderly cousin.

At last, in a winter twilight, when Frederick was walking home with her from the courthouse, as he had begun to do since the days grew short, Raeburn said with more abruptness than was his wont: "Miss Evelyn, I have been thinking about a matter where I want your advice; I am going to make a long speech. Can you hear me to the end without saying anything?"

She laughed innocently, thinking only of her flyaway tongue and its frequent misdemeanors. "I will try very hard," she said.

He slackened his pace, and spoke as slowly as he walked.

"I have a fair salary," he said, "and a fair chance of promotion. We are both young, and I love you. I have thought it not impossible that you love or can love me."

He did not pause for an answer; and she, strangely for her eager nature, did not care to answer yet. It was very pleasant to walk with him in the gloaming, and hear his gentle voice say words like these.

"It may be a long while before we can be married, but if you are willing to enter into so long an engagement with me, I may be able to be of more help and comfort to you than I can be now, and by and by a way must open when I can have you wholly for my own."

She did not try to think how such an event could even come to pass in her case; the present shone all too brightly before her eyes. She had had girlish fancies about love and marriage, in other days when she had not so much else to engross her attention, but she had never known anything more definite about it all. This seemed very charming.

Everybody rejoiced when the news was told at the courthouse; everybody congratulated, and took occasion to make little thoughtful presents, and to show their fondness for this beautiful girl, who was still more lovable than she was beautiful. James Purcell listened to the story and the comments, while the sweat stood in great drops on his forehead.

"It's very odd, how badly I feel," he mused. "I can't understand it, for I am just as glad for her as I can possibly be. But my heart feels very queer indeed—like a stone or a big lump. Perhaps it is dyspepsia. I'll go and get an engagement present for her, since that seems the proper thing to do, and step in and congratulate her. The children will make me feel better." And his honest face was truly glad when he shook hands with her and Raeburn; then he turned away from them, and devoted himself with simple gladness to amuse the family, and let the lovers be alone.

Very ready was that household to be amused by him. He won their hearts because he loved them. "Those dear children!" he said to the stars and the winter wind, as he

walked home. "That poor dear father and mother. Though it does not seem like poverty where she is."

Nevertheless, they were poor, and as the winter went by poverty came to them in a more undisguised shape than it ever yet had come, and there was less strength of heart to meet its troubles. It was beautiful to have a lover, perhaps, but that lover made many demands on Evelyn's time and thoughts. She began to feel and to show the effect of her hard work and heavy responsibilities. She was not perfect; sometimes they heard an irritable word, or found her crying. She was learning to look at her home-world through other eyes than her own. That home had for Raeburn no attraction save herself, and now that he had become a part of it, and the children were used to him, all the brightness which a love not sure of its object had woven about vanished, and a great desire possessed him to take her away from it all to be his alone.

"I like my friend much better than Evelyn's lover," quoth the precocious Belle. "He likes us all, and the little house, and everything where I am; but Fred Raeburn," said the irreverent damsel, "Fred Raeburn likes nobody but himself."

"No, no, dear," her father said, "I am sure he cares for Evelyn. He is a kind gentleman, but he has been used to a different life, and it is not strange that this frets him."

"I don't call that love," said Belle in her twelve years of wisdom. "Real love would forget itself," which, as it was a sentiment quite too high to be classed with any mere silly novel, and quite too profound for Mr. Bernard to have expected from his little Bella, amazed him into silence for a time. And before he had an answer ready, she said soberly, "I never gave *my* consent, papa," which enabled him to tell her that she had better say no more on the subject.

But she scarcely veiled her disrespect to Raeburn that evening, and finally sent Evelyn off into a violent burst of tears, and, under the plea of a headache on her part, she and Frederick were left to the dimly lighted parlor and each other's society. He soothed her by his very presence and gentle manner, but when she was calm again, he spoke determinedly.

"There must be a stop to this, Evelyn. I cannot see you wearing out your life in this fashion. Let us be married at once, so that I can take you away."

"Take me away!" Evelyn looked utterly amazed. "How could I ever go away?" she said.

"We must make a way," he answered. "How does any daughter ever go from home?"

"All daughters are not like me," she said, sadly, "nor are all houses like mine. Oh, no, Frederick, that can never be."

"And how long must I wait?" he cried.

"You said it must be long," she reminded him, but with no shade of reproach in her voice. "And it seems"—

She checked herself. She had been about to say that it seemed a very short time then since to her, but the fact forced itself upon her that in some harassing ways it had been very long. The children were such a trouble. Yet once she did not think them so.

"Listen, dear," he said. "Do you remember that I told you of my friend Reeves, who was once a clerk in the courthouse? He has lately died, leaving his widow quite poor. I have no doubt that she would be not only willing but glad to come here and take charge, for little else than a home. Then you and I could be near, where you and I could come often to see them, and yet have some peace and rest."

How bright, how fair, that peace and rest seemed to weary Evelyn. Just then a clamor rose in the next room. She sprang to silence it, and as

she opened one door, James Purcell opened another, and saw her flushed and distressed face. His lifted hand stilled the tumult, except in Evelyn's heart. He only said good-evening to her, and devoted himself as he had often done of late to bring happiness to the parents as well as to the children. But this night his easily contented heart did not find its usual content in playing the simple games, and reading to Mr. Bernard, and listening with full and true sympathy to Mrs. Bernard's complaints.

"*She* is not happy," sighed James. "I saw it in her face. What wouldn't I do to make her happy!"

Meanwhile, in the next room, Raeburn argued long over the question, "How shall we be happy?" never seeing that it resolved itself into, "How shall I be happy!"

For Evelyn treated with horror any suggestion that she should leave her home in its present state of distress.

"I could not do such a thing," she persisted. "I love them too much, and they love me and they need me. Cannot you be satisfied to come here as you have been doing?"

"I can never have you to myself," he said. "You are always thinking of some one else."

It was strange news for Evelyn to hear, whose daily self-reproach was, "I neglect the others. I think too much of him. She could not argue with him; her mind was confused. What was it that she vaguely felt wanting in him who used to seem to her perfect? What was wanting in —a chill crept over her—could anything be wanting in her love for him?"

"Do not let us talk any more about it to-night," she cried. "Read to me. *Please.*"

She was kept awake much that night. The father needed her, the mother needed her, Alick, the youngest child, was threatened with croup and needed her, Bella, who with her precociousness of understanding was also painfully sensitive to any disturbing element, woke crying for Evelyn, and refusing any comfort until she could see and feel her, because she had dreamed that her darling sister was gone away, never to return.

"Whoever put such a thought into your dear little head?" asked Evelyn.

"Nobody, nobody," Belle answered her, clinging the more tightly to her. "I felt it. I feel it. Oh, you must not go away."

"I am not going," said Evelyn, tenderly. "Not yet, dear, not yet."

"Never," persisted Belle, hysterically.

"Oh, I wish it might be never," exclaimed Evelyn, her tears flowing fast. "I do love you all so dearly. Why cannot we stay together always?"

That night James Purcell also was awake for a long time, and he cried out for Evelyn, too, with a sore heart, but with a resignation of which Belle knew nothing.

Walking slowly and thoughtfully to his boarding-place on that eventful evening, James had repeated again and again to himself, "She is not happy. Oh, what wouldn't I give to make her happy!"

And suddenly he found himself saying, "I wish she were mine. I wish she belonged to me. I wish I could take care of them all for her."

He stopped short in the street. What was this he was saying? Evelyn Bernard was another man's promised wife. James stood very still for a little while, then turned off to the left and made his way to church.

It was late of a Friday night, but the priests were in the confessionals, and twenty people were waiting, late as it was, to make confession, for the next day was a great feast. James sank down on his knees and hid his face, and looked into his honest, faithful heart. Yes, he was linking his happiness to a Protestant, and

that Protestant was betrothed to another. What should he do?

Yes, what should he do? for as he told himself, the Bernards needed him. Raeburn could never be to them what he was. Might he not at least go there as a friend to help and comfort them?

But when, the last of all who waited in the church, he came away, he knew what his duty was, and he crushed down gravely every contrary pleading of his tender heart before that one stern call of duty.

"God's way is best," said James Purcell, humbly. "He will take care of them, and I will not risk my soul."

He fancied that perhaps Evelyn would speak to him, would ask him why he had deserted them, but for three days she scarcely looked at any one, and never spoke unless addressed directly. His heart ached so at sight of her wan face that at last he would not even glance at her, or try in any other way to know how matters went with her. "God will take care of her," said James; "I must leave her to him."

But on the fourth day the courthouse was echoing to the news that Evelyn Bernard's engagement to Frederick Raeburn was broken.

No reason was assigned beyond the vague one of "mutual consent," but every one laid the blame at Raeburn's door. "He had not pluck enough to wait for or to work hard with her," people said.

When James Purcell heard the news, a sudden smile, unmarked by any one, broke over his rugged face.

"It's very odd," he mused, "how glad I feel. I'm just as sorry for them as I can possibly be, and whatever people may say, I don't believe either of them is in fault. It will all come right again, no doubt. I hope it may, if it will only make her happy. And yet my heart feels very queer—as light as a feather. It has not been so light since I knew she was engaged. There, what a donkey I am. She never would dream of marrying a poor stick like me; and besides she is a Protestant, though God could alter that."

A few days made a great change in Bly Lane. The fair young spirit that had brightened it was a worn and saddened spirit, and the house was a saddened house. Belle broke down suddenly and completely into a weak, hysterical invalid who could give no sort of help and was a constant care. And one day a voice which James would have known in the desert of Sahara or the city of Pekin, said very simply from behind his chair, where he sat at work facing the window:

"Mr. Purcell!"

"Yes, Miss Evelyn."

He had not spoken to her since that evening in her own house when the confusion had been calmed at his entrance. Both remembered it, and Evelyn blushed, for though with womanly honor she had striven to shield Raeburn from blame, and with womanly weakness dwelt tenderly still upon his memory, she fancied James must know why her engagement was broken. Then, looking at his kind dull face, she thought her secret still her own. Every one laughed at James, and every one came to him in trouble. Evelyn came as simply as the rest.

"Mr. Purcell, you have not been to see us since—since—since—for a long time. It must have been your kind consideration for me. But Belle is ill, and she calls and calls for you. Would you be willing to come and see her?"

Willing! James turned abruptly round to his window again. "Yes, Miss Evelyn; after office," he said, gruffly, and Evelyn departed, wondering. She could not see the dew in James's eyes, nor the trembling of his lips.

That very day he came, and one evening after another found him there. To weak, childish Belle he became a better help than sister or

physician. She had had no religious training; the life in that household had been wrapped up in the home-life, each to each; now in her weakness everything seemed to fail her.

"If I could only bear this nervousness," she cried; "I can't rest, I can't be good, I can't be still. I get angry all the time. How would you bear it, Mr. Purcell?"

And at length James turned to Evelyn, who was sewing near by, more white and far more sad at heart and desolate than Belle; and he asked meaningly, "Miss Evelyn, may I tell her how I should bear it?"

"I wish you would," Evelyn answered, huskily; "and I wish you would tell me. Nothing frets you."

James put his hand inside his vest and drew out reverently and laid on Belle's hand a small crucifix. "I ask myself how *he* bore it," said James.

How strangely it sounded to the two sisters to hear that strong man say those words. He spoke as if the thought of his Lord was as natural, and real, and customary to him as any other thought; nay, more than any other.

"He must have felt the pain through every nerve," James went on, slowly, as though for his own good as well as for Belle's. "And he bore it patiently. And he bore it for us. And he loves us."

These words were James's only text on that night. Belle lay quite still all the rest of his visit with the crucifix in her hand, and he left it there when he went away. And all that night, and for many a day and night afterward, the younger sister in her pain of body, and the elder sister in her pain of mind pondered on the simple saying, "And he bore it patiently. And he bore it for us. And he loved us."

Belle asked to know more at James's next visit, and James taught more and more, while Evelyn listened silently, and Mr. Bernard came once to hear, and after that came always. By and by the blessing was vouchsafed them, which dwarfed all other blessings and all other trials before it in the light and joy of its coming, the blessing of the faith.

But still the sickness and the poverty lasted, and though Evelyn was brave now with a courage and strong with a strength that she had never known before, she was growing feeble in body under the constant stress and strain of home cares and office work.

And at last, when her cup of trouble seemed on the point of overflowing, a letter came to her which she read with bated breath.

"Miss Evelyn," it said, "I am a poor, blundering, awkward man, with little to live on, and no brains to use even that little well. But I have watched you and yours till I think my heart will break if I don't speak. Miss Evelyn, I love you. Could you put up with such a poor crutch as I am—a very frail support for life's journey—and take me for your husband, to be a son to your parents, and a brother to their children? You are wearing out with care and trouble. If you would only be so very, very kind as to marry me at once, and let me come straight to your home and take all the burdens that I can, and share the stress with you, I think my blessings would be too great. I know I ask too much, but I *must* ask, and God will help me to be what I ought to you. Faithfully yours, JAMES PURCELL."

He was taking no step in the dark, this foolish, blundering fellow. He knew what he was offering to do. The trials, and worries, and needs of that large, suffering household he had witnessed for a year, and shared. Evelyn went to her desk, and took from it Raeburn's picture, which she had kept secretly all this weary while, and she studied it.

"We shall be happy again," she had said often, looking at it through tears. Now she laid it beside that other lover's letter with its longing to be allowed to share her griefs, and

pains, and cares, and as she gazed at them a great scorn was on her face.

"I loved you once," she said aloud, as though Raeburn could hear her, but it was herself whom she was scorning, and not him. "I have been blind. I have blinded myself."

"Ned," she cried, running downstairs, "will you go ask Mr. Purcell to come here?"

She did not wait for ceremony when he came.

"Mr. Purcell," she said, and the crimson glowed high in her cheeks, and her eyes shone like two shining stars, "do you mean all that you wrote here? Have you weighed it well?"

"I mean it all," he answered, twisting his big fingers nervously. "I couldn't mean anything else, you know. And I tried to weigh it, but though I seem very bad and not fit to speak to you, I suppose I can't feel as awkward and good for nothing to myself as I do to you, so perhaps I didn't weigh it all. No, I ought never to have asked you. Let's pretend I never did, Miss Evelyn."

"Oh," she cried, "I don't want to pretend that you don't understand me. I meant, have you considered how disagreeable everything is here, and what a burden you are taking upon your shoulders?"

"Why, no," he answered, thoughtfully, "I never did. I think this is —this is—oh, I don't know how to say it. But I think this is a beautiful house because you are in it, and I love your people because you love them; and I thought it was I who was disagreeable, and the burden and the responsibility, because I never know how to manage my money, and you will have to look after me a good deal. Could you?"

"Oh!" gasped Evelyn again.

And then she was silent, and the two characters stood out plainly before her mind, that of the man who loved her for his own sake, and that of the man who, loving her, forgot himself in her needs and cares.

"Mr. Purcell," she said, "will you promise me, faithfully, one thing?"

"I will, indeed, Miss Evelyn," he answered, with his honest look.

"Will you promise me that, whatever happens, you will never draw back from what you have said tonight; that you will always stand by me and help me, always?"

"Yes," he said, simply, his whole heart in his eyes.

"*Whatever happens?*" she repeated with emphasis, the misery of the past disappointment still weighing hard upon her young soul, that, until within a few months, had never realized what a betrayed trust meant.

"Whatever happens," he replied. "It seems to me only too great a joy to be allowed to share anything with you and yours."

She stood there in her youth and beauty, and she knew that she loved him, and loved him as she had never loved any one before. She knew that nobody, however wise, or handsome, or courtly, could match for her this unselfish loyalty, this good heart laid humbly at her feet; and she laughed out gayly and triumphantly.

She had not dreamed that she could pain him, or that he could misunderstand her. His face grew sorrowful and ashamed. Never in all her life had she looked so beautiful. The contrast between her and himself became painfully distinct to him. He thought of the twelve years that lay between them, his uncouth manners, his plain countenance, his rough voice.

Her quick eye read it all. She drew nearer to him, her frank, royal nature stirred to keen expression in her lovely face.

"You have taught me what makes life worth living," she cried. "You have loved me with an unselfish Christian heart. What can manners count against that! Whatever happens, I know you will not leave me, and I thank God for you, and love you."

SENSATIONAL PREACHERS AND PREACHING.

ST. AUGUSTINE says that the ends of preaching are three: *ut veritas pateat, doceat, moveat*—"Truth should be clear, teaching, and effective." This idea is also found in Quintilian, from whom very likely the Saint and Doctor borrowed it. It is the theory of all rhetoric, and, short and apothegmic as it is, it nevertheless is the basis of all fine speaking and writing. The search for and acquirement of truth is the first qualification of the rhetorician, his primary and essential duty, without which all his future elaboration is useless; yet even this is dependent for its effect upon his ability to present it in a clear and intelligible form. Socrates says that rhetorical clearness depends upon thorough knowledge. What you KNOW you can express. Emerson remarks that the man who thoroughly *knows* and is master of his theme, will command attention, though his presentation of it may lack elocutionary and rhetorical beauty. He says, "the man who has the fact, may scream or sputter it, yet he has the ear of the auditory." The third Augustinian requisite is, that the truth should move or persuade, by which is understood such setting-forth of the truth as will produce conviction and assent in the hearers. Under this head are included all the rules of rhetoric, and those appliances which the great orators employed in carrying conviction. The entire apparatus of elocution, such as voice, gesture, and facial expression, is likewise included under this head. Many a truth has entirely depended for its efficacy upon the external qualifications of the speaker or writer. Harshness of face and tone, ungrammaticalness, and ignorance of rhetorical effects, have frequently combined to render an oration or essay practially ineffective. As Voltaire says—"All styles are good except the tedious."

The confusion or even the preponderance of any one of the three principles referred to is the radical fault of most of the preaching to-day, even inside the Catholic Church. The Catholic preacher has the inestimable privilege of possessing the fulness of doctrinal truth. He stands upon the fact, and whether he screams or sputters it, as Emerson says, he has the advantage over the best orator outside of the communion of the Church. He is, moreover, the voice and delegated minister of God, ordained to proclaim his word, and specially sent and set aside for this purpose. He is distinguished from all so-called preachers by divine ordinance. "He speaks, as one having authority, and not as the scribes." The consciousness of this power lends intrinsic force to his utterances. When Massillon ascended the pulpit, the audience were made to feel that they were upon the point of receiving a divine message, and most Catholics have experienced a like feeling in listening even to the least gifted Catholic preacher. Father Burke has, somewhere, a thought that the Catholic priest speaks with all the fulness of divine truth. He knows whereof he discourses, and his auditory are in the possession of the great truths of the faith. The orator is not obliged to prove his thesis. It is already firmly established in the mind and heart of his hearers. He cannot violate the great principles of Catholic truth, for these, too, are fully known to his people. He therefore ascends to a higher plane than any sectarian or secular orator. He has the truth, and truth which needs no clearing up. He has the highest privilege of the orator—simply to move and persuade.

We have sometimes regretted, both in our own case as a Catholic priest and preacher, and in some of our colleagues in the sacred ministry, that we are wont to devote too much time and attention to the exposition of a doctrinal truth already in possession of our audiences. Nothing can be falser or more ineffective rhetorically. Demosthenes in his oration "On the Crown" and in the "Philippics," bursts out at once upon the facts and convictions of his hearers. So should the Catholic priest. At times, it may be advisable to preach a dogmatic sermon; but its comparative uselessness is a strong argument against it. The principle of St. Augustine, "*ut veritas pateat*" is so firmly fixed in a Catholic audience, that the attempt to make the shining forth of the truth more brilliant generally results in its darkening. We once heard a priest tell a story which he vouched for as true. He said that he preached a sermon upon the Real Presence, and mentioned the historical fact that Berengarius was the first heretic to deny the mystery. The next day he met one of his congregation, who, commenting upon the sermon, remarked, "That *Barrington* you mentioned yesterday, Father; the chap that lives down the road, here, don't amount to much anyway. He is drunk all the time. If I were you, I wouldn't mind anything which that darned old fellow says." This was rather a quaint comment upon Berengarius, who, as he happened to live about eight hundred years ago, must long since have gotten over all his sprees.

How precious a possession the truth is needs no long explanation. Nothing is valuable without it. No grace of rhetoric will supply its place. No elocutionary trick will suffice. Instinctively almost an audience will detect its absence, from argument, from theme, and from even the manner of the orator. He may possess a pleasing address, a cultivated voice, and oratorical pose, but if he announces no soul-satisfying truth, he will labor in vain to produce a deep and abiding impression. Such being the fact, we often wonderingly speculate upon the themes which the average Protestant minister selects, and we are amazed at the effects which he produces. After much reflection, we ascribe his general success to two causes: the rarity of oratorical power among men, which leads them to listen attentively to any one possessed of even few oratorical qualities; and, next, to the emotional and sensational nature of most Protestant sermons. The minister may ignore truth, its clearness and intelligibility, and yet he throws himself at once into high mental excitement and bodily agitation. By simply attending to the moving of the feelings, he achieves triumphs of pulpit eloquence which the Catholic priest, with his clear shining truth, passes over as either puerile or laughable. And yet the sacred minister of Catholic truth may, with perfect logic and admirable propriety, address himself at once to the feelings and emotions of his people. Why he does not, as a rule, do so, springs, very likely, from scholarly training, and, perchance, from the inner feeling, that he would be "making a Methodist ranter of himself."

The orator is indeed a *rara avis*, for the very simple reason that a great orator is a great man, and we count great men upon the fingers of one hand. The qualities that go to the making up of a great speaker are the same that make a great soul. Wonderful sympathy, wide-reaching as the ocean, and, in the sacred orator especially, all aflame with divine love and eagerness for the salvation of souls; high intellectual endowments; perfect memory, unsurpassed command of expression; a diction as rich as a poet's; a voice, if possible, like Bossuet's, which Carlyle de-

scribes as equally capable of expressing a thunderstorm or the plaintiveness of a dove; all these are necessary for the orator. Why wonder we that he is so rare, or that the Athenian philosopher and orator boasted that he could cure men of diseases by his eloquence alone?

The Protestant minister devotes all his attention to homiletics. He is ambitious of becoming a fine speaker, and to attain to this eminence he spares no pains. The great theological schools of Protestantism have professors of elocution, and yearly invite the most eminent preachers to deliver a course of lectures upon the subject of pulpit eloquence. We know only one Catholic seminary in this country (that of Troy), which has a professor of homiletics. In most of our Catholic seminaries, so much attention is paid to the acquisition of afterward unused languages and unavailable studies generally that our really learned priests are obliged to study preaching after ordination, and to learn the very difficult art of how to think on their legs. The extremely sophomoric and "highfalutin" character of "first sermons" will occur to the reader. Few young priests can make even a tolerable address. Hesitation, confusion, bad grammar, and what Mrs. Gamp would call an "all kind of gone, helpless like" appearance and feeling, are the characteristics of the young priest's first attempt at addressing an audience. The glib volubility of the young Protestant minister results from his preparatory practice. The writer of this remembers his woful plight when first ascending the pulpit. His sermon being the leading thought in his mind, he forgot entirely the regular church announcements. He has a vague recollection of confusing the reading of a meeting of the Rosary Society after vespers, and a pic-nic which would take place on the ensuing Thursday, but to this day he never knows when either event was announced to occur; but his firm conviction is that the pic-nic was to take place after the vesper service. All such confusion comes simply from inability to think upon legs. Most of our young clergy are in a chronic condition of what Nathaniel Hawthorne calls "a disposition of our brains to run into our feet as soon as we stand up." Poor Hawthorne never could make even an after-dinner speech (the easiest form of oratorical composition), and his painful expression of countenance upon rising to a toast always set the table in a good-natured round of applause, during which, with a vague though cordial wave of the hand and a desperately determined "hem" or "haw," the great writer, but utterly ineffective speaker, would joyfully sit down.

The casual listener to a Protestant preacher will be struck at once with his careful elocutionary training. Nobody despises the whole elocutionary trade more than we; because we believe, with Webster, who was the greatest orator of the nineteenth century, that "when great interests are at stake and strong passions are excited, nothing is valuable in rhetoric except action;" by which he meant Demosthenic action—which comes, if it comes at all, like the bursting forth of a volcano, and is the highest expression of man. The noble gesture, the action of the hands, and of the figure, even in conversation, are characteristic of man. The brute has no gesture. It belongs only to man, and is an evidence of his divine origin. But if it is affected or studied it strikes one as ape-like or dramatic. When we are excited, we naturally gesticulate. When we are pretending to excitement, we are reduced to the predicament of Sydney Smith's preacher, whose sentimental sermon, in manuscript, was at proper intervals marked, "indignation," "tears," "here cough," etc. Deep

feeling always suggests the proper gesture, and, as nature is ever graceful, so will the gesture be. We have heard all the eminent Protestant preachers of our day, and we unqualifiedly pronounce them ungraceful and affected in delivery. A priest explaining the catechism to his Sunday-school struck us of all as most admirably natural and sincere. Dr. Chapin, who is a much more learned man than Mr. Beecher, and a more sincere man, uses no action. The reason lies in the deep truth of St. Augustine, that unless the speaker or writer has the fulness of conviction, he cannot make the truth plain—"*ut veritas pateat.*" "All nature works to reveal a secret," says Emerson. So there can be no action, no high oratorical power or sway, unless the truth is held both by speaker and by audience.

The mere external culture of the Protestant minister renders him pleasing, or at least not offensive, to his hearers. His fluency passes for eloquence; and if he combine learning with fluency, his position is secure, and leads eventually to the pleasant pastures. Most Protestant sermons indicate careful preparation and extensive reading. We remember a sermon of Rev. Phillips Brooks, formerly of this city, upon the subject of the Holy Ghost as our personal comforter and guide, which sermon seemed to be a transcript from, or certainly suggested by, a chapter in Cardinal Manning's book on the *Temporal Mission of the Holy Ghost.* The Protestant minister has the leisure, and is under the obligation to study. Our priests generally have little time. Their duties embrace a larger circle, and are more exacting than the minister's, who can pass hours in his study, when the priest is running on sick-calls or looking after bad Catholics. Few Protestants have any call for the preacher, and often do not send for him even in mortal sickness. With the Catholic the reverse is the case. He cannot engage in any important work without consulting the priest; and there are very few priests who have more than their meal-times which they can call their own, and frequently not even those. The result of this is apparent in the composition and literary character of their sermons. The *New York Herald* every Monday gives a synopsis of sermons, and the crudeness and lack of original thought in the Catholic sermons are in direct contrast with the studied effort to produce effect of Protestant discourses; although General Truth carries the day with Catholic fathers.

Why so few priests turn out good speakers is a mystery. They receive an admirable education, and, unlike other collegians, their staid habits and strict discipline combine to render their college career exceptionally serviceable and effective. The Catholic seminarian is rarely, if ever, allowed to visit his paternal home. He rises at an early hour—generally five o'clock—often at four. His devotions, including Mass, do not last over two hours; and the remainder of the day, down to nine o'clock P.M., is spent in study. If, like the boys of Harvard, Yale, or Princeton, he could pass evening after evening in the society of the town, or get vacation after vacation, or attend class at his option, we would not be surprised if he turned out an ignoramus, as so many collegians do. But the trouble with the priest is, he cannot use his knowledge effectively. He knows enough, but has no training in expression; or a training in Latin, which does not at all contribute to perfection in the vernacular, if, on the contrary, it be not fatal to anything like grace and ease in writing or speaking. Dr. Johnson's great knowledge of the Latin language and literature spoiled his English style completely, though he DID write a Latin translation of Pope's *Messiah*, which, as the latter poet

said, will be taken by posterity as the original of his own poem. Much classicity results in "words of wondrous length and thundering sound;" and it is remarkable, though not unexplainable, that the most idiomatic writer of English in our day was Charles Dickens, who was neither college-bred nor, until late in life, acquainted with any language save his own. The Protestant preacher pursues all his studies in English, and, instead of making attempts at speaking Latin, manages, in his English commentaries, to pile up quite as much false theology as our own seminarians do true. The great command of texts and of Scripture illustrations evinced by Protestant divines lies completely in abeyance in the hands of the Catholic priest, who cannot on the instant translate his Latin texts into English, no matter how clear to his mind their meaning may be. We remember, on a certain occasion, a priest who had not an English Testament, wishing to read the gospel to his people, took up the Latin Missal. The gospel was that of the unjust steward, and it abounds in untranslatable words and difficult forms of speech. Anyhow, before long, our reverend friend became completely muddled among "bushels of oil" and "barrels of wheat," the very remembrance of which words in the English translation serving to confuse him, and he managed to leave the unjust steward under the haziest cloud of character.

Those who peruse the *Yearly Yale Lectures on Preaching* will remember the exceeding stress which all the lecturers lay upon moving the feelings. Therein does all Protestantism consist. The appeal to the feelings, which falls under the peroration in a perfect oration, is the body and soul of all Protestant sermonizing. Even preachers who disdain and denounce the word and idea, "sensational," cannot help themselves. Protestantism is a religion of feeling, quite as much as Catholicity is a religion of intellect. There is, of course, no religion without an intellectual basis; and even Mythology endeavored uselessly, as it proved, to give some rational basis to its creed. But all Protestant sects depend mainly upon feeling; and in proportion as the emotional nature is moved, so religion with them is supposed to increase. That calm, cold, statuesque, and everlasting existence of ideas, as unchangeable as fate, or rather as God,—an idea familiar to Catholic minds,—has no acceptance with Protestants. A Catholic is a Catholic forever, by reason of the objective force of the Church, and the existence of an external order which he cannot change even if he will. A Protestant feeds upon sentiment. He loves to be moved, to be stirred, to have religious experiences, to have "the witness of the Spirit." The sentimental phase is, generally speaking, laughable to the Catholic mind. Even Catholic women, who, by reason of their sex, should be prone to ecstatic experience and general sentimentalism, are apt to be quite intellectual and sensible in their piety.

The rapture and excitement of Methodism are never seen in a Catholic Church, not even in the times of the mission, nor in the most excitable of Catholic peoples, the Italians. Emotionalism, such as is common in nearly all Protestant Churches, is unknown in Catholicism. Sentiment is the life of Protestantism. It has no intellectual or doctrinal vigor. The preacher who electrifies a congregation, or who can even diffuse that peculiar religious feeling which is regarded as a sufficient substitute for piety, will be sure to be honored and flattered. Hence the homiletic direction of the minister's study. He labors to preach well. He quick accustoms himself to those sympathetic moods which strike the cold and dispassionate observer as so strange and

absurd. He is easily moved to tears, and can assume a lachrymose expression *instanter*. A frightful whine, which is supposed to indicate religious feeling, has quite supplanted the nasal twang which, fifty years ago, was regarded as necessary to orthodoxy. Nothing can be more painful to the sensitive ear than this whine. Some preachers limit it to the opening prayer and the benediction, and manage to exclude it from the sermon, but the howl is distinguishable even on the street, as one hurries by a Protestant conventicle. The chant prescribed by the Church was arranged on the wisest of reasons, to prevent extempore prayer or the reading of prayers. Why men read prayers in the most unearthly tones they can possibly produce is one of those religious mysteries which all of us are patiently expecting the last day to reveal.

With all his traditions and experiences pointing that way, there is no wonder that the Protestant preacher indulges in the sensational. He is ever on the lookout for striking phrases, and for this purpose he diligently reads light literature. The sermons of De Witt Talmage are curious studies of what Richard Grant White would call "words that are not words." Poverty of thought is concealed by wealth of words. The simple and noble sentiment or idea of which this preacher seems incapable gives place to the slang of the street or the rather dubious joke. Talmage may be written down an ass; but the muscular power of his large ears has long served to attract attention to him. The newspaper men, who are the keenest critics in the country, long ago stripped him of his lion's skin; and no less cosmopolitan city than New York could afford to support him. He represents the extreme sensationalism of Protestantism, and is evidently always on the lookout for the slightest opportunity of attracting attention. How ignoble an aim, compared with that of simply showing forth divine truth! Robert Collyer some years ago was another sensational preacher, but we believe he went to England. All Protestant ministers aim at the same effects, and resort to the same means; and it is noticeable that Protestant converts who enter the Catholic priesthood can never form any idea of preaching except that which deals largely with the feelings.

Great as John Henry Newman is in history and theology, his sermons are so logically constructed that not even their great learning and beauty prevent them from being at times tedious. It is not so with Dr. Chalmers, with Edward Irving, or even with Spurgeon, whose wonderful poetic feeling, however, is sufficient to render his discourses admirable to a general reader. But why can they not simply state their theme and so let it rest? Alas! they have not the truth. It is not clear to them, nor intelligible to their audiences, and their striking appeals to the feelings affect us as did the philosophical speculations of the Laputans affect Gulliver, who, in his wonderful voyage to that aerial island, relates that all the philosophers were in deep concern about the condition of the sun and the aspects of the planets; and that the very first question which they anxiously asked him, was his opinion upon the spots on the sun's disk, and whether he believed that the universe would be consumed in a million of years or not?

A prominent Protestant preacher remarked to the writer that he never touched upon dogmatic themes, for the reason that his audience might be of divided opinion. The reader of the religious notices in a Saturday paper will often be amused at the variety of topics announced to be discussed, and their very general divergence from the Scriptural orbit a very natural apprehension. The Church prescribes a certain gospel for every Sunday in the year, and whilst

the Catholic preacher is at liberty to select any topic, he is hedged in completely by his character as a priest and the positive disinclination of the Church to his saying anything *outré*. No pent-up Utica confines the powers of the Protestant minister.

Whatever breathes of the sensational element belongs to him, and the last railroad accident, or the pending silver bill, fall under his category of sermons. It is to be regretted that the highest medium of religious persuasion should be degraded to the clap-trap of street-corner eloquence, and the noble function of human speech, best used when used in the pulpit, should deck itself out in what the stern Cicero would call meretricious ornaments. (*De Oratore*, cap. ix.) But the sly Protestant reader, who dislikes going to church, jogs our elbow and whispers: "Who cares about all your dull theorizing on the subject of preaching? Tell us where there is a good preacher, *even if he is sensational*, and we'll go hear him." The Catholic goes to hear the word of God, not of man.

IN THANKSGIVING.

At last! at last! Oh joy! Oh victory!
But not to me, my God, ah, not to me
But to Thy Name the praise, the glory be!

At last! at last! but when was prayer unheeded?
And more wouldst Thou have given had more been needed,
For purer lips than mine my cause have pleaded.

Oh trust, that trembled on the verge of failing!
Oh timid heart, at shadowy terrors quailing,
Spending thyself in conflict unavailing!

Dear God, forgive! my fears are shamed to flight;
O'ershadowed by Thy mercy and Thy might,
I rest in humble-hearted still delight.

Oh teach me song to praise Thee gladsomely
Whose strong hands cleared the tangled way for me,
And saved me from the snares I could not flee!

Fain would I linger under skies so fair,
Too happy here, Lord, in my answered prayer,
To reck what stars are shining otherwhere!

GOD'S EXISTENCE KNOWN TO REASON.

WHEN Pius the Ninth defined that God can with certainty be known from created things by the natural light of human reason, some amongst Catholics thought that a truth so patent needed no definition. The Pope, guided by the Holy Spirit, ruled differently, and the experience of the seven years that have run since the Vatican Council shows the wisdom and the necessity of the definition. Theories that strike at the root of natural and revealed religion are gaining ground so quickly as to be talked about, not merely in the universities, but—so say the Reviews—in club and drawing-room. The pages of the *Nineteenth Century* are proof sufficient that some foremost writers have parted, on so-called scientific grounds, with their belief in that personal God who is the Father, the Friend, and the End of man. Were there any need of apology for treating a theme apparently so threadbare, it is found in the words of the Sovereign Pontiff, who, in a letter to the Archbishop of Munich in 1862, says that it is the highest duty of philosophy to prove, maintain, uphold (*demonstrare, vindicare, defendere*) the existence, the nature, and the attributes of God—and it belongs, at least indirectly, to theology to test the cogency of these proofs. For if it be clearly taught in Scripture—that great source of theological truth—that reason can with its own unaided strength reach to the knowledge of God, it comes within the sphere of theology to examine the argument.

As grace presupposes nature, so revelation presupposes an acquaintance with those truths which fall within the compass of reason. Theology is only too glad to use philosophy as a help to a better understanding of the dogmas of faith. This is all the more true in the matter which I treat, for the object is the same to theologian or philosopher, although seen in a different light.

Even a superficial acquaintance with the Old Testament shows us that the inspired writers suppose, where they do not openly state, that this visible universe is a mirror dimly reflecting its great Creator. David never wearies of repeating that the beauty of outward things, the skill in design marked on the face of the world, only serves to shadow forth the greatness of Him who reared the fabric. There are none so deaf as not to hear the note of thanksgiving which, as Bellarmine says in his beautiful interpretation of the eighteenth Psalm, each day transmits to its successor, while the close of one night signals to the other to begin the hymn of thanksgiving to God. The music of creation, to copy a phrase from the Fathers, is heard in every tongue, race, land. There is no consideration more familiar in Scripture than that the works of God are the expression of his thoughts embodied in sensible, tangible shape, and bearing the traces of the Mind that conceived them. Even the monsters that tread the earth or live in the deep waters speak of their Maker. "Ask now the beasts," says Job, "and they shall teach thee, and the fowls of the air, and they shall tell thee; or speak to the earth, and it shall answer thee, and the fishes of the sea shall tell." In the well-known passage from the thirteenth chapter of Wisdom, it is distinctly, clearly, and forcibly laid down, first that from things good to the eye the mind learns of One from whom the goodness has been borrowed; secondly, from created beauty it rises to uncreated; thirdly, from the work may be gathered the

existence of the Architect; fourthly, in the greatness of the creature the Creator may in some way be seen—*a magnitudine speciei cognoscibiliter potest horum Creator videri.* I hardly know if it be possible for words to speak more plainly. There is no limitation to any class of men. *Si enim tantum potuerunt scire ut possent æstimare sæculum: quomodo hujus dominum non facilius invenerunt?* Nor can ignorance plead excuse; for the mind that can prize the world around it can more easily find and therefore appreciate Him who made it. But the Council leans on the first chapter to the Romans, and over it I must pass briefly. "Because," says the Apostle, "what is known of God is manifest in them, for God hath shown it unto them. For the invisible things of him from the beginning of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and divinity, so that they are without excuse." The Apostle may speak chiefly, but not exclusively, of philosophers. All the Gentiles are embraced. If the context were narrowed to one class, would the Council have quoted the verse as the basis of a canon binding on the Universal Church? The endeavor to rid the words *ita ut sint inexcusabiles* of their natural force by the objection that in matters of religion man is bound to take probability in lack of certainty, and that probable not certain knowledge is meant here, is against the obvious sense and spirit of the passage. "Don't you see," says St. Paul, as I paraphrase him, "these men simply have not got a leg to stand on. Why they need only look around them to find God's divinity staring them in the face!"

The antithesis is clearly brought out in the original τὰ ἀόρατα καθορᾶται, where the words *Sempiterna quoque virtus et divinitas*, are seen to be merely explanatory of the ἀόρατα. Interpreters quarrel without end about the sense to be given to *invisibilia*, *virtus*, and *divinitas*. It seems to me that the *invisibilitas* may be fairly taken as the complexus of the Divine perfections; *virtus*, the power of the Maker seen by the mind in the vastness of his work; *divinitas*, the majesty of the Being on whom all lean, the goal towards whom all things bend. St. Paul says the knowledge is clear (φανερόν). It must then come from natural light, not from revelation. For the truths of revelation are the object of faith, and faith is not said to be clear, at least as far as regards the person who reveals, although it may be as far as the truth that is revealed. Here God reveals not by his word, but by his work. The Council says, "We can know God with certainty." Certainty is the rest enjoined by the mind in the perception of truth. But what is meant by the words to "know God?" Know is used in a multitude of senses. We know a man by appearance, by his face and figure, while his nature and disposition are in great part hidden to us. Similarly in the text the eye of the mind looks through outward things upon him who made them. At least it is certain he exists; but it knows next to nothing of his nature. The first glance at the feature gives a scanty idea. Time and careful inspection bring out the lines in the portrait. Similarly in the mind's apprehension of God. St. Paul says man learns from his works that the Creator lives, and the lesson is so easy, that the knowledge may be said to be immediate or innate, in that man in the full use of his powers at once sees the hand of God in the world before us. I am not pressing the text. I think it refers to the first knowledge of God, and so it is commonly explained by the Fathers, although the words may also refer to that fuller and more complete knowledge which thought and study bring. The knowledge here spoken of, as I conceive, is

what theologians describe as indistinct or confused. When they have told us this, they seem to think they have fulfilled all justice, for they are most careful to avoid saying in what this confused knowledge lies. My notion is somewhat of this sort. A man in the full use of his power is reasoning all day long. He reasons without ever being aware that he is reasoning. For reason is a necessity of his nature. It is as idle to forbid man to reason, as it is to try to prevent a bloodhound from scenting his prey. Reason is at once the symbol of man's greatness and a proof of his imperfection. Of all notions, no matter what modern philosophers may say, the commonest is cause and effect. In every-day life we act on it. Do we rise sick in the morning, the headache is traced to excess in food and work. Are our books tossed upside down on our table? Some dear friend has been meddling. Man looks on the world around him, his intellect is struck by its order and symmetry, he is awed by the vastness of sea, earth, sun. How came they here? Reason points to some powerful, independent Supreme Being, apart from things of sense. The idea is vague, misty, indistinct. The mind may connect many qualities which afterthought shows to be incompatible with the conception of God. The notion of Supreme Being comes out prominently—on that the mind rests. Further search will scatter the mists and bring out the object in bolder relief. Even in the case of the ignorant, the sight of creatures must raise a doubt or suspicion that some ruler or lord exists, and in a matter of such importance reason will urge further inquiry. This, then, is my own notion. This first and very imperfect knowledge will lead to clearer insight of God, if man only strives his best. *Quærere Deum*, says St. Paul, in the seventeenth chapter of the Acts, *si forte attrectent aut inveniant.* Where, as Franzelin points out, *quærere* refers to an object of which the mind has some knowledge, for we do not seek for what is absolutely and entirely unknown to exist; and *attrectent*, which in the original is rendered by ψηλαφήσειαν, means, as we say, feeling in the dark along the wall until finally you reach the door. This *immediate* knowledge of God (using the word immediate in the sense above explained) is so necessary to man that theologians generally agree that he cannot remain long without it. Molina and Arriaga say that man can be long in ignorance of his Maker, but their arguments tend rather to show, not that man has no conception of God, but that sin and passion may, as St. Austin says, close his eyes to the light that is streaming over his soul. Vasquez* lays down distinctly that God's existence is seen so evidently and so clearly in created objects that it is not in our power to deny it; and this opinion is strengthened by Coninck† when he asserts that a certain inclination is given by the Author of our nature which prompts us at once to judge there is some Being on whom all things depend; and Carleton goes even further, for he says it is impossible by any effort or labor to check these inward yearnings after God, or entirely to drive from the mind all thoughts of Him who made us. But by far the strongest witness is St. Thomas, in a passage so plain that it is impossible to mistake the drift of it.‡ The Saint says a child is bound under grave sin to turn to God the moment he reaches the use of reason. Therefore, according to St. Thomas, at that moment he has some knowledge of God, otherwise how can he turn to Him? No one can turn towards an object he does not see, or love a thing he does not know.

The Fathers, from St. Justin the

* 1 p. D. 19, s. 4.
† De Act. Super. D. 18, dub. 2, n. 9.
‡ 1, 2, q. 8, 9 a. 6 ad 3.

Apologist to St. Bernard, are unanimous in teaching that the human mind, from the contemplation of this visible world, rises to the God who made it. The Fathers mention two kinds of knowledge of God: one is called innate, or immediate, because, as before stated, from the mere sight of outward things the existence of God their creator in some dim and uncertain way flashes upon man; the other is that more perfect knowledge of God and of His attributes, free from all error, which reason can with its unaided strength (*per se*) acquire after long and diligent search. The former, because easy, is shared by all; the latter, from the great difficulties that beset its attainment, is to the run of men morally impossible without the help of Revelation. I am writing for Catholics, who remember that the Fathers are not merely authorized exponents of doctrine, but chiefly witnesses to the unchanging faith of the Church. Their teaching, therefore, on this head testifies to the belief of the days in which they lived. I refer to some of the more prominent testimonies. Clement of Alexandria* says that it is perhaps better not to attempt a proof of God's existence, since His Providence is self-evident to those who look upon His works. Men without any instruction recognize the Father and Creator of all things. No set of men, he goes on to say, whether of those who live in towns, or lead a wandering life, can be found not possessing a belief in a higher Power. From east to west and from north to south all have the same first notion (προλήψιν) of Him who made the world, because his operations have pervaded all things. It will be here noticed that Clement speaks of a certain preconception, using a word which might seem, at first blush, to exclude knowledge gained by sense. But the term is frequently applied to those early notions, imperfect and faulty, which the first glance gives. So at least the expression is explained by Franzelin, one of the first living authorities on the teaching of the Fathers. St. Athanasius speaks no less plainly.* According to him all creation, by the exquisite symmetry of its parts, speaks loudly of its Maker. God, invisible in himself, can be known from His works. For the architect, not seen in person, is recognized by his productions. As the statues of Phidias revealed their master's skill, so, says the Saint, in the world around us we see the finger of God. St. Gregory Nazianzen† says: "The nature of God is in itself inappreciable and incomprehensible—*non quod sit, sed quid sit.* These two points differ very widely. *For both our eyes and the natural law teach that God exists,* and that He is the cause, creating and preserving all things. . . . For how could this universe have been formed and kept together except by God, who creates and preserves all things? No one perceiving a harp beautifully formed, its skill and harmony, or listening to the duly blended sounds, can think of aught else than the maker and player on the harp. To the maker in thought is he borne, even though hapily his appearance be unknown. Just so the cause that makes and moves and preserves the things that are made, is clearly seen, although not thoroughly grasped by the mind."

I could multiply extracts without end, all teaching the same lesson, that the world is a book eloquent in its Author's praise; but as I have already quoted some representatives of the Greek Church, I shall allow St. Augustine and Tertullian to speak for the Latin. The former, in a passage of exceeding beauty, found in his 141st sermon, bids us

* Strom. v, pp. 547–612.

* Orat. Contra Gentes, nn. 34, 35.

† Orat. xxviii al xxxiv, nn. 5, 6.

ask the globe, and the glistening stars that deck the heavens, the sun that lends its light to the day, and the moon that soothes the loneliness of night; he bids us inquire from the earth, teeming with fruits and shrubs, and the sea, swarming with fish, and the air with birds—how came they there, and they will all with one voice proclaim, God made us. It might be well for those who talk so much of the poetry of nature, of their reverence for the "great mother," to turn over from time to time the pages of St. Augustine. They will find therein a soul keenly alive to the influence of natural beauty, who heard a voice in wood, and mountain, and running stream, speaking of One from whom all earth's loveliness has been borrowed. Tertullian says:* "God is known to all by the light of reason (*naturaliter*), from the testimony of his works." Again, the same writer, in his work *Contra Marcionem*,† argues in the same strain (the italics are mine): "From the very beginning, together with things themselves, their Maker was brought into notice, for they were produced *with the intention that God might thereby be known*. . . . Nor do they owe this knowledge of God to any books of Moses: for the soul exists before prophecy. From the very beginning the soul's consciousness is the gift of God, and it is the same amongst Egyptians, and Syrians, and inhabitants of Pontus. God will never be hid; God will never be wanting; He will ever be understood, He will always be heard." It is worth noticing that Tertullian goes out of his way to state that the knowledge of God was due to reason alone, without aid from the books of Moses—that is, without the aid of Revelation. Finally, St. Gregory the Great, commenting on these words of Job,‡ "All men see him, each one beholds him afar off," says that every man by the fact of being by nature rational must conclude that his Maker is God. Him we may be said to see, inasmuch as the intellect points to the marks of his empire in the world around us. We see Him from afar now, because we only see Him in his works; when the curtain is raised, and we are quit of this frame, we shall see Him face to face. Over and above that knowledge of God which comes from close reflection and accurate reasoning, the Fathers, if we accept the extracts referred to as a fair sample of their teaching, speak of a certain shadowy and more imperfect knowledge implanted in the hearts of all who have not choked the utterance of reason. This apprehension, dim and imperfect at the beginning, springs from the very principles of our nature. It is not acquired by study; it precedes it. We may style it the characteristic, the inheritance of a rational being. Franzelin* quotes from the Fathers such expressions as the following: "Knowledge learnt from nature without any teaching; a natural foreboding (*anticipatio*) of the mind; reason, alike in all, leading us as by its first law to God from the creatures that are seen." Accordingly the Fathers hold that from no people, civilized or barbarous, is the idea of a Supreme Being hidden. Everywhere God is felt in the outer world by his works, in the inner life of man by the dictates of conscience, which appeal to Him as their Supreme Arbiter and their Supreme Sanction. One thing is to deny that God exists, another to believe your own assertion. Scripture says the fool said in his heart there was no God. But was he sincere? I think not. Even if sincere, he was a fool. St. Augustine makes an exception, as I have admitted above, for those few so sunk in vice as to have lost all sense of One to whom sin is so

* De Resurrectione Carnis, cap. ii.
† Lib. i, cap. 10. ‡ Job xxxvi, 25.

* De Deo.

hateful. But then they must have drunk down vice to the very dregs. Add to this, they must be also illiterate. An educated man, a victim to every excess and a slave to every passion, can blot out with much greater difficulty, if at all, the memory of God. Education is the maturing of the intellect; the more ripe its powers, the more will reason follow its natural instinct by seeing its Lord in the symmetry of the sciences, in the design of the universe, in the providential arrangement of season and climate, or in the characters and events that crowd the pages of history. As the mind is naturally made to yearn after and to hold truth when found, so, repeat the Fathers, does it naturally seek for God, from whom all truth comes. If a consensus of scientific men claims respectful submission on a point of science, we can at least demand a like share of courtesy to be extended to the Fathers even by those outside the Church. Their writings are the outcome of long years of study and meditation, and many, if not all, were the intellectual giants of their day.

It is, then, the common teaching of Fathers and of theologians that the mind turns to God as the sunflower to the sun, or as naturally as the magnet points to the north. In forming some idea of God from creatures, we are in much the same position as a man who sees on a wall merely the shadow of a body: from the shadow he learns the existence of the object. The idea of a body thus formed can be true, although imperfect, even though it does not represent any of the qualities of the body which a shadow as such is unable to give. Creatures, in so far as they are active, intelligent, powerful, and endowed with the faculty of will, imply that these qualities exist in much nobler form in God, just as beauty and symmetry of form exist much more truly in the body than the shadow. I cling to this illustration, for no word is oftener used by approved writers than *adumbrare* when they speak of creatures representing God. Nor can there be much difficulty in the mind having some notion of the infinite, for it sees imperfections in things around, and it can without very great strain conceive some Being without flaw; but to be without blemish is to be absolutely perfect—absolute perfection and infinity mean the same. The process of arguing from contingent things to the first cause is so easy, that all nations have owned the existence of some Supreme Being, although about his nature and perfections they have been largely misled. For although from the effect we gather the cause, the nature of the cause is not at once learnt from the effect. Men see a variety of effects from the same cause, and different causes produce like effects. Heathen nations have erred about the nature, while they acknowledge the existence of some Supreme Being.

Even Christian races, while possessing some notion of the true God from reason, would assuredly go astray in their investigation unless helped by God's own word. In the Dogmatic Constitution *Dei Filius*,* the Vatican Council teaches that a perfectly true and accurate knowledge of many things which fall *per se* within the compass of reason, God's existence and nature amongst the number, cannot be had by all "with firm certainty" without the blessing of Revelation. The causes are clear. Truth about a being, infinite, incomprehensible, such as we know God to be, needs time and much study, which many are unwilling to give. Did they use all diligence, partly from defect of education, or from the miseries incidental to our state, the efforts of very many would be unsuccessful. Revelation is not *absolutely* necessary for the attainment of the truths to which I allude, nor even morally necessary

* Cap. ii.

for this or that individual, but it is *morally* necessary for a great number of men, who are bound to know certain truths, not of themselves above the reach of reason. Without the help of Revelation many would not face, much less overcome, these difficulties, which impede man in his endeavors to form in his mind an image of his Maker, "free from all mixture of error," as the Council speaks. Revelation teaches us at once to know, to love, and to serve God. The logical process that leads to God presupposes an acquaintance with many other subjects. Although eventually clear and true ideas of Him would dawn upon the mind, yet years might pass before it gained that true acquaintance with Him and his divine prerogatives which his love and our needs alike demand. St. Thomas says* that many would be robbed of the knowledge of God, such as He requires even in the natural order, were it not for faith. As human reason without a guide often misses its way, therefore God's own word is necessary that men in general may know, free from every shade of doubt, those things of God which are not above human reason. How could the poor and the ignorant, whose struggle is for bread, ever gain, amid the tormenting cares of life, that true knowledge of God and the moral duties of their state, even in the natural order, without a divine teacher? This admission in no sense weakens my argument. For reason, like other powers, depends for its exercise on certain conditions. It is weakened and cramped by sickness, by the pinching of want, by bad associations, by sorrow, by anxiety of mind. God takes pity on its weakness, and by his own word supplies its shortcomings. Before Revelation ignorance and misbelief speed away. Reason is the twilight, Revelation the blaze of noon.

I have referred above to that belief in some Supreme Being, as seen in the rites, sacrifices, prayers, institutions of priesthood, which in some shape or other are found among all nations. Mr. Gladstone thinks the Zeus of the *Iliad* shares in some of the characteristics of the Deity. "Zeus," says Mr. Gladstone, in the *Juventus Mundi*, "in many points inherits the tradition, and is formed upon the conception *of the one and Supreme God.* He is the source of governing authority.* He is the distributer in general of good and evil. He is himself a source of destiny, as we find from the remarkable phrase, *Διὸς αἶσα*—the fate proceeding from Zeus." The strongest ground for the admission of some supreme Disposer and Lord is found in the fact that those who refuse to own the God of the Christian are forced to set up some idol in his place. Even the would-be philosophers of the day, who have no words strong enough to mark their scorn for the religious convictions of their neighbors, are forced in the end to set as the goal of man's aspirations the prospect of aiding in "the glorious future of the race." A visionary Utopia and a godless creed may indeed serve for the young, the healthy, the successful in the great prizes of life. But to what are they to cling whose lot is old age, without friends and without honor, who have had to fight against poverty and ill-repute undeserved, whose only trust is in that world beyond the grave where virtue gets its due?

But it may be asked how are we, who are bound to charity in thought and word, to judge of that class of prominent writers, who either leave God's existence an open question or boldly deny it? They cannot be accused of hiding their views. A publicity is given to them which would not have been tolerated forty years ago. They give the lie to all the greatest names in English literature, who often speak lovingly, or at least respectfully of God. For

* 2. 2. q. 2. a. 4.

* Iliad, xvi, 387.

them the church spire, that crowns every landscape, has no meaning. Their hearts are moved to no tender thoughts by the cross that marks the quiet resting-place of the dead. With such evidence, natural and revealed, staring these educated men in the face, I must consider their sentiments as the *result* of wilful perversion. In their case, *stat pro ratione voluntas.* But we need not be astonished. A short time before St. Paul wrote, the Wisdom of the Father came on earth, and went amongst men. His daily mission was to do good. He said he was God, but the world would not believe Him. Then He appealed to miracles as the test of his divinity. But men shook their heads, and turned from the beauty of his face, and were deaf to the music of his voice. They said He was mad and beside himself, and that He had a devil. As God was victorious then in spite of the Jews, so will He conquer now in spite of "modern thought." A few years hence the wrangle of philosophers will cease, their names will be told in pity or derision, and then, as now, for those who care to look, the earth will be full of God's glory.

But if outward things loudly proclaim their Maker, there is a voice from within that speaks powerfully and persuasively of God when it rules and regulates the acts of men. Differing widely in temper, constitution, language, race, climate, all are found to agree in condemning or upholding certain leading principles of conduct. I grant the number of such principles to be very few indeed; but even one moral maxim of general acceptance would be enough to prove my point. For if man by the sole light of reason sees that he is bound to avoid certain actions, he must also see that this obligation is binding on every rational creature. And if reason acknowledges an obligation to be eternal and universal, the Lawgiver must have been from everlasting, and must claim universal sway. The knowledge of a law binding all men in certain things implies at least some dim, confused knowledge of its Maker. The acknowledgment of an obligation is a confession of dependence, and if reason shows man the necessity of obeying such and such a precept, it must also point as its warrant to some superior who has a claim on man's obedience. For a free being refuses to obey unless when he sees a claim on his submission. And since reason perceives this moral law of universal obligation, it cannot but recognize in it some Supreme Lord, to whom supreme homage is due. St. Paul says* that the "Gentiles, by the same light of reason which showed them God in the things that He made, admitted also a moral law coming from God: "Cum justitiam Dei cognovissent, quod qui talia agunt, digni sunt morte, non solum ea faciunt, sed etiam consentiunt facientibus." With the Black Country in its worse than semi-barbarous state staring me in the face, I am not likely to deny that crime, and passion and bad surroundings can so blend all notions of right and wrong that it seems hard to find even one moral truth to which the human heart will pledge its fealty. But this does not in the least tell against my argument. If men steeped in sin do not see their Maker in the works of his hands, neither will they in the moral law. Even in those whom we call savages the natural law still lives, urging, forbidding, advising, commanding.

"If any one," writes St. Thomas,† "reared in the woods among animals were to follow the guidance of natural reason in seeking after good and avoiding evil, we must most certainly hold that God would reveal to him by internal inspiration the things which he is bound to believe, or would send a missioner to instruct him." In the first part of this quotation the saint says that unaided

* Romans i, 32.
† De Veritate, q. 14, a. 11 ad 1.

nature can obey and therefore know the moral law, and thus win from God that supernatural knowledge necessary to man in his present state. I have already said that the inward promptings to follow certain lines of conduct imply some hazy, confused knowledge of that Source whence all law comes. For it is possible to have a clear, distinct, accurate knowledge of a moral obligation without a clear and distinct, although not without some indistinct knowledge of God. For I cannot be clearly convinced that I am bound to do a certain act without knowing why. If the reason of an action be unknown to myself, its obligation ceases to be clear to me. But this sense of obligation in the first principles of the natural law, of which I am now speaking, necessarily includes some notion of a Supreme Being, with control over me, whose wish should be the rule of my conduct. "If, as is the case, we feel responsibility, are ashamed, are frightened at transgressing the voice of conscience, this implies that there is One to whom we are responsible, before whom we are ashamed, whose claims upon us we fear."* Just as the Fathers call that knowledge of God *immediate* and innate, because it springs up without an effort in the mind from the sight of the world around us, so does reason in the law written on the heart see the hand of Him who wrote it. Duty and obligation are relative terms, implying the existence, so to speak, of debtor and creditor. The duties of man are, then, moral relations. They alone are moral agents who have freewill, and the desire to perform a moral duty follows on the light the intellect gives to the will. The morality of an act is its conformity with the natural law. Take any action: we say and feel that it is good if it be in keeping with the counsels of reason. But can we stop here? What claim has reason to control us? Whence does it draw its right to sovereignty? When it bids man follow such and such a course, does it not also indicate that this path guides the creature towards its end? An order implies dependence; and, as I said before, this notion of dependence necessarily forces itself on the mind after a little reflection, leading to Him on whom all things lean. Nor is this voice ever silent. It is constantly speaking in praise and blame. The very difficulty felt in opposing reason is the strongest sign that reason is the warning voice of a higher Power, and that it is not itself supreme. A monarch has no scruple in breaking a law made by himself. If man be the measure of all things, why should he not satisfy every desire, indulge every fancy? Why should he ever curb the cravings of passion, if there be no law that forbids excess? Why should the pangs of remorse be forever wringing his heart? Within its own sphere, I freely admit that reason may be considered supreme. Within its narrow range it is the representative of God. It is his likeness, and shares in the virtues of its great original. If it be infallible in the apprehension of certain truths that appertain to belief and to conduct, its inerrancy is but a share in that unswerving measure of right and wrong, the Eternal Reason, for the type is the shadow of the antitype. The verdict of reason and conscience will be ratified on that last day, says St. Paul, when God will judge the hearts of men. I hardly know if it be possible to exalt reason higher than to make it the measure of the good and evil in a natural act. But this goodness is limited and imperfect; the intellect seeks and the will yearns for some higher standard of excellence, for human nature refuses to believe it is the end of all things. Again, a sin against the natural law has all the properties of sin. But there can be no sin, properly so called, without breaking an order known to come

* Grammar of Assent, p. 106.

in some way from God. Hence the first principles of justice and right imply at least some confused knowledge of God, else conscience cannot upbraid us with their violation. But against what has been said it may be urged that on my statement the existence of the moral obligation is clear, whereas on the other hand the evidence of the Legislator's existence is incomplete. Why, therefore, cannot a clear and distinct moral obligation with a legislator indistinctly known, when I have already a legislator in right reason immediately and distinctly urging the principle on my acceptance, and when, moreover, reason in every man lays down the same course of conduct? To this I answer: Reason dictates clearly what is evil and what is good, not as a legislator but as a herald who makes known the law. I fully grant every action to be bad that is against the mandate of right reason. But the very epithet *right* implies reference to some measure of conduct different from itself. You have no right to trespass on my property—that is, your intrusion is against the law of the land, in this case the measure of your conduct. How can any one except an infinite being whose perfections are infinite oblige himself? How explain that we cannot by any amount of arguing persuade ourselves that that is right which we feel to be wrong, if reason be itself the law, and not merely the voice of a higher power making known the law? This knowledge of a legislator, although imperfect, is enough to bind the conscience so firmly that its violation gives me trouble and pain. Who would dread any bad effects from an act unless he were responsible to some higher power? No legislator fears to change his own enactments: he that makes can also unmake a law.

But this paper would be incomplete without some reference to the connection between truth as known to man and the existence of God. I am very far indeed from holding that this proof is either as easy or as solid as that from the outward world, to which Scripture and the fathers appeal. I think the proof is in itself convincing, although few have time, and fewer still inclination, to study its bearings. Truth, as Catholic writers understand it, is the agreement between the intellect and the thing known. Truth is a relation, and depends in existence and duration on the terms it involves. Truths may be regarded as certain results which the essences of things bring about. In a right-angled triangle the square of the hypothenuse equals the sum of the squares of the sides containing a right angle. The existence of a triangle is contingent, and in time; certain relations between its parts are necessarily intelligible, and eternal. I cannot conceive a right-angled triangle under any other conditions. Reason assures me that if I did not exist or recognize this truth, it would still be true without me. I cannot conceive a state of things where what is now true would be false. I am well aware that Mr. Mill equivalently says in his *Logic* that a whole is greater than a part in this sphere, but that for aught he knows it may not be so in other spheres. The reply is, *securus judicat orbis terrarum*. Of course with such a code of belief it is impossible to prove the existence of God. Whenever you try for a foundation the sands shift beneath your feet. The wide world differs from Mr. Mill. Out of twenty-five millions of Englishmen, how many think that in Jupiter or Saturn a part is greater than the whole? The fact is said to be evident, that is, it is so clear that I cannot close my eyes to the light, I cannot help seeing. But if this truth, a whole is greater than its part, be necessary, independent of time, place, man's existence; if it has been true for ages before the world was, by what being has this truth been realized? Truth has

reference to an intellect; if a thing be eternally true, it has also been eternally intelligible; an object eternally intelligible without an intellect seems to me a contradiction. You can multiply without end things that are intelligible. Everything possible is thereby intelligible, and the range of possibility is limited only by objects in themselves contradictory. I say, then, that all these infinite, intelligible things must have somehow a dwelling-place and a home. They cannot rest in mid-air. There must be an intelligent being existing from everlasting, in whom these countless truths meet in a focus. The principle of causation applied to the physical order leads us to God, and transferred to the ideal proves His existence. In our minds truth is not as in God. We only know, at least directly, the created order of truth; it needs a reflex action to lead us to truth who knows no beginning. In God truth is identical with His substance. If His essence be the source of all being, so the divine intellect in its infinite grasp of that essence is the source of all truth. The knowledge of mathematical and necessary truths in God is drawn from the contemplation of His essence. Man, on the contrary recognizes these truths in created things, or at most in some object formed by the mind, which has its origin in sensible experience.

Mental truth results from the knowledge of distinct objects; in the Divine mind the knowledge of His own essence as the source of all being implies the knowledge of all truth. The eye cannot see two points in space without at the same time perceiving the intervening distance, and it is equally impossible that all mathematical, necessary truths, and the like should be excluded from the knowledge which the Divine intellect has of the share that creatures can have in His essence. Infinite being possesses infinite truth, finite being finite truth. As from the finite effects in creation we ascend to the primeval cause, as yet veiled from sight, even so, says Liberatore, in his beautiful work *Conoscenza Intellettuale*, do truths which the mind has made its own suffice to prove the existence of substantial truth their fountain-head and origin. Truth has reference to being. And if all things point upward, animate and inanimate, towards the throne of God, truth for its ultimate verdict calls on Him. For everything that exists is true. St. Augustine* gives this simple definition, *verum videtur esse id quod est.* The source of all being must then be the source of all truth, for truth is a property of being. As God is the model of all goodness and beauty, so is He of all truth. It must have a cause, a pattern, somewhere. Nothing comes from nothing. Either what we apprehend is substantial truth itself, or it must lead the mind mediately or immediately to one, at whose feet the eager intellect rests. Those who are familiar with that golden book, the *Confessions of St. Augustine*, will remember how the saint loves to meditate on the relations that exist between objects in the physical and moral order; how he searches, as he best can, into the essences of things, only to rise from them to the eternal reasons, the cause, not the object, of all knowledge. He asks why the beauty of celestial and terrestrial objects rivets his gaze? why he can judge soundly on all that is changing here? and then he sees the unchangeable eternity of truth above the shifting thoughts of the mind. From the contemplation of the reasoning faculty he rises to that unchanging light, which shines over the souls of men. He has learnt that the unchanging must be preferred to the changeable. Therefore he admits some knowledge of the unchangeable. Unless it had in

* Solioq., lib. ii, cap. iii.

some way been known, he could not, he says, have preferred it to the changeable. As the saint adds, with the flash of one trembling glance from the contemplation of truth he arrived at that which is, "And then I saw thy invisible things understood by the things that are made."* St. Augustine's argument, clad, so to speak, in a mystic garb, and enriched by the coloring of a poet's fancy, is in reality the stock proof from causation. He sees that he understands eternal and necessary truth, and asks, who gave the soul the faculty of understanding, and where is laid the foundation of all unchanging truth? Thence by easy transitions he ascends, until his flight is checked by the contemplation of the Divine intellect, the measure and cause of all created truth. The unvarying maxims of virtue, the dicta of saints and sages, the words of wisdom that strengthen youth and hallow old age, when sifted by the severe rules of logic, are found to be independent of time, place, and person, and consequently lead to One who is wisdom, truth, and holiness. That one sovereign act of intellection, whereby God fathoms the depths of his own essence, embraces each and all of those varied truths which in the minds of men or angels dimly reflect the everlasting light of truth, which is in Him. As surely as the earth and the heavens are faithful witnesses to that creative action which summoned them from nothing into being, so does every branch of truth remind us of a Divine intellect, which is its shelter and origin.

The eternity of truth, as recognized by man, has in God a real existence. Were it not for Him, there would be no foundation for its eternity. Without an intellect that has been forever, there would be no necessary truth, and in Him alone truth is eternal. *Nihil est magis æternum*, says St. Augustine, than *Ratio circuli et duo et tria esse quinque.* And St. Thomas adds in explanation,* *Ratio circuli et du et tria esse quinque habent æternicatem in mente divina.* And the mind mounts from truth seen on earth to its source, resting-place, and true home in God.

I have now dwelt on the proofs, from God's existence in the three orders, physical, moral, and ideal, using in each case the argument from causation which the Vatican Decree suggests. The subject is hedged round with difficulties. These it is not my wish either to hide or to underrate. I believe all can, by merely using their reason, have at least some indistinct knowledge of their Maker; I believe that reason with its unaided strength can, after much labor, pains, and thought, gain a clearer and more perfect knowledge of God; but I hold that for a great part of our race, half blinded by prejudice, ignorance, and crime, whose minds, entirely engrossed with the present, heed not a future life, a knowledge of God, completely free from error, is practically impossible without Revelation.

* Confess., lib. vii, cap. xxiii (Oxford translation).

* 1. q. 16, a. 7.

POOR CHRISTINE.

AN OLD MAN'S STORY.

"I REMEMBER it fifty years ago, Fred," an old man said to his boy companion, as they both stood looking up through the June sunshine at the great front of the Cathedral of Rouen. "Yes, fifty years ago I stood before it as we are standing now, and I think the very same birds were building their nests then up over the porch there. Look how they fly in and out! How many generations of them have lived there, do you think, my boy?"

They stood in the open square, with their backs to the *cafés* and the gay shops, the sunlight falling tenderly on the great gray sculptured walls before them, lighting up shaft and capital and niche with all their "kingly crowning," with all their wondrous workmanship of living form and clustered pinnacle.

"Fifty years ago," he said again, softly. "Poor Christine!"

Fifty years ago Frank Liston had spent a summer holiday in Rouen; he was about nineteen then, a high-minded, enthusiastic youth. His father was dead, and he was educating himself to be an artist, and was looking forward with all the eagerness of a generous nature to the time when he should be able to remove his mother, who was poor now, above all want. Young as he was, he had worked so hard already that he had more than once earned something for her, and with a flushing cheek had poured his golden guineas into her lap; and she, by hard pinching, had saved some of these guineas, and this summer, because in striving after such early wages he had begun to outrun his strength, she made him take a few of them again, and sent him across the Channel to visit (what in his heart she knew he longed to see) some one or two of the old picturesque French towns.

It was bright June weather when he reached the first of them, at which he meant to halt, Rouen, and saw from far away the dark old city, towards which for years his artist's heart had tended, stretched out amidst the windings of the Seine. He had been laughed at by one or two before he started on his journey, and had been told that this old Rouen was nothing but a miserable town of grimy, tottering houses and blackened churches, but the youth had gayly returned laugh for laugh. He knew well what he had crossed the sea to seek, and he knew that he should not fail to find it. Nor did he. He found it, even in the midst of those decaying houses and mouldering churches, he found it in narrow streets and in neglected corners; and wheresoever he discovered it, whether in open square or hidden alley, he hailed it as men hail the sight of long-sought, long-unseen friends' faces. He had brought his sketching-board and all his materials for drawing with him, and, holiday though it was, he meant to work throughout it; but the novelty and the loveliness of everything about him distracted him so at first, that a few days had passed before he could do anything but roam and gaze around him. He had been for three days in Rouen before, at length, he took his post one morning before the west front of the cathedral and began to draw. It was a mild, warm summer's day, and the square was very quiet. Only a few people passing in and out of the church, and occasionally a child or two, attracted by curiosity to steal near and stare at him, disturbed him as he worked,

and hour after hour passed happily over him. During hour after hour, too, there was one person besides himself who, having come to the square before him, remained till long after he had gone away—a girl selling rosaries and little images at the cathedral door. After he had been working for some time he noticed her. When his work was over, and he came forward, before he turned homewards, to enter for a few minutes into the church, he stopped when he came to where she sat in the cool shadow by the porch, and looking into her basket took up in his hand a little rosary of coral beads.

"How much?" he asked.

"A franc, monsieur," she said.

She smiled and thanked him as he gave the money to her, and he took his beads and passed on. He thought for a moment, "What a pleasant smile she has!" and then he thought no more of her till the next morning, when he came back to resume his work, and found her in her place again.

That day he took note of how picturesque the quaint old Normandy dress looked on her, the great, high cap so scrupulously starched and white, the short petticoat so bright in hue. A trim, neat figure, too, rounded, and light, and firm; a young, bright face, not beautiful, but pleasant as sunlight to look upon. He should like to make a sketch some morning of her, he thought, and that day when his work was done he went up to where she sat, and entered into talk with her. He had a frank, fearless, boyish habit of talking to every kind of person who came across him, man or woman, gentle or simple. For years already, ever since he had thought of becoming a painter, he had been accustomed to roam about the country, attaching himself sometimes in all simple faith to strange enough companions, falling into odd adventures, running occasionally some risks, and yet always, by some good guidance or instinct, escaping scatheless from all; bringing his fresh, honest, trusting nature, that, thinking no harm itself, suspected no harm in others, undimmed and unsaddened out of every trial. He went up to the girl and asked,

"Do you come here with your basket every day?"

They had already exchanged a little nod of recognition.

"Yes, monsieur, every day," she answered.

"Well—and don't you get very tired of it?" he said.

"Tired of it!" she repeated, with a smile that showed two rows of even, snowy teeth. "O no, monsieur; I know everybody who passes here, and I amuse myself with watching for them. There are hundreds who come every day, winter and summer, as regular as the clock there. Then I see all the strangers," she exclaimed, in a tone of gentle exultation; "there is not a creature ever comes to Rouen, they say, but he comes here."

"Well, if you look out for strangers you will soon see plenty of *me*," Frank said good-humoredly; "for I shall be here every day, I dare say, for the next two or three weeks."

"I saw monsieur the first day he came," she answered, with a smile; "he came and stood looking up there," pointing with her finger to the church-front, "till I thought he was counting all the figures on it."

He gave a laugh, and then colored a little; young as he was, he blushed for a moment at the thought that when he did not know it a woman had been watching him.

"Well, I was not counting the figures exactly," he said; "but do you know what I have been doing these last two days? I have been drawing the church—making a picture of it. I am a painter," he said, with youthful dignity.

"Ah! so?" And the bright brown eyes looked up into his face, not awestruck, but a little curious and wondering.

"I will show you my picture presently, when I have got on a little further with it, and then you shall tell me if you think I have made it like. Now when you sit here all day, hour after hour," he said, inquiringly, "do you ever think much about the church?"

"Monsieur!" she said, and the brown eyes opened wider.

"I mean, do you look at it much and try to find out what the figures on it mean? Do you ever think about the people who built it?"

She looked at him with a half-pitying smile, and said,

"Monsieur, the church is very old; they are all dead."

"All dead! I should think they were," he answered, quickly. "But what is to prevent you from thinking of them, though they *are* dead? You know they were alive once. Now one of them must have cut these little twisted shafts here once; have you never wondered who he was, or what became of him?"

She shook her head placidly.

"What would be the use? I could not find out," she said.

"No, you could not find out; but you might try to fancy them all at work here, might you not? and how they came, just as you come, day after day, all these hundreds of years ago, and set up stone after stone, and carved figure after figure. Think how they must have watched their work and grown happy at the sight of it. Just think of them all here, with their hammer striking the stone, and the noise of every blow in the air, all of them talking in a language that would be almost like a strange tongue to us now. You know it all *was* so; why can't you think of it?"

"It may be easy for monsieur to think of the dead," she answered, simply, "but for me I do not find it easy, unless it may be of the blessed saints," and she crossed herself; "but then we know that they lived; while as for those others—" she said, and, slightly shrugging her shoulders, broke off her sentence with a dubious smile.

"Then you don't care for it?" he said, abruptly, at last, turning to her again.

"Nay, monsieur is mistaken," she answered, gently. "See, it is like home to me here; when it is hot summer, I sit here in the cool shade; when winter comes, I shelter myself there within the porch. It is like a good friend to me; other things change, but it never changes. When I am glad I go in and kneel down and thank the Blessed Virgin, and when I am sad I go there too, and say my prayers. No, monsieur is wrong; I care for it."

She raised her face with a sudden smile as she paused, and, eager to believe that all the world cared for what he loved, eager for a universal sympathy with his own enthusiasm, he looked with pleased contentment into the girl's clear, honest eyes, and—

"Well, I am glad you like it," he said, heartily. "I thought you could not have lived here so many years, and have cared nothing for it. You have lived in Rouen all your life, do you say? how long a time is that?"

"I am twenty," she said.

"Are you? Why you are older than I am, then! And what is your name?"

"Christine, monsieur," she answered.

Some one passing into the church had stopped beside her basket, and was beginning to look over its little stock of images and beads. She had to turn round to attend to him, and then before his purchase was made another customer came. Frank lingered and looked on for a few minutes; then he said, "Good-by," and the boy and girl smiled to one another, and parted with a friendly nod.

He went home, and there was something pleasant to him in the thought which crossed him once or twice during the remainder of the

day, that in the morning he should see Christine again. Several times her face rose brightly up before him, with its contented, honest smile, and sent a kind of warmth into his heart; for, fair and dear to him as was this old Rouen, yet he moved as a stranger in it, and no other lips than those of hers had given either greeting or kindly word to him. And so, when he went to his post again next day, and she, who had been watching for him, at once when he appeared nodded and smiled to him across the square, instead of stationing himself in his accustomed place and beginning his work, as he had meant to do, he walked straight to her in a sudden impulse of gratitude for her cheery little token of welcome, and, like a thorough gentleman, put out his hand to her.

"You are the only creature that I know in Rouen!" he exclaimed, "except my landlady, and she is quite old. As I came along just now, I was wondering whether you would be here before me."

"Ah, monsieur," she said, laughing, "I have been here for hours. Look there, it is ten o'clock. Do you think I begin my day so late as at ten o'clock?"

"Is it really ten? Then I must be quick and begin my work, too. By the way, I wonder—O, may I call you Christine?" he asked, abruptly.

"Certainly, monsieur; it is my name."

"Thank you. Well, I was going to say, I wonder, Christine, if you would let me make a sketch of you?"

"Of *me*?" and the girl blushed with sudden half-shy pleasure.

"I think I could do it, if you wouldn't mind sitting to me. I don't catch likenesses always very well, but I think I should succeed with yours. May I try?"

"But monsieur could find so many prettier girls—"

"Oh, I don't want prettier girls; I would rather have you," he interrupted her, bluntly. "You will let me do it, then, won't you? When may I begin? If I were to come early to-morrow—say at eight o'clock—would you be here then? Would that suit you?"

"Any hour that suited monsieur."

"Very well, then; eight o'clock to-morrow morning. And now I must go to my picture." He turned half away, and then looked suddenly back. "Have you a father and mother, Christine?" he said.

"No father, monsieur, but I have a good mother. She makes up all my rosaries for me. I buy the beads and take them to her, and she strings them—so. She makes these crosses, too. She is very feeble, but she does all that for me."

"And then you come and sell them, Christine?" he said, quickly. "Do you know, I have a mother, too, and I work for her? We are not very rich, and I make drawings and sell them."

"God bless you, then, monsieur," she answered, fervently; "you will never be sorry for doing that."

He was touched by her genuine tone of sympathy.

"No, I know I shall not. I would rather help her than do anything else in the world," he said, and the color rose up to his cheek.

She smiled, looking in his face as he spoke. After a moment's silence she said, simply and earnestly:

"It is sometimes hard to me to earn a living, harder than I hope it will ever be to you, monsieur; but I would rather be just a poor girl as I am, and have my mother with me, than be the greatest lady in Rouen without her." And then she glanced up with many a sunny look that cleared away the tears which had risen for a moment to her eyes, and —"But even me,—the world does not treat me very badly," she said, cheerfully. "It is only a little hard to me now and then, and when it is, I go in there and pray to the dear Virgin, and before long the sunshine

comes back again. It never stays long away. There are many good people in the world, monsieur, to keep the poor from starving."

She had a sweet voice, lower and softer than Frenchwomen's voices often are. The face, too, had sweetness in it. He saw that now, though he had only noticed its bright, pleasant honesty before.

"But I am keeping you from your picture," she said, smilingly, after a moment's silence.

That was true; so with a few more words he turned away, and stationing himself in his place began to work. It was a calm gray summer day, windless and sunless, yet with a softened brightness in it that shone through the thin clouds. He sat and worked, and as his sketch went on and bit by bit he seized and made a possession for himself of the loveliness before him, in the very joy and boyish lightness of his heart he could have sung aloud. He had worked so well yet upon no other day; he had been so happy upon no other; all life seemed so full of gladness to him, and *his* life especially, his glorious painter's life, so great and noble. He had no genius probably, this boy Frank Liston; but his cheek could burn and his heart could beat with the love of all noble things. He never made the world ring with his name, but in his bright youth there were days—and this was one of them—when it *almost* seemed as if the power was given him to cut his way through the diamond gates.

He worked till it was growing late. All day, amongst the many things that had made him happy, one thing had been the presence of Christine. A bond of sympathy had sprung up between him and the simple, untaught, poor French girl, real human sympathy, such as made even the sight of her across the square a thing that kept his young heart warm. He liked to look up now and then and catch her smile; it was as good as sunlight to him. The old stones had their voices for him and tales to tell him, noble and sweet and sad, but while he listened to them it was good also to lift his eyes up sometimes and look upon a friendly, living face. He knew it was; he knew as he sat at work that his day had been the brighter for Christine.

Nor was it the last, by many a one, that she helped to brighten for him. From this time forward she became his one friend and one companion in Rouen; and no gentler friendship, no more honest and pure companionship ever existed than that between these two stray wanderers; the girl whose portion in this world was the selling of her beads at the church-porch, and the boy, whose beckoning beacon-light was burning on the high hill.

He made his sketch of her. It was a feeble little sketch, yet like enough to her, and true enough, to fill them both with pleasure and pride. She sat to him morning after morning till he had finished it. He drew her just as she was, in her common dress, with her basket by her side, and the gray, sculptured wall beside her, and he made her talk to him all the time he worked. She had tried to begin at first by sitting stiff and prim, with her eyes immovable and her lips closed, but he had soon laughed her out of that.

"I shall never make anything of you unless you begin to talk," he told her.

"But how can monsieur draw my mouth if I talk?" she asked.

"Oh, never mind that; I'll tell you when I come to your mouth," he said, and by degrees he got her to talk, and presently she talked so cheerily and heartily—for by nature she was no lover of silence, but could chatter and chirp like any bird—that she often altogether forgot that she was sitting for her picture, which was exactly what he wanted her to do.

And so at last the little sketch was

finished, and they looked at it, holding it between them, with proud, bright, happy eyes.

"Ah, if my mother could see it!" she said, with a sigh of simple delight.

"Well, why shouldn't she see it?" he asked. "Let us take it to her together, Christine."

"Would monsieur wish it?" she said, half timidly.

"I should like to see your mother, and she would like to see this, I am sure; and then—" he paused and looked at the little picture tenderly. "Well, you see, I don't think I could exactly give it to her, Christine," he said, "because I want so much to keep it myself, but I will tell you what I will do if she likes it, I will make a copy of it for her."

"Oh, monsieur is too good!" But the color flushed up into her face with pleasure.

"I shall like to make a copy, and you know it would be unfair not to give you one; so that's settled. And now, will you take me home with you to see your mother?"

They had, before this, had more than one walk together. She knew the old town well, and on several evenings, after the cathedral doors were closed, they had rambled side by side for a little while about the streets, searching out the old houses that he loved, or had lingered, young and hopeful as they were, to look in at bright shop-windows. But he never yet had gone home with her. She had talked about her mother to him often, but with intuitive delicacy she had never even hinted at a wish that he should go and see her in the poor home where they lived.

Yet she had no false shame, and when they set out on their walk together this evening she merely said to him once, simply and quietly, "It is but a poor place, monsieur," and then without further apology she took him to it.

It was an upper room in a small house in a very old street. The stairs that led up to it were so dark that as they ascended she had to take him by the hand to guide him up; but the room itself was bright enough when they entered it, for its two high windows looked to the sunset. A clean and pure room, too, bare enough of furniture, but with sweet fresh air entering it through the open panes, and a scent of flowers coming in from pots of mignonette upon the sill. A small, shrunk, sickly-looking woman was sitting in an old arm-chair close to the light, and Christine went softly to her side and kissed her.

"*Ma mère*, this is monsieur, who has come to see you," she said, quickly.

And then he came forward and took the thin hand into his. It was a delicate, white, worn face, "Not like Christine's," he thought—until she spoke, and he suddenly caught upon her lips what was like the dying shadow of Christine's smile.

Long afterwards, when many years had passed, Frank Liston sometimes tried to recall and bring to life again the hours that he subsequently passed within this room. How were they spent? What had he done? What had they talked of? What had been the charm that had made these three, so unlike in all outward circumstances as they were, draw to each other? He could never tell, could never breathe life again into the dead ashes of those hours. Twenty years afterwards, could he have gone and spent hours each day with two poor untaught women, women who could not read or write, who neither knew nor dreamt of the height or depth of anything in this great world, whose universe was almost bounded by the four square walls of the mean habitation where they dwelt, could he have passed hours each day with such as these, and found his heart grow knitted to them? He could not. But he did it once, in the old, dead days of his

early faith and hope, when he saw a brother or a sister in every kind face he looked on, and when the pure high heart gazed forth on all the world through the light of its own transfiguring sunshine.

Day after day, and even week after week passed on, and he remained still in Rouen. He had meant when he left home to visit some three or four of the Norman or Bretaigne towns; but he had let his heart get wedded to this one old city by the Seine, and he could not leave it till his holiday was ended. It called him to stay with voices that he could not resist; it spread its silent beauty out before him, discovering to him day by day some new unexpected loveliness; it gave him its old gray walls to study, the records of its grandeur and its decay; it gave him its old heart to disinter; and it gave him Christine. Perhaps *she* kept him more than all beside; perhaps the one human interest was deeper than all that could attach itself to sculptured stones; but he, at least, if it was so, was scarcely conscious of it. He did not seek to weigh the separate interests apart; he only knew that she was to him, that she remained to him through his whole life, one inseparable portion of Rouen, and of that summer's holiday.

It was a perfect holiday, even although each day till almost sunset he worked away bravely at those sketches of his, those sketches which were half right, because the feeling in him for everything around him was so deep and so true, and yet which in their execution were nearly always so immature and feeble, except when here and there some momentary inspiration gave to the hand a sudden strength. It would have been no holiday to him at all if he had been compelled to lay his pencil down. Such work as he did here was his best refreshment, his dearest rest. With never-ending delight he drew all day; and every evening he passed with Christine.

Sometimes they spent the whole of those evenings up in the poor garret in the narrow street; but more often she would carry her basket and her earnings home, and then they would wander far out of the town together, southwards across the river, or out to the open country, north and west, or eastward, away upon the hills. They would sit in woods and fields, playing sometimes like children, gathering flowers and filling the hollows of their hands with water from the hill stream. She could sing prettily, and she would teach her merry French songs to him, singing them again and again, till he learnt both air and words. And then he would talk to her. He was full of dreams and hopes about his life, and of love for a hundred things, living and dead, that she had never heard of, and of enthusiasm and reverence and faith; and of all these he talked to her; he would spend hours so, pouring out his boyish heart; how half of all he said to her must, in her ignorance, be like a dead language to her—he forgot that; she listened and sympathized with him, and that was all he asked.

They spent six weeks so. At the end of that time they parted. The last hours that they spent with one another were on a bright, soft Sunday evening. They took their last walk eastward by the river, and then up on the rising ground to the summit of Mount St. Catherine, and there sat down on the hilltop, with the fair city lying at their feet.

"Oh, Christine, I shall never see it all again, perhaps!" he said when he had sat gazing at it for a long time.

They had come here together and had spent other evenings so before now; the hill, the town, the river, the dark cathedral towers against the summer sky, had all become familiar to the boy's eyes that were to see them now no more.

"Perhaps you will come here

again next Sunday, when I shall be hundreds of miles away, Christine," he said. "I wonder if all this will seem like a dream then?"

"It will not seem like a dream to *me*," she answered, softly. "*You* will have other things to do; you will be at home then with the people that you love about you; but I shall have nothing to do, monsieur, but to sit still and think of all this time."

She always called him "monsieur," even still. He had asked her long ago to call him by his name, but she had never done it.

"I have never been so happy in all my life," he said, presently. "If I lived for a hundred years I never should forget these weeks. If ever I have a holiday again, shall I come back, Christine?"

"I should be glad if you came back," she said.

She was bending down a little, not touching him, but only looking at him with the lashes low over her eyes.

"If I came back next summer—I don't think I could, but supposing that I did—should we have all our walks over again? Do you know, Christine, they say we never enjoy the same thing twice in the same way. But I don't believe that. If I were to come back again next year, why should we not be just the same again as we are now?"

"Perhaps we change when we do not know it," she said.

"We need never change in some things," he answered, hastily. "I don't know whether you mean to forget *me*, Christine; but I shall remember *you* to the last hour I live."

"Monsieur, I shall not forget you," she answered, softly, after a moment's silence. "What shall I have to do when you are gone, but to remember? When I come back here, can I forget how we walked and sat together? When I go home to my mother, can I forget how your coming used to make her face bright? It is not those who remain behind that forget. I do not think *you* will forget us when you go away; perhaps you will think of us often; but you will think of us—you said it truly—as if we were parts of a dream; while *we*—" with a passionate gesture that he did not see, she clasped her hands, and uttered her last words with a broken sob, "Monsieur, when *we* lose you, we lose our daily bread!"

He turned his face round, and looked up, and saw her cheeks wet with sudden tears. Then, at that sight, half awed and wholly touched, the youth reached up his hand and clasped hers in it.

"Christine, I owe you more than I have given you, a thousand times," he cried. And holding her hand still, he raised it to his lips, and reverently and almost passionately kissed it.

His last night in old Rouen! Long after he had parted from Christine he was still wandering about the dark old streets, all lying quiet under the solemn summer sky, and going from church to church that he had loved, to take his last farewell of every noble front and kingly porch. And long after even that final walk was ended, he stood at his own window, leaning on his balcony, and looking down upon the river that flowed silently beneath the stars; dreaming some dreams, the memory of which—all colored by the glorious illusions of his youth—remained with him through after years, till both boyhood and youth had fled.

He went away very early in the morning. The diligence in which he was to leave began its journey at six o'clock, and by a quarter to six Christine and he were standing together in the courtyard whence it was to start. They stood apart from the other passengers, away from the confusion and the jostling of the people, very quiet, hand in hand.

They were together for about ten

minutes, but there was something during those minutes in the throats of both of them that almost choked their words.

"Christine, I will come back again," he said to her, two or three times.

Once he looked in her face and said, "Don't forget me!" And the poor girl's lips quivered as he spoke, with a look that he never afterwards forgot.

He stood clasping her hand in his until he heard his name called, and the summons given him to take his place. Then he turned round and looked into her face, and said, half audibly,

"Christine!"

"Monsieur!" she answered, with a wild, sudden sob.

She threw her arms about his neck. By one passionate impulse they kissed each other; and with that first and last embrace they parted, and never met more.

The old man had told this story, standing in the shadow of the church.

"And did you never see her again, grandfather?"

"Never, my boy. It was a dozen years before I came here again, and she was gone then; I could never discover when or where; she might have been somewhere in the town, but I could not find her. The traces that the poor leave behind them soon pass away."

"But she may be alive and here yet; she may be here now."

"Ay, Fred, she may. She may be in here, not fifty feet away from us, telling her beads at this moment amongst the old women kneeling on the floor. But if I knew that she was, do you think I would go in and try to find her?" He shook his head, and smiled, half sadly. "We cannot put life into dead bones, Fred," he said, "nor throw a bridge across from youth to age. If I found her now, do you think we would rush into each other's arms? Nay, my lad, the girl and boy we have been talking of died and were buried fifty years ago."

He stood and leaned upon his stick, looking up again to where the swallows were flying in and out above the porch, till presently there came a sound of music towards them through the door.

"We are losing the Mass, my boy; let us go in."

And so they went in, as the gorgeous music was rolling and swelling along transept and aisle, and joined the kneeling throng.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

I TAKE not oracles of life
  From bounding pulse or writhing vein;
From the arena's dusty strife;
  From thought or fancy, joy or pain.
I trust no more the senses five;
  My heart demands a subtler sign,
And only then is sure I live
  When it can tell me I am thine.

'Tis not to mirrors sought by stealth
  I sue for proofs of manly grace;
I do not gather signs of health
  From forehead smooth and ruddy face;
I care no more to gauge the swell
  Of lungs within a heaving chest;
If my heart tell me all is well—
  My heart and thou—I leave the rest.

It is not from the flying leap;
  The well thewed limb of might and length;
The voice, like Stentor's, loud and deep—
  'Tis not from these I prove my strength.
I reck no more of outward show,
  Whilst powers unseen to me belong;
Alcides' self might fear a blow
  When thy love bids me to be strong.

I do not count my hoarded gold
  Till even the growing fingers tire;
I reckon not the mines I hold:
  The jewels and the stones of fire.
I do not tell my gems of art,
  Nor treasures of the land and sea;
I cast out all to fill my heart
  With more than Crœsus' wealth in thee.

I do not ask the painless day,
  The unconscious night and dreamless sleep,
The song, the dance, the shifting play,
  The dearer joys that bid me weep—
Not these I ask, in doubtful tone,
  If they will deign my life to bless;
Why mock their weakness? thou alone
  The secret hast of happiness.

When I would know if cloudless light
  And golden weather bless the day;
If gentleness brood o'er the night,
  And all but peace is far away:

I do not ask if storms are fled;
  If sun or moon is bright the while:
All things are gathered to a head—.
  I question only, Dost thou smile?

I do not ask my halting mind
  If I am witty or am wise;
If I am pitiful or kind;
  Or gallant in a thousand eyes.
I reck not of the world without;
  I would not my own judgment prove;
My heart resolves me of my doubt:
  I am all these if thou dost love.

With soul as Vestal's fair and pure;
  With heart like Sappho's in a flame;
Both in one tender word secure,
  Upon thy tablets write my name.
And near it write this burning plea:
  Half of my life is, to be thine;
Trembles the other half with thee—
  The other half—that thou art mine!

THREE DAYS IN A WOMAN'S LIFE.

We had finished our simple repast. My old friend put aside her cup and leaned back in her chair with a pleasant smile. I rose and rang the bell, and when the servant had cleared our tea-table I sat down in a comfortable rocking-chair and suffered my eyes again to wander round the well-known, neat and tastefully furnished room. It was elegant and simple, without a trace of pretension; it was like its mistress, who with her snow-white hair and her dear loving eyes sat opposite to me in silence, and watched my looks with a smile. My regards wandered from the old family pictures on the walls to the writing-table with its drawers and compartments, then to the work-table in the window, and then to another smaller table covered with books and periodicals, till it finally rested upon a little box near me.

"What is my little inquisitive looking for?" said the old lady, as she kindly took my hand.

"It is so pleasant here; so different from what it is in other houses. I am never so comfortable as when I am with you, Aunt Lydia," I replied, bestowing on her a title which was warranted by no relationship, but which only sprang from my affection. "But," I said, suddenly, as my eyes again rested, as if by accident, on the box by my side, "what am I thinking of? Did you not promise me that I should rummage over your treasures to-day?"

My old friend nodded her assent, and I ran joyfully to bring the box a little nearer. I continued for a while to turn over its contents, sometimes drawing forth a stone with initials engraven on it, sometimes a miniature set in pearls, and Aunt Lydia had always some recol-

lection of a deceased friend in connection with each. Suddenly, on my touching a spring, a partition gave way and a hollow place appeared in the cover of the box, from which fell a packet, tied with a faded ribbon. Triumphant at this new discovery, I looked at Aunt Lydia; her head was bowed and her hands held out in a deprecatory manner. I was shocked, and endeavored to repair my thoughtlessness by closing the box and endeavoring to place it aside; but she would not allow this—she took it herself, and drew forth the packet, the covering of which she removed with her own trembling hands.

There was a bunch of withered violets, and a painting on cardboard which gave such an exact representation of those violets in their former freshness that you felt inclined to raise them from the paper; a plain gold ring, and some faded letters.

"How lovely!" I exclaimed, as my eyes rested on the painting. "Who could have painted that beautiful group?"

A sad smile passed over the face of my old friend as she answered: "I painted them when I was a happy girl of eighteen."

A gentle sigh and the trembling of her lips showed me that she suffered.

"The sight of these things makes you sad," I exclaimed. "We will shut them up again."

"Sad?" she replied. "No, not sad—the remembrance of many happy hours is in connection with these things, and if time and sorrow have made the fair hopes of the past like to that bunch of flowers, the recollection of them is as fresh and bright as is that little painting by my hand."

I ventured not to ask, and yet how gladly I would have heard the story of that treasure. My old friend seemed to read my heart.

"Now, Elsie," she said, "would you like to turn over some of the pages of the past? Will you live with me through the three days, the remembrance of which is so vividly recalled by the sight of those violets?"

My only reply was to press a kiss on the forehead of the dear old lady. I placed myself on a stool at her knees, and leaning back in her chair and shading her eyes with her hand, she began her story as she only could tell it:

It is a beautiful spring day. The sun is in his meridian splendor, and fills the air with light and heat. The birds sing joyously on the flowery branches, the butterflies pass from flower to flower, the mayflies dance up and down, brightness is over everything.

A girl is sitting at the window of a handsome house, which opens into the garden; she may be eighteen or nineteen years old. A pure and innocent heart and the freshness of youth are all the charms which she has to boast of. But in the eyes of the world she adds to these a name of some renown and a handsome fortune. The little figure in the bow-window, who is so intent upon one of La Fouqué's tales that she forgets almost everything else, is a rich heiress. She has the misfortune to be an orphan. The tall pale lady on the sofa and the gentleman hidden behind the newspaper are the maiden's only relatives, and since she returned from school with them has been her home. Well for her that her happy disposition, her luxurious surroundings, and the dawn of a feeling which sheds brightness around it, had not yet permitted her to awake to the consciousness that she was suffering from the want of that love which can be bestowed upon us only by our parents.

"Now, Lydia," said the lady, as she placed her lap-dog, the plaything of her idle hours, on the sofa, "have you considered Edward Harvey's proposal?"

Lydia looked up and shook back her dark locks. "But, aunt, I have already said that I do not love Mr. Harvey, and I will not marry him."

"But it would be such a good match," continued the lady as her husband nodded his head approvingly. "What can you have to say against Edward Harvey? He is young, handsome, amiable."

"He is the most amiable man in the world," broke in Lydia, quickly, "but I feel like a stone towards him." With these words she again took up her book and was soon so deep in its contents that she gave no further attention to the conversation of her relatives, which immediately turned on the income and property of Edward Harvey. From time to time a look wandered from her book to the clock on the mantelpiece which now indicated ten minutes past twelve.

A servant entered the room and informed her that Mr. Valery had come.

Lydia laid aside her book; she left the room, and crossing a small hall entered a kind of studio dedicated to her use.

"I hope I have not kept you waiting, Mr. Valery," she said, as she advanced towards a young man, who with a countenance which bore all the expression of genius, was bending over an easel.

"No, lady," he said as he bowed and fixed his eyes on the maiden. "I have added a stroke to the light just here, and am pleased to see how well you have succeeded with your violets. There is hardly any difference in the color," he added as he threw a bunch of flowers on the table which he had worn in his buttonhole.

"Indeed? Then you are pleased with me, Mr. Valery? This is the first time that you have given me a word of commendation. I am accustomed to read your approbation only in your looks."

She looked up smilingly to her teacher, whose manly face was deeply suffused. Was it this or was it the words that he spoke that brought the color to Lydia's face also?

"I have admired your talent in silence, lady," he said, "but now when it shows itself yet more strikingly, I am obliged to allow what you yourself must be aware of—that your talent far exceeds that of the greater number of amateurs."

"Thank you," replied the girl, kindly offering him her hand; "you cannot think what pleasure your words give me; I love art, and the hours I spend over my easel are the happiest of my life."

"It is well for you that your fortunate position protects you from the curse of being obliged to make art a profession with which to fight against sorrow and suffering. May the sun shine upon your path to the end," he added as he placed a chair for Lydia at the easel, and began to prepare the colors which she was to lay on under his inspection,

"What can be the matter? You are quite solemn and almost ill-humored to-day. Let us be merry. Cannot I succeed in driving away those clouds from your brow?"

Valery made no answer; he only shook his head, offered his pupil her palette, and took his place behind her chair.

A pause ensued in which nothing was heard but the twittering of the birds, and the splashing of the fountain before the window.

Valery at last broke the silence. "Pardon me," he said, "these shadows must be rather deeper—right—now a little more light here, the transition is too sudden. Allow me." With these words he took the pencil from her hand and began to make the improvement himself, Lydia meanwhile leaning back in her chair.

As he rose and returned her the pencil, "Have you been forbidden to speak?" she asked; "I cannot bear to see you so silent and sad."

Valery sighed. "There is a weight

upon my heart like lead. And yet the beautiful things before me should only make me glad." He turned towards the window with these words and looked into the sunny garden before it. Lydia felt her fingers tremble; she looked towards Valery in silent expectation as he turned away from the window, and she saw the expression of sorrow in his eyes.

"My departure is fixed; this must be our last lesson," he said softly, his voice trembling with emotion.

Lydia's heart seemed to stand still, and then beat with such violence that it almost deprived her of breath.

"So it has really come," she said, hardly mistress of her voice. "You are going to Italy, to the land of your longings and your dreams. I did not expect that it would be so soon. I congratulate you with all my heart," she added as she offered him her hand, but not daring to look up lest he should observe the tears that hung upon her eyelashes.

Valery took the little trembling hand and raised it to his lips.

Lydia withdrew her hand and looked down on it; she could not yet venture to raise her eyes, for the veil of tears which obscured them had become still thicker.

There was a painful silence. Neither ventured to speak, and yet the heart of each was full even to bursting. At last Lydia, who had not yet learned to control her feelings, hid her face in both hands and gave free course to her tears. Valery remained near her pale and immovable.

The stillness around her at last brought her to her senses. What had she done? Had she not wept like a child for one who only would laugh at her. What must Mr. Valery think of her? She quickly dried her tears as she said, "I am a great baby. Pardon me. Now I am calm again."

As she looked up she saw that there were tears also in the eyes of him she was addressing. A feeling of joy shot through her at this sight. Much that had passed in her own heart, and Valery's behavior to her, became suddenly clear. She knew now what made art, what made life so dear to her; but she knew also that it would be dark night around her when she should no more see the tall manly form, nor hear the dear honest voice.

Valery looked at her sorrowfully, and pain and pleasure contended wildly in his heart. He appeared as if about to speak, and then his lips again closed. At last he spoke quickly, like one who is flying from temptation. "We must separate," he said; "I can no longer continue your instructor after to-day. Farewell; may heaven protect us both!"

He would have hastened to the door, but Lydia stood before him.

"Separate, separate, Mr. Valery!" she exclaimed. "Separate now? Can you think of it?"

Valery hid his face in both hands, and said slowly and softly, "Separate, separate! Yes, we must be strong." And then he added, with the energy of despair, "How can I, the poor unknown artist, aspire to the hand of the rich and noble heiress. It would be madness to think of it. We must separate, lady, such a union is impossible."

Lydia still stood before him with her hands clasped.

"It might be," she said.

Valery had become still paler. "You break my heart," he said at last. "Could I so abuse the confidence placed in me by your relatives? Can I reconcile it with my honor or even with my love to unite you, to whom the whole world lies open, to my dark and uncertain fate? Might not the day come in which you would repent of the sacrifice which you had made so willingly in the first overflow of your feelings?"

Again Lydia looked up at him.

Great tears flowed slowly down his cheeks, then she turned away.

"Farewell, Mr. Valery, those are hard, unkind words. I pardon you, for you know not the pain they give me."

The young man looked after her as with trembling steps she returned to her easel and with nervous haste put her painting materials in order. He had a hard battle to fight. At last he said softly, and with deep feeling, "Lydia, Lydia, will you be mine?"

My old friend stopped. She leaned her head on her hand and seemed lost in thought; at last she continued.

So they were engaged. Lydia would allow herself no thought of Valery's unequal position. She told him that she was alone in the world, that in two years she should be of age, and that then she should publicly declare her engagement.

In one thing the young artist was resolute—they should not write to each other during the two years he would pass in Italy. Lydia was too young; she did not sufficiently know her own heart; he would not allow her to consider herself bound to him.

"Here," he said, when Lydia at last had consented to his wishes, "we will divide this bunch of violets into two parts. If, dear Lydia, you should ever feel that the sacrifice you have this day made is too much for you, then send these flowers back to me. You shall have no word of reproach; I shall submit to my fate without bitterness, and the remembrance of this sweet hour will be a balsam to my wounds. Do you agree to this?"

"Yes, Valery, if you will make me the same promise. I have no difficulty on my part; our poor violets will make no journey; but our thoughts, Valery! Will you not often think of this hour? And of me?" she added.

"As long as I live and breathe," answered the young artist.

It was evening. Lydia stood looking dreamily from the window. The moon shed her silver rays upon the dark shrubs of the garden, while the gravel-walk shone like white bands. Thousands of stars twinkled in the heavens. The crickets chirped in the grass, and there, behind that rose-bush, a nightingale was pouring forth her melody. One light after another was extinguished in the neighborhood, till only a lamp was left burning in the window of the roof over there.

And now the window was opened, and Lydia heard through the sweet May air a strain of music which first attracted her attention, and then in a sweet, rich voice the words of a parting song. The song ceased, the light had long been extinguished, while Lydia still knelt by the window and wished a thousand times "good-night" to the singer from her overflowing heart.

Again the narrator stopped. She leaned back in her chair and gazed in deep thought upon the wall which, with the pictures that hung on it, was now gilded by the evening light, as if she was reading in its tracery the story of her heart. Then she heaved a deep sigh, took my hand in hers, and continued her story.

It was a different life at the little German Bath, where we find Lydia after the lapse of one short year. Her relatives lived in the world, but she had a world of her own; other thoughts, other wishes quite different from those of the joyous, laughing world by which she was surrounded. She could not expect much affection from her guardian and his superficial, but good-natured wife, but for this very reason they left her the freedom she so greatly prized. And so it came to pass that while her relatives were completely absorbed by the claims of society, Lydia seldom took part in it, but would wander about the neighborhood for whole hours with her sketch-book, or in the evening would make long excursions on

the river under the guidance of an old sailor. There she sat at the rudder, gazing on the landscape as it became more and more obscured by the shades of evening, or looking dreamily into the waters over which she was gliding. Then, as the moon arose in the heavens and the stars lit up their crests, she thought of a distant land, a land of poetry and art, and a form arose before her whose thoughts like her own were turned with longing towards the spot where dwelt the beloved. And she dreamed of happy days when hand-in-hand with the chosen of her heart she should wander through life, and with sweet words repay him for the toils of genius, which would be dearer to him than all the renown he had gained. Then, when the boat struck the shore and she again felt the ground firm under her feet, it seemed as if the golden gates of an enchanted land had closed behind her.

On her return one day from one of these excursions she found a letter in her room with the postmark, "Italy." She opened it impatiently. A withered bunch of violets fell from it.

With a despairing cry she fell upon her bed and buried her face in the pillow.

False! Faithless! What would become of her? She felt for the first time how lonely, how empty was her life, and bitter tears flowed down her cheeks.

Sad indeed were the days she now spent. Surrounded by a happy crowd, she was alone in her sorrow. She longed to be away, quite away, in another land, among other people. Better a thousand times to suffer alone and mourn in silence.

When at the expiration of a year her guardian was about to go abroad upon business, she begged, with a morbid longing after change of place, to be allowed to accompany him, and shaking her head her aunt was willing that the extraordinary child should do so. She was so quiet, so different from other young people that she must be allowed to have her way.

It was a dismal autumn evening when they went on board. The clouds hung dark and thick over land and water, and the sea lay motionless, except that now and then a puff of sharp wind threw a wave over the ship. Wrapped in her cloak, Lydia stood on the deck watching the retreating shore. She shuddered, but it was not from the cold of the keen wind which now played in her hair. She thought of her buried hopes and her comfortless life—her spring had departed, her youth was gone. She was floating on to the wide sea of futurity, solitary and friendless.

My old friend's head was bowed down, while her hands rested in her lap. I pressed a kiss upon them and she raised herself up.

"Yes, my child," she said, "my life did not remain loveless. I have learned that he who sows love shall reap love," and she resumed her history.

Years had passed since that day; the blooming maiden had become a matron, and bright silver threads mixed with her dark locks. The sharp pain of early sorrow had given place to a softer feeling of sadness. Lydia had given her heart to no husband, but she had opened it to the human race in loving-kindness, and had found peace and consolation.

It happened that a young girl, whose fading health required a warmer climate, came to Lydia with an earnest petition that she would go with her. Lydia was quite willing, and Milan was the place of their destination. The girl's health soon improved under the mild climate and Lydia's care, and it was with pleasure that her companion remarked the daily progress of her patient towards recovery.

One day when the little party who were in the *pension* were assembled at dinner, an old gentleman told of

an affecting sight he had that day witnessed. In the attic of a house near there was a blind painter in a consumption, who, it seemed, would not live more than a few weeks. "Even now," continued the old gentleman, "the image of that man with his white hair and great sightless eyes, so sad in their eternal night, haunts me. His former circumstances cannot have been very good, judging by the poverty, in spite of the scrupulous neatness, of everything around him. There is a case for your kind heart," he said, turning to Lydia.

She nodded assentingly, as if in a dream, for she had at once decided in her heart to go and see the artist with the great sad eyes.

On the following morning—it was a bright, sunny autumn day, such as you only find in the South—the matron in deep thought slowly ascended the stairs which led to the dwelling of the blind artist. Why did her heart beat so wildly? Had she not many a time made similar visits? Wherefore this unusual emotion?

She knocked. A weak, low voice bid her enter. She opened the door softly, and seated by the open window, with the sun's rays upon his snow-white hair and high forehead, was the well-known, but oh, how altered form!

Lydia remained by the open door as if rooted to the spot. The darkened eyes turned towards her.

"Is it you, brother? Come nearer; your silence frightens me."

Lydia accepted his invitation with a trembling step. She placed her hand upon the shoulder of the blind man and said, softly, "It is I, Valery."

He rose in alarm as if to repulse the intruder. Again she spoke with a tremulous voice, "Yes, Valery, it is I—Lydia; an old friend."

A gleam of light irradiated the blind man's countenance. He clasped his hands and exclaimed, fervently, "Lydia! Lydia! my Lydia!"

With a sob Lydia sank on her knees by his side.

"How unhappy you made me," she said at last as she quietly arose.

The blind man clasped her hand in his and covered it with kisses.

"I have made you unhappy. Oh, forgive, forgive! I could not do otherwise. How full of hope I was when I journeyed to the land I longed after, and in what misery did I leave it; plunged into darkness, without a ray of hope or consolation. Oh, Lydia! when the doctor told me that my sight could never be restored, it was not poverty nor darkness that caused me such bitter tears; I wept for my art and for you. It was impossible to chain your young sunny life to my sorrow, so I sent you back the bunch of violets without a word, without a farewell, for I could not appeal to your generosity by opening to you my grief. You were young, and life lay before you; you would soon forget the faithless one. Sorrow and mourning would be my part alone."

"And did you not know that I loved you, Valery? And did you not know that a true affection never dies, never can die?"

Valery bent his head; a tear fell upon Lydia's hand.

"Forgive me, forgive me! I too have suffered deeply."

Lydia's only answer was to impress a gentle kiss on his forehead.

"But now," began Lydia, after a short pause, "I shall remain here and be your guide through the rest of your life."

"Oh yes! stay with me; it will not be for long. I have so rejoiced in the thought of exchanging this earthly darkness for the eternal light. But now—"

Lydia could not hope. She read the confirmation of his words in his sunken features, and in the short dry cough which shook his frame. She

knew that she had only found him to lose him again forever.

And so it was at the end of hardly two months. One day, after the blind man for the last time had partaken of the Blessed Sacrament, he begged Lydia to remain with him all night, he felt so ill and unusually oppressed by the sense of his blindness. Lydia remained. He slept all night as calmly as a child. Then, just as the eastern heavens began to redden, he called her to him with a weak voice.

"Give me your hand, Lydia," he said. "I think the time is near when we must separate. Thank you for all your goodness, all. And forgive me for having formerly disturbed your youth with my unhappy love. Open the window," he said, after awhile.

Lydia opened the window; the first rays of the morning sun broke through the clouds and cast their golden light on the bed of the dying man. His sightless eyes were turned towards the rising sun. Lydia sank on her knees beside him.

Then he drew a ring from his finger; it was a slight gold circle, and had been his mother's marriage ring.

"Not here, but there above shall we be united. Keep it with the violets."

Weeping bitterly, Lydia took the pledge of his affection, and sobbing, laid her head on his pillow.

"Keep it with the violets, do you hear?" he repeated. "We shall meet again. The darkness is fading away; it is getting light. Dearest, we shall— "

He sank back, and his friend finished the sentence for him: "Yes, we shall meet again."

Then she closed his eyes, and sank down in prayer by his bedside.

"After my long night of sorrow, that was my short, happy festal day. The words, 'we shall meet again,' accompany me like a song of consolation in my pilgrimage through this world to the grave. May they be changed into a hymn of joy in the heaven above."

"Amen, Aunt Lydia," I said, as I rose and kissed the dear old lady's cheek; and "Amen," she answered, "for all eternity."

AVE MARIA.

I.

THOU that once on earth didst weep!
By a broken heart's complaint,
And a pain that poisons sleep,
Mary, Mother, Queen, and Saint,
Hear me, for my wound is deep!
Aid me, for my soul is faint!

II.

Bid the darkness come and seal
Burning eyes that will not close;
Let me cease awhile to feel;
And the pangs of many woes,
And the heart thou mayest not heal,
Gentle Mother, bid repose!

BASILICA OF ST. AGNES OUTSIDE THE WALLS OF ROME.

THIS church is situated on the Romentanna road, nearly two English miles outside the gate called Porta Pia, and the house where the parents of Saint Agnes formerly dwelt stood upon the ground it occupies.

It is needless here to enter into any detailed account of the life and martyrdom of Saint Agnes; it is well known to all Catholics how the Lady Agnes, born to wealth, endowed with talents and rare beauty, was from her earliest infancy trained by Christian parents in the Christian faith, dedicated while yet in her childhood to be the "Bride of Heaven;" how her hand was sought by one of noble birth, and how, upon her refusal, he denounced her as a Christian; how the Lady Agnes stood her trial and was condemned to tortures worse than death; how miraculously she was preserved in her fearful prison, and being brought forth on the day after this, and refusing to offer up incense to an idol, she was condemned to death; how calmly, even cheerfully, she laid her head on the block, yielding her brave spirit to Him who had given it, and so won her crown of martyrdom. All this is well known, for is not Saint Agnes the patron saint of many youthful maidens? Do we not all remember the vivid pictures of her drawn by a master hand in "Fabiola?"

Of the two churches in Rome dedicated to her memory, the one on the Piazza Rabona is built on the spot where Saint Agnes endured her fearful trial, and where she gained her martyr's crown at the early age of thirteen. That of Saint Agnes outside the walls is, as has already been mentioned, built on the ground where formerly stood a mansion belonging to her parents. After her death the body of Saint Agnes was removed by her parents to their own domain and there buried. At this tomb a few days after, poor little Emerentiana, foster sister to the Lady Agnes, who had gone out alone to pray at the grave of her beloved friend, was surprised by the soldiers, and having declared herself a Christian was at once hurried off to death.

At this spot, too, the parents of Saint Agnes, having come, in the dead of night, also to watch and pray, saw, as it were in a vision, a choir of virgins, and in the midst of them their own beloved daughter, clad in a robe of dazzling whiteness, having at her side a little lamb as pure as the driven snow, and Saint Agnes having begged of the other virgins to rest an instant, said to her parents, "Weep not for me as dead, but rather rejoice for me; you see I have been received in the regions of light, and united to those whom on earth I loved with my whole soul," and having said this she passed away.

The martyrdom of Saint Agnes took place in 304, under the persecution of the emperor Diocletian. Twenty years later Constantine caused a basilica to be erected over the tomb of this saint, and this edifice, preserved to the present day in its primitive form, gives a good idea of what churches in the fourth century were like.

It was remodelled in the sixth and again in the seventh century. It is entered by a descent of forty-five steps. The walls of this staircase are covered with tablets taken from the catacombs of Saint Agnes, which join the church. Some of these tablets are entire and bear the date

of the time when they were engraved. On passing through the door at the foot of the stairs the church appears in all its beauty. It has three naves, separated by sixteen Corinthian columns, while the same number support the roof.

Between the rows of pillars are some curious old mosaic portraits of Pontiffs who have been favorable to the improvement of the basilica, and between the windows portraits of those virgins who have shed their blood for the faith. There is a statue above the high altar representing Saint Agnes supporting a lamb upon her right arm, and in her left holding the palm of martyrdom. The body of this statue is of ancient oriental alabaster, while the head, hands, and feet, of bronze, have been more recently added. Under this altar repose the mortal remains of Saint Agnes and her foster sister, Saint Emerentiana.

Leo XI, Honorius I, and others, Popes and cardinals, have been rich benefactors to this church; one act was the inclosing of the largest nave with a vaulted arch of great beauty, which is adorned with mosaics of Saint Agnes and Pope Honorius I, who holds in his hand a model of the church.

The Baldachino, supported by four columns of red porphyry of great value, was the gift of Paul V, who also adorned the altar by an arabesque work of precious stones, and caused the bones of Saint Agnes and her foster sister to be inclosed in a silver urn of great value. He also gave a mitre, rich in diamonds and pearls, to this church.

The ceremony of replacing the bones once more beneath the altar, which took place in 1621, appears to have been a service conducted with great pomp and solemnity. The Pope attended in person, and this must have been one of the last acts in the life of Paul V, as we hear that on this occasion he contracted the illness of which he died eight days after.

On the 12th of April, 1855, the Holy Father, Pius IX, after a visit to the basilica, was giving a reception to the students of the Propaganda College, and others, who had been invited to meet him in the convent which joins the church, when suddenly the floor of the hall gave way with a terrific crash, and the whole assembly, consisting of about one hundred and twenty persons, including the Holy Father, were precipitated into the cellar below. Wonderful to say neither the Holy Father nor any of those assembled received either scratch or bruise. To testify his feeling of thankfulness his Holiness ordered the whole basilica to be restored at the expense of his own private purse.

A solemn service is held on the 12th of April every year. The anniversary of this occurrence coincides with that of the return of the Holy Father from Gaëta.

The late Cardinal Antonelli also caused the beautiful diadem of precious stones which encircles the head of the statue of Saint Agnes on the high altar to be gilded and repaired. In the second chapel on the right of the high altar there is a splendidly sculptured head of our Saviour, said to have been carved by Michael Angelo. In a chapel on the left side there is a very ancient statue of the Mother of God.

The 21st of January is the great festival of the year at Saint Agnes Outside the Walls, for on that day the Church keeps the anniversary of her martyrdom. The writer of this paper is able to give an exact account of the ceremony, having been favored with a ticket for the gallery.

He left Rome by the road leading through the new gateway, built after designs by Michael Angelo, in 1567, and which is one of the best, having been modernized and improved in late years. When free of action Pius IX would frequently alight from his carriage on this road and

pursue his way on foot to the basilica of St. Agnes.

Besides the Catholic worshippers on the feast day of Saint Agnes of which we speak, the church was filled to overflowing, chiefly by English and Americans, who came to this as they would to any other sight in Rome, consulting their guide-books and making their comments aloud, besides standing upon the chairs and making use of their opera glasses.

High mass begins with a hymn to Saint Agnes; a procession is then formed in the usual order entering from the sacristy. Two of the sacristans each carried in his arm a red velvet cushion fringed with gold, on which reposed a lamb, securely fastened by a ribbon. The lambs were carried along the gallery and then down below. They were taken straight up to the altar; then, the men kneeling down, the bishop took the lambs and placed them, one on the gospel the other on the epistle side of the altar. One of the lambs remained so quiet as to deserve the comparison with them so often made, but the other bleated loudly and defiantly, and made such frantic efforts to escape, that by the end of the mass he had nearly wriggled himself off his cushion. On the conclusion of the service the two lambs were put into a carriage and driven to the Vatican, where they were blessed by the Pope. They would then be transferred to some convent named by the Holy Father, where they will be kept and taken care of by the nuns till they are old enough to be shorn, when of their wool will be made the pallium.

The pallium is the little sort of scarf made of this wool and ornamented by six black crosses, which the Pope wears about his neck, and which he blesses and sends to archbishops on their institution, as emblems of meekness and purity.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

In Memoriam.

PII P. P. IX.

Quem Deus ad lucem et quietem Cœlestium per ducat.

IT is fitting that this magazine make tender and sorrowful note of the passing away of our late Supreme Pontiff, the venerable and saintly and greatly beloved Pius IX. In that wide-reaching solicitude which St. Paul makes characteristic of the Pastor of Souls, Pius IX gave a patron to the journalistic profession. He honored it and strove to lift it to the highest plane of honor and usefulness. His utterances upon the subject showed how clearly he perceived its capabilities for good or evil, and instead of passing it over, he met it with benediction, encouragement, and warning. It may be that his high culture had an artistic appreciation of journalism, as the medium in our day of precious literature and enduring thought. He transferred to the press the kindly patronage which his predecessors in the earlier ages showed to the manuscript. It is fitting therefore, we say, that the journalist bring his pen and brains to the record of that great and holy memory. A writer speaking of presents, says: "Let thy present be part of thyself. Let the miner give a gem, the painter his picture, the singer a song, the poet his poem." So let the writer bring his written word and thought.

Others have eloquently and exhaustively recorded his life. No Pontiff since the days of St. Peter is more clearly revealed to us than he; and this principally because of the press. Day by day, the faithful telegraph thrilled through the sea with news of his sayings and doings; bearing with glad pulse his many benedictions, and finally throbbing with the sad intelligence of his death. On the broad sheets of many a journal his great speeches, allocutions, and addresses, printed fair and clear, were

scattered over the world. The miracle of the press recalled the Pentecostal gift of tongues, for lo! now did all men, each in his own tongue, hear the words of Peter. The careful chronicler, who is the product of the modern press, watched his sayings, his life and conversation, and the peace and beauty of his character became known to the whole world. The vigilance of the press, both hostile and friendly, never slept. In spite of the efforts of his enemies to distort or suppress the truth, the might of journalism pierced through every flimsy lie or report, and the newspaper training which all readers of any acumen now receive enabled them to form the clearest and most comprehensive judgments upon the Holy Father and his cause.

Not but that the press was used as an engine against him. But as two great political parties react upon each other correctively, so the Catholic press, panoplied in truth and love, easily vanquished its opponent. In fact, reading over the notices of the Pope in our secular journals, we are struck with their average justice and high encomium. Of course there needs must be exceptions. There is the traditional hatred of the Pope which influences many minds, but, it is safe to say, that no true editor has such a mind. There is no more impartial body of men in the world than those who are trained upon a great journal or review. The very habit of thought clears their minds of cant. But it is the shame and confusion of the great editorial body that we cannot exclude narrow-minded and ignorant men from the guild. The sectarian press showed also marked liberality of sentiment upon the mournful occasion; and we need not eulogize the noble and eloquent tributes which appeared in the Catholic press. It may be said that the press of all denominations did its part cheerfully and ably in all that pertained toward placing upon its record and in its archives the life and memory of Pius IX.

OUR new Sovereign Pontiff, Pope Leo XIII, is described as a tall, majestic, and austere-looking man, with a noble forehead and a countenance expressive of great firmness and sagacity. The personal appearance of the new Pontiff has been apparently deemed so striking that it was telegraphed over the world. It is natural for us to wish to form some idea of the faces and general appearance of celebrated persons. We were looking over a portrait gallery of Popes recently, and we were struck with the strongly marked features of all of them. An acute historian says that a portrait of an historical personage enabled him to form a pretty clear idea of the manners and characters of the man. We believe that Lavater, the physiognomist, is no longer held in much esteem; but there is certainly some truth in the world-old proverb, "Vultus, speculum animæ."

The pictures of the first Popes are, very likely, imaginary. It is not probable that their effigies were preserved, and there was an ascetic feeling in the early Christian Church which was not favorable to art nor to the variety of portrait-painting. Not till the middle ages do we find exact pictures. From that period down, the Pontiff's "counterfeit presentment" became necessary for coinage as well as art and history. Many of the Popes wore beards. There is very little beauty amongst them, but high character and strongly marked lines. The family portraits of most royal houses are but a series of simpering nonentities. What commonplace and even vulgar-looking personages are Queen Victoria and the royal family of England!

Pope Leo is said to bear a striking resemblance to our own Cardinal McCloskey, but it must be in manner, for a close comparison of the two photographs reveals marked dissimilarities. At all events, he is a strikingly noble-looking man, worthy physically of being the High Priest, even according to the order of Aaron.

He was born, March 2d, 1810, at Carpineto, a town in the late Papal States, about forty miles from Rome, and he received at baptism the name of Joachim. His ancestral name is Pecci (pronounced Peck-she). He studied at the Roman College, and showed a legal turn of mind. He was the most eminent canonist in the sacred college, and an exceedingly good diplomatist, though his native integrity of character seems to have unfitted him for the highest success in that rather dubious science. Monsignor Seton, of New Jersey, who studied with him, says that he was a vegetarian and a great fruit-eater. He was an assiduous student, and very pious. At the early age of twenty-seven he was made one of the Domestic Prelates of Gregory XVI, an infallible judge of character.

About the years 1838–9, the Papal territories were infested with brigands. Byron howls dismally about the curse, and not a tourist of the time seems to have escaped the attention of the robbers. Irate Englishmen speedily accused the clergy as conniving with the thieves. There is no doubt that the local gentry were hand in glove with them. Those very high-toned counts and marquises with which Italy is so liberally supplied, took to the road themselves. Complaints were incessantly made to the Pope for the suppression of the nuisance. He sent Pecci to them, and in three months

he managed to alleviate if not extirpate the evil. He engaged the services of the King of Naples, and at his instance a few "noble counts" were locked up on bread and water. The brigands, deprived of their noble protectors, gradually disbanded, and the picturesque steeple-hat and red belt no longer lent its grace to Italian scenery in those parts.

In 1843, Mgr. Pecci, now Archbishop, was sent as Papal Nuncio to Leopold I, King of Belgium. The rights and liberties of the Church were threatened by the machinations of the Freemasons, with whom the King was in secret if not open sympathy. Leopold himself was an infidel. Belgium, in the main, is a Catholic country, but the restless revolutionaries in that day never ceased disquieting the conscience and inflaming the passions and prejudices of the people. Mgr. Pecci's mission was a complete success. Leopold thought so highly of him that he besought the Pope to bestow upon him the purple. This request was complied with in 1853, after he had been Archbishop of Perugia for seven years.

It is a blessed cause of rejoicing to Americans that we are not pestered with the horrible swarms of secret societies that have been the curse of Italy, even from the days of the Colonna and the Orsini. Cowardly and imbecile demagogues, they prefer the dark ways of trickery and treachery to gain political advantages which they are afraid to demand with the sword, or even at the ballot-box. Archbishop Pecci had this contemptible element to deal with all his life, and will have it up to the day of his death. His courage, firmness, and intrepid defence of the rights of the Church struck the Italian element, unused to such virtues, with admiration, and though, in 1859, the Italian government despoiled him of his seminaries, drove out the Jesuits, and confiscated monastic property, all classes regarded the Archbishop with boundless respect and applause. He wrote vigorous letters against Victor Emanuel's usurpations, and showed a conspicuously bold front before the high-handed measures of the usurping government.

There has been much written and said about the hostility of Cardinal Antonelli to Cardinal Pecci. "Tantæne animis cælestibus iræ?" The sage correspondent knows intimately the proceedings of every consistory. The reliable contraband in our civil war is the counterpart of the reliable correspondent. The gossip of Roman society, particularly Anglo-American society in Rome, is about as trustworthy as gossip anywhere else. The jealousy of Antonelli did not prevent Pecci from attaining the highest positions in the church. Curious jealousy that!

The confidence felt in him by Pope Pius IX was manifested in his appointment as Camerlengo or Grand Chamberlain, who governs the Church during the interregnum. It is said that this position practically disqualifies for Papal honors, but the fact that he was so quickly and unanimously elected to the Sovereign Pontificate shows that no traditions or precedents hamper the action of a Conclave, bent as it always is, under the Divine guidance, upon electing the most fitting prelate to the highest of earthly honors.

It is a subject of devout thanksgiving that the Church was not left long without a head.

There are instances in Church history where the Papal throne was vacant for upwards of a year, not without considerable confusion and detriment to the conduct of ecclesiastical business. The Providence of God in our distracted times does not suffer his Church long to remain without the strong hand of Peter at the helm. Bright and auspicious may Leo's reign long continue, and we take happy augury from his name *Vincat Leo Judeæ!*

THE traveller upon railway cars in America is frequently annoyed with "popular literature." He may desire to gaze upon the scenery, he may have an interesting book, or he may wish to sleep, but the boy with the bundle of books and papers constantly hovers around, and at very short intervals deposits on his lap a crudely illustrated paper or a flame-backed book. In vain does our traveller protest, and to escape the annoyance he eventually invests a dime or a quarter in the dubious literature presented. And such reading matter! We confess that railroad travelling is unspeakably tiresome to ourselves; and in order to relieve its monotony we have devoured all the prize-packages of candy and all the illustrated papers we can lay hold upon. In this way we have mastered all the popular stories and all the cheap books which our teeming press annually and weekly send forth. We feel perfectly competent to write an approved Indian romance or a fashionable novel. The mysterious creatures who compose for the literary weekly press, and who, by the way, are far better paid than your learned historian or essayist, seem to be very slenderly provided with brains. In fact, any predominance of intellectual power is fatal. Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., whose stories *in the New York Ledger* we, as a boy, so delighted in, that in order to get the paper we often made off with our mother's flat-irons, is better paid than Emerson; and the fortune of Mrs. Southworth, who thinks nothing of dashing off a novel in a week, is supposed to be fabulous. The romantic years of youth will seek for tales, and tales,

too, of spice and high color. The resources of Sunday-school libraries are soon exhausted; and the next stage reached is the circulating library. Why we read novels is easily explained. All of us have an ideal which we can never realize. The fairy world which the novelist introduces us to is the world we desire to live in. Just as in dreams we have no idea of space or time, so in the romance we lead a visionary life. We grow interested in impossible persons. We never perceive exaggerations. As the sick man postponed death until he could get the next number of Dickens's Pickwick, our purely romantic and visionary friends become more real to us than our actual ones. The merest balderdash passes with us for rhetoric. "To escape from our environment," as Gœthe says, "is the deepest feeling of the human heart." This thought is the worldly expression of the profound reflection of St. Augustine upon our restlessness, which shall never be soothed until we are in the peace of God. The novelist may take greater liberties than the poet, who is bound by the unities. Dickens fairly riots in characterization. Cooper's "red man" has modified all our ideas of the Indian. Charles Reade gives us pictures of femineity which, unhappily, are only pictures; and Thackeray introduces us to a cold cynicism, which, happily, does not exist, for to be a cynic one must feel ideal, and the vast majority of people have no ideas at all.

We know thoroughly what is coming in a story; we know the happiness which will descend upon all the parties in a novel; we regret the doom to which the dark-browed villain is invariably condemned; we start a chapter with the clearest knowledge of its ending, and yet we continue reading. In every Indian story the maiden drops a note which her lover finds in the grass; in nautical tales, the captain "shivers his timbers" and orders "the jib-boom to be luffed to landward, and the mainsails to be reefed;" in fashionable novels, the heroine is dressed in plain white with a simple ribbon in her hair, and talks very bad French; and in the philosophical and psychological novel, such as George Eliot writes, the heroine has a "dynamic quality," or a projection of the chin which is peculiar to Rubens, or eyes whose stellar power is slightly modified by an inward petulance, which is apparent also in the *nez retroussé*, an index of character about as safe to be followed as a physician's prescription in heart disease. He gives the patient *digitalis*, and learns from his survival that he has cardiac disease, and from his death that the disease was deeply seated.

THE Most Reverend James Gibbons, D.D., Archbishop of Baltimore, and Primate of the United States, was solemnly invested with the pallium on Sunday, February 10th. The ceremony took place at the cathedral, in Baltimore, and was witnessed by a throng limited only by the capacity of the building.

In consequence of the death and out of respect to the memory of our late Holy Father, Pius IX, the occasion was divested, as far as possible, of external display, but, notwithstanding this, it was of a highly impressive and imposing character. A solemn pontifical High Mass was celebrated prior to the ceremony of investiture, with the Rt. Rev. P. N. Lynch, D.D., of Charleston, celebrant, the music of the mass being rendered in Gregorian chant by nearly a hundred choristers. Bishop Lynch also preached on the occasion, and gave a very interesting and graphic sketch of the history of the see of Baltimore, from its foundation down to the present day, eulogizing in eloquent and feeling terms the various deceased prelates who preceded Archbishop Gibbons in this venerable see.

The ceremony was attended and participated in by a large number of Archbishop Gibbons's brethren in the episcopacy, including the hierarchy of the Province, and also about one hundred and fifty priests and seminarians.

THE public have no idea of the services rendered by a great review, or even a journal, in simply preventing the publication of essays, poems, and other literary afflictions. The writer of this remembers the rather ill-natured pleasure he felt, when, in editorial charge of a magazine, he consigned innumerable manuscripts to the waste-basket. The number of people who imagine that they can write is infinite. The French proverb runs, "Ce monde est plein des fous,"—This world is full of fools; but folly is never so apparent as it is in writing. Perfect grammar and orthography may coexist with perfect inanity. We have read manuscripts that could not be excepted to on the score of grammar, but whose perfect absence of thought was an insuperable objection to them. The reader of this can write, "Cæsar was a great man," but his mere ability so to do does not qualify him for the journalistic profession. If this fact were more generally perceived and acted upon, a great deal of mortification would be saved to would-be contributors, and no little trouble to editors.

ON the 4th of March the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Robert Emmett

was celebrated in a befitting manner by Irishmen and all lovers of liberty everywhere.

This distinguished and gifted patriot and martyr to Irish liberty left behind him a name that never will be forgotten by Irishmen, and the lustre of whose pure life and noble character will only grow brighter in the lapse of ages.

In concluding his memorable speech before sentence of death was pronounced upon him, Robert Emmett requested that no one write his epitaph until Ireland should be free. This request has been observed. The epitaph, alas! is unwritten. When it shall be written, whether in our own day or in the distant future, it matters not, as far as he is concerned, for the memory of his unsullied life, and noble deeds, and most cruel martyrdom, is graven deep in the hearts of all true lovers of freedom, and will endure long after the epitaph itself shall have become obliterated from the crumbling granite on which it will be inscribed.

THE will of our late Holy Father, Pius IX, upon being opened was found to contain, amongst others, the following instructions, written with his own hand: "My body shall be buried in the church of St. Lawrence Without the Walls, under the little arch which surmounts the gridiron that is the stone on which are still visible the stains made by the martyrdom of the illustrious Levite. The expenses of the monument shall not exceed four hundred crowns."

The inscription for the monument is also given, written in his Holiness's own writing, and is as follows:

"Ossafet Cineres Pii P. IX: um. Pont. Vixit An. — in Pontificatv An. — Orate Pro Eo."

"The bones and dust of Pope Pius IX, Supreme Pontiff. He lived — years; in the Pontificate — years. Pray for him."

The private fortune of His Holiness, obtained by inheritance, is bequeathed to relatives by blood. Three hundred thousand francs are given to the poor, and a number of gifts are given to personal friends, including the Comte de Chambord and Queen Isabella.

AT the second plenary council of Baltimore the prelates then and there assembled, in a pastoral which they addressed to the clergy and laity in the United States, said:

"We cheerfully acknowledge the services the Catholic press has rendered to religion, as also the disinterestedness with which, in most instances, it has been conducted, although yielding to publishers and editors a very insufficient return for their labor. We exhort the Catholic community to extend their publications a more liberal support, in order that they may become more worthy to the great cause they advocate. We remind them that the power of the press is one of the most striking features of modern society, and that it is our duty to avail ourselves of this mode of making known the truths of our religion, and removing the misapprehensions which so generally prevail in regard to them. If many of these papers are not all that we would wish them to be, it will be frequently found that the real cause of their shortcomings is the insufficient support they receive from the Catholic public."

This declaration and exhortation of our chief pastors, whom God has placed over his Church in this country, it is especially important should be borne in mind by those who are concerned for the increase and spread of true religion in the United States. The power of the press is incalculable, and by generously supporting Catholic literature that power may be made available in the defence and diffusion of Catholicity.

IN 1814 Rev. E. D. Fenwick, O. P., a cousin of the late Bishop Fenwick, of Boston, first penetrated the woods of Ohio. The first church was erected in the State in 1818, in Perry County, under the patronage of St. Joseph. Father Fenwick found seven Catholic families in Cincinnati. In 1822 he was consecrated bishop of the diocese of Cincinnati. The territory of the new diocese, taken from that of Bardstown, Ky., comprised Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan. In 1826 the Cathedral of Cincinnati was dedicated. In 1832 Bishop Fenwick died and was succeeded by Right Rev. J. Purcell, D.D., now the Most Rev. Archbishop of Cincinnati.

A RECENT cable dispatch from Rome announces that our new Sovereign Pontiff, Leo XIII, was crowned on the 3d inst. The ceremony, though private in character, was performed in the Sistine chapel, in the presence of a numerous and distinguished assemblage. The usual public blessing was omitted.

ACCORDING to information officially furnished to the Archbishop of Avignon, the remains of one of his priests, Rev. Father Giles, who suffered martyrdom in China in April, 1869, have been discovered intact and without the least sign of corruption.

SCARCELY a week elapses that we do not see in our exchanges accounts of persons of distinction in England becoming Catholics. There is now scarcely a family of importance in England that has not furnished from its members converts to the true faith, and the movement seems to be on the increase. It must be said, too, that of these English converts, that generally they are remarkable for earnestness and zeal. Many of them have entered the priesthood, or are preparing for it. Among these latter is a nephew of the ex-premier of England, W. E. Gladstone. Those of the converts who continue in secular life devote their talents and, to a great extent, their time, wealth, and influence to the support and propagation of the religion they have embraced.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ALL SAINTS' DAY AND OTHER SERMONS. By Rev. Charles Kingsley. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

Kingsley was a ranter. He rants in his novels, his pamphlets, and above all in his sermons. That such a man could have had a great deal of influence in his time, especially in a common-sense country like England, must be attributed to his constant and nauseating flattery of the "British workingman." He wrote books about their "wrongs," and as he went through life glorifying everything and everybody, it would be at least poetical justice to see him now in glory. He came to this country and praised us to the skies, and invited every eminent American to a grave in Westminster Abbey. Such a fool of course hated the Catholic Church with an intensity of which he feebly struggled to give adequate expression. We frankly admit that we read only one sermon (that only on All Saints' Day), and such a view of the saints! Well, we hope poor Kingsley's idea of the saints has by this time undergone considerable modifications.

MARY, THE MODEL AND MOTHER OF CHRISTIANS; OR, A SERIES OF MEDITATIONS UPON THE GREATNESS, VIRTUES, AND GLORIES OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY. By Rev. F. Gabrim, S. J. Translated by a Catholic Priest. New York: P. O'Shea. 1878.

This is an admirable manual of devotion to our Blessed Lady, marked by exact theological expression and deep devotion. Protestants who object to what they call the "extravagance of Roman Mariolatry," should peruse this book, which clearly and succinctly sets forth Mary's claims to honor and dignity. Mary was no mere instrument, no merely accidental personage, but the willing handmaid of the Most High, blessed among women and pre-elected from all eternity to be the spotless mother of the Incarnate Word. This privilege is so splendid and glorious, that language exhausts itself in the vain attempt to describe it fully. The inspired writers of the Sacred Scriptures and the Fathers of the Church could find no terms sufficiently strong to express the lofty dignity to which this privilege exalted her. St. Augustine says that when God created the heavens "he fashioned them with his fingers" (Prov. viii, 4,) but that when "he afterwards formed Mary, he brought into requisition *the might of his arm*" (St. Luke i, 51). St. Gregory likens Mary to a lofty mountain rising high above all other mountains. St. John represents Mary as illumined with a crown of stars, the moon as her footstool, clothed with the sun in order to discriminate between her and the other saints who also dwell in an atmosphere of light.

Habitual meditation on the privileges and virtues of one so highly distinguished by Divine favor is one of the surest and most effective means of guarding against temptation and advancing in the spiritual life.

The work before us is a valuable aid to those who desire thus to advance.

There are a few verbal and grammatical inaccuracies, resulting from too close a following of the Italian.

A MANUAL OF THE ANATOMY OF INVERTEBRATED ANIMALS. By Thomas H. Huxley. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Whatever we think of Huxley's theology, we have to admit that his abilities as a scientific lecturer are of no mean order. The trouble with Huxley is that he will not keep to anatomy, but must push himself forward as a theologue. He has made himself a standing joke in the profession by his "Lay Sermons" and his attacks on Moses. This book contains the results of twenty-two years' study and investigation of the *Invertebrata*. It is gratifying to notice that he finds no "intrinsic force" in Mr. Darwin's theory of the origin of the species (p. 42). Perhaps, after all, we may have Adam and Eve spared to us. We take the *Popular Science Monthly* for our statement that Mr. Huxley is, barring his theological whims, a very fair and accurate professor.

THE

CATHOLIC RECORD.

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LEO XIII AND HIS NEW-FOUND ADMIRERS.

CATHOLICS have been frequently warned against putting much trust in the foreign "religious" dispatches of the Associated Press. The province of this medium of communication is clearly the transmission of news only; and it transcends its functions when it proffers comment upon the facts which it announces. The telegraphing of foreign news is in the hands of a company, of which Baron Reuter, who, we understand, is a Jew, is the head. The habit of criticism, which is not associated with the idea of a news-carrier, is frequently pushed to extravagant lengths. Thus, prior to the election of the present Sovereign Pontiff, every rumor floating about Rome was telegraphed with appropriate comment; and the impression left upon the public mind was that the information was supplied from the most trustworthy sources. The views of a Roman correspondent are too often deemed of superlative value and importance. A leader in the London *Times* is considered oracular; and there is often a dull mass of surmise unenlivened by a single spark of trustworthy information. The reader of the public journals may not be aware that the Vatican is the most reticent of courts, and that every cleric is something of a diplomatist, at least so far as ability to hold his tongue is concerned. Even the public allocutions of the Pope are misreported, and conclusions are built on them which the premises do not warrant. It is useless to expect a change in the matter of sending news; for such is the inordinate demand for information, created by our modern modes of thought and life, that the telegraph must flash, if not true, then false fire.

For a thousand mistakes into which the press falls, it makes about one correction. The general intelligence of Catholics, and a safe instinct of faith, enable them to judge pretty surely of the value of a statement. But Protestants are but too ready to accept, with unquestioning and uncritical belief, the most improbable reports. It is a fact that the Vatican issues no bulletins, and has no wish or necessity to manipulate the press, —a practice to which European powers do not hesitate to resort, if they can thereby influence public opinion,—or, what is of more importance, the condition of the stock

market. The general unreliability of foreign intelligence may be shown from the contradictory and absurd news, opinions, and diplomatic moves that were connected with the Eastern war, and the pending questions which have grown out of it. The whole modern system of news-gathering and distributing needs radical change and improvement. There is no means of certifying information. We are helplessly dependent upon news associations, that are not often deeply impressed with the moral responsibility of uttering the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. The history of the Franco-German war brings out the fact that the French people were deluded with lying bulletins of victories up to the very hour when the German armies were thundering at the gates of the capital.

As a counter-agent to the misrepresentation of the Church, every Catholic journal should employ a discreet correspondent at Rome, with a special view to transmit correct news, and to furnish the material for the contradiction or the correction of the hostile or indifferent public press. The late Dr. Marshall conducted a special department in the *London Tablet*, wherein the lying reports, false criticism, and unjust comments of the daily and weekly English press on the subject of the Church were handled with exquisite satire and merciless castigation. The results of his studies in this direction he afterward embodied in a book (*Protestant Journalism*), which is deeply interesting for more reasons than the obvious one. The average Roman correspondent cannot be expected to know much about the policy of a Church in which he does not believe, and which, perchance, he has been taught to regard as a system of error and irreligiousness. The complicated questions of Church policy tempt his vanity in the way of endeavoring to understand and condemn them; the exclusiveness of Catholic prelates awakens his pique and resentment; the anti-Catholic spirit of the Italian government seems to him to reflect the real sentiments of the nation at large, and the safety which attends any attack upon the Pope and the Church combines to color his views and statements with the dark hues of hatred, or the negative tints of supercilious criticism and inane philosophizing.

The public should be trained to hold a correspondent or news agent to his point, with the pertinacity of an advocate eliciting or sifting testimony. Hearsay evidence is properly ruled out of court. The private judgment or formed opinion of a witness count for nothing, and are sternly repressed. However valuable to his seeming his impressions and convictions may be, the law regards them as worthless and irrelevant. We should put newsmen in the witness-box, and check their ardent wishes to expatiate upon the items of news they unfold. All that we want is the fact. We can make up our own minds upon its bearings and consequences.

To read the comments of journalists upon the future policy of Pope Leo XIII, their evident desire to regard him as a radical reformer, a liberal, or, in short, anything except the stern and uncompromising champion of the Church, one would suppose that a "gentleman of the press" daily interviews the Supreme Pontiff. Before the election of Cardinal Pecci, we were assured of the hopelessness of his election, from the circumstance of his being Camerlengo, which office was said to practically exclude him from the choice of the cardinals. Now, this we knew to be intrinsically contradictory and absurd. Every cardinal is a potential Pope. No matter what office he fills, no matter what his qualifications or disqualifications may be, his eligibility to the tiara is part of the very constitution of the government of the Church. People who form their ideas of an election from county

conventions and political ward meetings, from the American caucus or the English standing for Parliament, should learn that the system of electing a Pope is as near perfection as any system that ever was or can be framed. There will never be any need of an electoral commission to determine the election of a Pope; and even in the distracted times of the great schism of the West, when there were two and even three anti-Popes in the field, there was never any doubt upon the mind of the Church as to who was her properly elected and constituted head. Trained human foresight, impartiality, absence of ambition, and a profound desire to do the best for the Church enter as elements in the cardinalitial choice,and play as mighty influences. When we reflect upon the penalties amounting to excommunication, suspension, and canonical irregularity that are visited upon cardinals that do not comply with the sacred canons regulating the papal election, the charge becomes a very grave one, which represents the sacred college as filled with men who would grasp the tiara with violent, dexterous, or unscrupulous hand. The completest freedom and fairness are aimed at, and aimed at honestly, so we are justified in believing them secured. The precautions taken strike one as very strict, and in many details unnecessary; but they are rigidly carried out. These human measures of themselves would warrant a certainty of fair election, and when viewed as accompanied by the Divine light and assistance, even the suspicion of unfairness or irregularity cannot be reasonably indulged in by a non-Catholic, whilst *his* faith is dead who would consider a papal election as open to any questionings whatever. One good office the telegraph did for us was its rapid intelligencing the world with the election of Leo XIII, a no inconsiderable good, for in olden times the distant portions of the Church were not apprised of the election of her head until months and months had elapsed, and this sometimes left far-away bishops in a state of perplexity, and at times resulted in many inconveniences, as the student of ecclesiastical history knows.

The world now busies itself with speculations upon the Pope's policy. There is a widespread impression that he is more "liberal" than his immediate predecessor, and more disposed to accept the loss of the temporal power as an accomplished fact. He is represented as holding broad and modern views, and his new-found admirers are sedulously conveying the impression that Pope Leo is the pope of the nineteenth century, ready to abandon many of the old Church claims. The wildest theory of the newspaper men is that he will virtually forego his doctrinal infallibility,and check the passionate ardor of devotion to the Blessed Virgin, which inferences, say they, are deducible from his consistorial address of March 29th, in which he lays great stress upon the dignity and authority of the sacred college, etc.

As Catholics, in spite of our warnings to take foreign telegraphic intelligence *cum grano salis*, will continue to read the papers and consciously or unconsciously modify their opinions by them, it is proper that we set forth some leading and fixed principles of papal action, which result from the position and relation which the Pope sustains to the Church and to the world. These principles are very simple, and when once understood and appreciated, will solve any ordinary question relative to what the Pope may or may not do in his spiritual and temporal intercourse with the world.

The Pope, viewed in his spiritual relations and office, is the visible representative of ecclesiastical unity; the sovereign teacher and custodian of the faith; the supreme lawgiver; the guardian and interpreter of the

sacred canons; the legitimate superior of all bishops; the final judge of councils, an office which he possesses in his own right, and which he has always exercised by presiding over all Œcumenical councils personally, or through his legates, and by confirming the acts of councils as the Supreme Head of the Universal Catholic Church. His infallible magisterium, *ex cathedra*, though of recent definition, has always been acknowledged by the Church. He has settled controversies in all ages by his own authority. He enjoys a pre-eminence of honor and jurisdiction. These are his spiritual prerogatives inherent in the Primacy. They are inseparable from him as the Head of the Church. The plenitude of authority and jurisdiction, infallibility in teaching *ex cathedra*, supremacy over all bishops, singly and collectively, and other spiritual powers and functions, inhere in his headship or primacy as the successor of St. Peter, constituted by Christ as the Rock or foundation-stone of the Church.

The possession of these admirable and awful powers and dignities does not, of course, affect the Pope's action in merely personal or temporal matters unconnected with his sublime office. As a private doctor or theologian he is at liberty to hold a difference of views such as is permitted by the liberty of the faith. He is not endowed with infallibility except under the conditions adverted to: *i. e.*, when as Supreme Teacher of the Church he defines faith and morals. Mr. Gladstone made a great ado about the meaning of the word "morals" in the Vatican decrees, claiming that it implied the widest sweep of meaning, and included all the offices of civil and social life. But the sense of the word, as used theologically, is clear to any candid mind. The Pope is not impeccable or exempt from the danger of falling into sin. He is not an arrogant or irresponsible autocrat, but is bound by the Divine law, from which he cannot derogate, as firmly as the humblest of Christians. Nor can he dispense in graver ecclesiastical law without just cause,—at least, not arbitrarily and unreasonably. His life is marked out for him with a particularity of detail which few of us would relish. He engages in no measures without long and frequent consultation with his various congregations, for even the sublime act of proclaiming infallible truth is not prophetic or inspirational, but proceeds *per modum divinæ assistentiæ*, or through the divine assistance, which does not exempt him from the obligation of most careful and accurate examination and consultation.

His temporal relations, whilst devoutly believed to be under the special guidance of God for the good of the Church, are not attended with infallibility. He may err diplomatically, and his temporal power, whilst highly conducive and most necessary to the welfare of the Holy See, is no part of the spiritual office. The martyred Popes of the catacombs, the exiled Pontiff of Avignon, and the suffering and imprisoned Popes of later times, were just as much the Heads of the Church and the Vicars of Jesus Christ, as if they were seated upon the pontifical throne amid the splendors of the Vatican and the majesty of St. Peter's. The relation of the Pope to the world is defined by strict lines of custom and doctrine. His chief solicitude being the preservation of the purity of the faith and the morality of Christendom, his dealings with the world have always been directed to these ends. He can make no compromise with evil. He can give no sanction to views which are in the least hostile to Christian faith and morals. The history of the Papacy is a history of warfare with evil, of opposition to the spirit of lawlessness and lasciviousness, and of stern condemnation

of prevailing errors, no matter how fashionable or seductive. The example and action of his predecessors furnish every Pope with precedents. He is guided by a traditional policy which has for him all the authority and sanctity of law. The judgment of the Holy See upon any grave temporal question can always be anticipated by a recurrence to its past action and tradition.

The prophetic words of Christ referring to the hatred and persecution which his Apostles should meet with from the world, have been fully realized in the fortunes of the Papacy. The Popes have always shrunk from the caresses of the world, knowing the hollowness of its professions of friendship. For the first three centuries the pontifical throne was the seat of martyrdom. Under the emperors of the West, who owed their crown and sceptre to the Roman Pontiff, he suffered long and bitter opposition. It was Leo I that crowned Charlemagne. It was a descendant of Charlemagne that did his best to discrown Gregory VII. The history of the middle ages is filled with the conflicts of the Popes and emperors, and bears testimony to the unflinching resolve on the papal part to keep the liberties of the Church intact, and the morality of the people unscandalized, even if, as supreme arbiter and judge of Christendom, the Pope were obliged to shake a monster from the throne. The Protestant Reformation, and, it is to be feared, its logical sequences, the French Revolution and the present unholy alliances of religious and political anarchists, brought out the noblest courage, steadfastness, and unwavering faith of the Apostolic See, which never gave uncertain sound in its outspoken exposure and condemnation of modern errors.

Our readers will conclude from this summary of Papal powers and traditions, that the policy of Pope Leo XIII cannot but proceed upon the fixed laws, conditions, and environments of his office and duties. He is an official personage, a supreme head, a king and lawmaker, and his powers and functions in these several relations are defined and regulated by immemorial custom and law. It is absurd to represent him as inaugurating a policy different from that which Divine and human wisdom has shown to be the best for the Church and the world. Whatever private views or opinions he may hold, he is bound by the Church to subordinate them to her law and general practice. This is, of course, the case with all officials. They must fulfil their office; and as the Pope exercises the supreme legislative power of the Church, this very office will make him conservative, and all the more prudent and cautious, as her responsible executive.

It is extremely improbable that he will make any overtures to the Italian government which might be construed into an acknowledgment of its establishment or authority. He cannot forego his claim to his temporal power, for it is not his to give up. It belongs to the Holy See, on what Gibbon calls the best and clearest title, "the free gift of a people whom the Roman Pontiff had redeemed from slavery." The Pope cannot sanction a wrong, which he would do by acknowledging the right of the King of Savoy to the legal possession of Rome and the Papal territories. As to the liberality of the Pope, whatever that may mean, it certainly does not signify that easy compliance with the opinions of the world, and the laxity of belief that characterize what is known as Liberalism. We should regard the Pope as certainly the last man in the world to countenance theories and opinions which undermine the very foundations of his authority.

On the whole, our readers may rest assured that despite the omniscience of the newspaper men, Pope Leo will continue to walk in the footsteps of

his great predecessor, or if he is called upon to frame any policy to meet contemporary political entanglements, he will be guided by the traditions of the Holy See. The unchangeableness of the Church in dogma seems to extend beyond doctrinal limits, and to give the form to all her actions. She is immutable in the most comprehensive sense. An experienc of two thousand years in dealing with the world leaves her now very little to learn, and as the world varies only in the methods of attack and not in the spirit of its hate, so Pope Leo XIII will meet and overcome it, if not with the old weapons of defence which Hallam sneered at as impotent and antiquated, and which Gladstone spoke of as "furbished anew," he will employ quite as readily new implements of warfare, adjusted to the new conditions; for the Church is ever ancient and ever new, and he will be filled with the immortal spirit of wisdom and courage that illumined the minds and strengthened the hearts of the Vicars of Jesus Christ from Peter to Pius IX.

EASTER LILIES.

I.

EASTER DAY came early that year, consequently there were no flowers outside the greenhouses for the decoration of the churches. And the sun had set and the darkness of the early spring day had begun to steal over the earth before Marion Raynor had finished her duties in the sanctuary of St. Mary's. The interior of the church was but dimly lighted by a lamp sitting upon a side table within the sanctuary rails, and one or two jets of gas beside the confessionals at the foot of the church. Of course the sanctuary light was burning, but as it hung in its antique brass lamp from the groined roof, it availed little save to show that the Divine Prisoner of the tabernacle was on the altar.

"A few cut lilies!" Marion was passing from the sanctuary into the sacristy and had glanced at the statue of Our Lady; she was almost unconscious of speaking till she received a very matter of fact answer.

"It is too late to get any now, I suppose," replied her assistant, a young seminarian. She started at his voice, for her thoughts had been far away; then, smiling to herself, answered sadly:

"Yes, I suppose so; so if you will help me fill this basket with the best of these flowers left from the bouquets—they must do,' and then, after the vestments are laid out, all will be ready."

"Did you see that great rent in the Brussels alb, Miss Raynor?"

"Oh, yes; it is too bad! but I mended it very carefully this morning."

For a few moments they worked in silence, and when the basket was arranged to her taste with a few crocuses and narcissi, daily roses, heliotrope and smilax, it was a very pretty sight. Marion took it up, and entering the sanctuary laid it on the pedestal, at the feet of the statue of Mary. She turned to pass down into the body of the church, intending to take her chance at the confessional, and knelt before the altar for an instant in the customary adoration, then a little longer to criticize her work.

While so occupied, a gentleman entered the church, accompanied by a child of some five years, who held in her hands an exquisite crown of jasmine, tuberoses, heliotrope, violets, and lilies. The latter flowers were ranged round the base and over the niches. It was perfect in its chaste richness. The gentleman whispered a few words to the child, and then passing her, knelt in a pew near the head of the aisle. The little girl advanced slowly, glancing from her flowery burden to the kneeling figure before the altar. Presently, Marion rose from her knees and turned to descend the steps of the sanctuary. Then the child stood still, and as Marion walked down the aisle she was so attracted by the mass of white, which the odor of the violets told her were flowers, that she did not notice two dark eyes gleaming at her with hunger in them when the gentleman raised his head on her passing him.

"Papa sent them," said the little girl, holding the crown up to Marion.

"Oh, how exquisite! Who is your papa, little girl?"

"There he is," said the child, pointing to the pew. Marion looked, and saw a man in a light gray overcoat, kneeling devoutly with bent head. The darkness prevented her forming any idea of what he looked like, and she would not have known him again. "He is very kind, very," she said, speaking a little louder, "and I was just wishing for some lilies. They have come to my wish!"

Then she turned to retrace her steps to the sacristy. With her face to the altar she paused, and bending over the delicate petals, kissed them. At the action the gentleman, who had turned his head slightly and saw it, started and shivered, and then bent his head down again upon the division of the pew.

"So weak after all these years! And in this sacred place! Ah! God help me."

She murmured the words, and hurried back to the sacristy. It took her some time to arrange the frail beauties so that their freshness would be preserved until the morning, and when she re-entered the church she missed the kneeling figure and the child's bright dress. She was very tired, for she had been busy about the altar since twelve o'clock, so it was not very astonishing that she should find relief in a quiet cry as she knelt waiting her turn for confession. When it came she was not detained very long, but when she was about to resume her place in the pew she found the little girl there amusing herself with the pictures of a stray prayer book.

"Where is your papa, dear?" she asked.

"He's down in dat box," the child replied, pointing with a chubby finger to the farther side of the confessional.

"Well, he'll be out presently," said Marion, and resumed her devotions.

But he did not come out presently; fifteen, twenty, thirty minutes passed, and he did not come. The child wearied of her prayer book, and Marion gave her her beads to look at; they were evidently a novelty, and she examined the crucifix and reliquary with great interest, and demanded that the latter be opened if possible.

Marion opened it and the crucifix, and told her what they contained, but she found she was speaking to alien ears; the child had evidently neither seen nor heard anything of the kind before. At last she climbed over Marion and made her way to the door of the pew and out, evidently with the intention of investigating the reasons for the detention of her papa in "dat box." But Marion caught her and coaxed her to come with her into the sacristy, which she did willingly enough. Then she wrote a few words on a slip of paper, and sent the seminarian with the missive

to the priest who was hearing confessions. The note was simply requesting Father O'Keeffe to tell the gentleman whose confession he was hearing that his little girl was safe with her. So long a time still passed that the little one had fallen asleep in Marion's lap, unable to hold her violet eyes open longer, even to the fascinations of Jack and the Beanstalk or poor Little Red Riding Hood. Marion laid her on a lounge in the sitting-room, which opened into the sacristry, and which was her special sanctum for her sanctuary work. Then she busied herself about the last arrangements, saw that the vestments were all in order, and while she did so the odors from the violets and heliotropes in the floral crown (which she had put in here for the night as the coolest place) carried her thoughts back, far back, to a Holy Week seven years ago. How full of hope and life the world was for her then—and now!

She turned at a slight noise, and there, standing on the threshold, was the gentleman whom the little girl had called "Papa." Yes, there was no mistake; but could it be, was it here they were to meet after all these years, and thus?

She knew him instantly, and her head swam for an instant, and she clutched at the edge of the table to keep herself from falling. He reached her side in two strides, and taking her in his arms kissed her lips and eyes once—twice, passionately. Then he led her to a chair and pressed her gently into it, dropped on his knees, and hiding his face in the folds of her dress, sobbed with all the abandon of deep sorrow.

She let her hand fall on his head with a gentle caress, and said:

"Ernest, my darling, my love."

"No! no! Marion, forgive me, I am married!"

She roused herself in a moment and drew herself away from him.

"Married, of course! This child! Your words require an explanation."

"Yes, married, unhappy man that I am; but whether my wife lives or not I am ignorant."

"Ah!"

It was all she said, but the long-drawn agony of that word told how hope had died a second time in her heart.

"Do not kneel at my feet any longer; your place is not there, at least but—"

"In repentance and for forgiveness you would say. I know, I know, but oh, Marion, if I could tell you." He walked up and down the small room impatiently while she sat with hands writhed together in her lap, and her large eyes watching him out of a pale, woe-stricken face. "I left you in anger, and I married a sweet-faced siren who wanted my money. Three years ago, she left her eighteen months old baby in its cradle and sailed for Europe with her lover. Whether she lives or not I know not. I kept track of them for a while through a friend, who is our consul at Havre, but for six months he has given me no tidings. Then I sought to dissipate my trouble by travelling. I have a kind nurse for May, and we arrived here a few days ago. I remembered your care for the sanctuary, and also that it is the Holy Week, and I came here last Wednesday and saw you busy about the altar, just as in old times, and I almost thought the past was a dream, only I remembered the trifling disagreement which caused all this misery, and I but sought to make the same means the source of reconciliation."

"Reconciliation. You are cruel."

"No, I am not, I—"

"You are a Catholic?"

"No."

"Then why that hour spent in the confessional?"

"Because I wanted to open my heart to some one or it would have burst; because I wanted to know how I could approach you; because I felt that I must have rest and peace

for a little while, and I had never found it in all my seeking elsewhere."

"And have you found it now?"

"Marion you love me!"

"Hush! God help me!"

"Then you do! you do! Take my poor forsaken baby; keep her for me; I will search Europe over till I find her. If she is still living, which I have every reason to doubt, she cannot live long; she is exposed to want and misery; if I find her I will do what I can to save her, and I will not see you again till I am free! Then, then, you will be my wife?"

"It is no time to ask that question to-night. I cannot answer it."

"You will pray for me?"

"Yes, I have done so all these years!"

"Ah, Marion, what a fool I have been!"

At this moment a footfall was heard in the hall at the door, and a knock disturbed them. Marion's carriage was waiting to take her home. She made a great effort and spoke calmly to the servant, telling him to wait, she would be ready presently. As soon as the door was closed again she made a sign to Ernest for silence, and passing him swiftly into the sanctuary, knelt for a few moments in prayer. When she rose she was calm and self-possessed. She returned to find her visitor seated with his head bowed down upon his knees and clasped in both his hands.

"I must go now," she said, quietly. "How will you get May home, she is so sound asleep?"

"I must call a carriage. I—"

"Then let me offer you mine. At what hotel are you stopping?"

He told her and stooped to lift the sleeping child. The little thing opened her eyes an instant, her head fell on her father's shoulder, and a little arm went round his neck. She was asleep again. When they reached the carriage he laid May upon the front seat, then assisted Marion to enter, and telling the coachman where to drive, turned without a word and hurried away. When they reached the hotel he was at the private entrance waiting with the nurse, who took the sleeping girl from him and carried her within. Then he entered the carriage himself and sat facing Marion.

"I may see you to-morrow?" he asked, when they reached the house. The drive had been a silent one.

"Is it wise?" she asked.

"It is necessary if you accept my —if you will do the kind act I ask of you."

"I will do that. I will care for little May as tenderly as possible."

"Thanks!" He took both her hands and raised them to his lips, then assisted her to alight, escorted her to the door, and as soon as it was opened bade her good-night, and left her, saying,

"To-morrow, then, at two o'clock."

Marion entered the house like one in a dream. She sought her own room immediately, for she felt that she must have a little while to herself for thought and silence; but in the course of half an hour went downstairs and took her place at the tea table.

After the meal was over and they were alone together in the parlor, she told her father of the interview, and of her promise.

Marion's mother was dead and she had long been her father's housekeeper. Her only brother was studying for the priesthood, at the Propaganda in Rome. Mr. Raynor had been father and brother both to Marion, and there existed an unusual tenderness, as well as a species of *camaradine* between them. He listened to her story and sat silent for a few moments after it.

"You are strong enough for it, my darling?"

"I think so papa, if I do not see *him* constantly. The pain is all there. I can have only pity for the little one."

"The child may be a difficult one

to manage; she may inherit her mother's traits."

"Poor little thing! I will find out whether she has been baptized. If not, it shall be done at once. My greatest doubt has been about you, papa. The child may disturb you, her childish noise and restlessness may break in upon your hours of study and quiet."

"Never fear for me, my daughter. My own children were never checked in their childish noises or pleasures for my comfort. They never interfered with it, so let that point rest."

"Then you consent?"

"Most heartily, pet, only I hope my brave daughter has not overtaxed her strength."

"I think not, papa, with God's help and yours."

Both were silent after this, Marion seated at her father's feet with her head resting on his knee, he with his fingers threading through her loosened hair.

II.

THE next morning, when Marion hurried to the church to place her floral crown in its proper place, Father O'Keeffe followed her into her little sanctum, and said,

"My child, you saw Mr. Graham last evening?"

"Yes, Father."

"He was strangely agitated, and told me he seemed impelled after leaving the church to return and speak to me. He told me all, my child, and asked me how he might approach you, what proposition he might make."

"You hardly sent him, the husband of one woman, to ask another to marry him?" asked Marion.

"No: you know I could not do that, but he told me his wife was probably dead, it had been so long since he had heard of her, and she was naturally quite delicate, and that he wished you to accept the care of his little girl, for he knew you were neither married nor engaged. I told him he must not leave you one moment in ignorance of his wife's existence."

"He did not," said Marion.

"He promised me he would not, and on that condition I told him there could be no impropriety in his seeking you."

Marion smiled, but said nothing.

"He told me of the trifling disagreement which had separated you, of his marriage in a fit of resentment, that he still regarded you as worthy of all esteem and regard, that he had found out too late his mistake, but that he would bear the consequences with what strength he could, and begged me to add my entreaties to his that you would consent to assume the care of his child while he went on his painful search for the erring mother."

"I have decided to accept the charge, Father, and papa is willing that I should," replied Marion.

"I am glad you have, my child, and may God give you strength to do your duty by her and to bear your burden yet a little longer."

Strange and tumultuous thoughts coursed through Marion's brain during the two hours the service lasted. All the weary waiting, the sad and lonely days of the long seven years seemed but as a dream, dispelled at the sound of his voice, at the touch of his hand. And yet, what a gulf lay between them! She longed for and yet dreaded the interview which was to follow, and prayed with all her soul for strength to go through it properly.

The dreaded hour arrived, and Marion Raynor and Ernest Graham were once more face to face in the very room where, seven years before, they had parted with stern, cruel words on his part, a proud silence on hers. And why? Because the next day being Easter Sunday, she had carried a basket of lilies which he had brought her to the church for the altar, and he had expressed his displeasure. She had replied by say-

ing that nothing was too precious or too beautiful for an offering there—and he had retaliated with some sneer at her "idolatrous faith;" one word had led to another on his part, until he had lost all command of himself, and the interview had ended in her drawing a diamond ring off her finger and handing it to him as she swept past him up the staircase to her own room. The next day a cold formal note of apology from him had accompanied all her little billets and trifling presents—even to a few dried violets and a tuberose which had dropped from her dress one evening at a party. From that day to the previous one she had never seen him, and the time had been seven weary years! Ah, how cruel men can be to hearts that trust and love them sometimes!

Marion was spared any renewal of the scene at the church. He was calm and composed. The conversation was confined to the business in hand and a few commonplaces, which sounded so strangely from his lips. Then Mr. Raynor came in, and the two gentlemen met as though it had been but yesterday they had parted. The next morning May was installed in her new home, and in a day or so became perfectly happy. As soon as he was satisfied that the child would not pine for him, her father bade his friends farewell, and promising to write to Mr. Raynor, who also, it was arranged, was to keep him posted about his little girl, and who had given him a letter of introduction to his son in Rome, started upon his sad strange journey.

III.

EIGHT months had passed since Ernest Graham started on his sad search. The summer months were spent by Marion and her little charge up among the mountains of New Hampshire. Mr. Raynor was with them part of the time, and received several letters from the traveller, letters which Marion did not read. The last was written in Rome, about the first of September, in which he spoke of the kindness which he had received from Paul Raynor, and the assistance which he had given him. To-day a letter from Paul himself tells them that since the first week in September he has seen nothing of Mr. Graham, and he is writing on the 15th of November. His letter was full of interest, for it is the first they have had since the "Italian occupation," as is the euphonious way of mentioning the bold robbery of the Sardinian king, and he gives them a thrilling account of the events of that momentous September. He pointed out to them how truly prophetic were Thiers's words that, "He who eats Pope dies of him;" for was ever so marked a series of coincidences shown before? On August 4th the French troops evacuate Rome, and on the same day the Germans are victorious at Wissembourg. On August 5th, while the French leave Viterbo, the Germans pass the French frontier. At five o'clock the French flag is lowered from the ramparts of Civita Vecchia, on the 6th, and at the same hour, the French flag fell into the hands of the Prussians after the terrible battle of Woerth. August 7th, the last 4000 French troops leave the Papal States; the same day 4000 French soldiers are made prisoners by the Germans! September 16th, the troops of Victor Emanuel seize Civita Vecchia; the same day the Prussians take Versailles. On September 19th, the Piedmontese invest Rome; on the same day Paris is invested by the Prussians. On the next day they open fire upon the walls of Rome, and at the same time the imperial palace of St. Cloud is burned. The Papal army quits Rome on the 21st, and the same day Toul capitulates. On September 28th, the Piedmontese general

asserts himself master of Rome, and the same day 17,000 prisoners are taken, and Strasbourg capitulates.

On October 11th, the grand force of the plebiscite gives Rome to Victor Emanuel, while Orleans is taken by assault, and on the same day, October 22d, that the Italian ministers answer the congratulatory letter of the French ambassador on the capture of Rome, St. Quentin is taken, shelled, and fined two millions of francs, and five days afterwards Metz capitulates and 173,000 prisoners are taken.

And the list was to be extended far into the new year, showing how the vengeance of God followed step by step the treachery of Louis Napoleon towards the Sovereign Pontiff. In his letter Paul Raynor spoke also of the grand dignity displayed by Pius IX during these terrible days, described how, while telegrams were lying to the world about the Roman revolution, and the robber king's army was marching across the Campagna from Civita Vecchia, and the cuirassiers were even then descending the Janiculun hill, the Holy Father, on the 16th of September, accompanied by his private secretary and chaplain and one or two cardinals, and followed at some distance by two or three of the Swiss guards, had walked the whole length of the Corso, from the foot of the Capitol to the Piazza di Spagna and back again, and how the people flocked out to kneel for his blessing, and how little children ran to kiss his hand! This was his last public appearance. The next day he took up his abode in the Vatican, and who shall describe his agony?

A few days afterwards the Guard a Nobile at Porta Pia proved their devotion to him, and it was only at his order that they capitulated. He had done all that was necessary to show the world that he yielded to force from an alien, not the revolution of his own children.

The hearts of the Raynors were sad, as were all Catholic hearts during those dark days, but added to that sorrow for the Holy Father was an anxiety, which she tried to smother, for tidings of the wanderer, in Marion's breast.

A postscript to her brother's letter did not attract her attention at first. It was as follows:

"I have just been sent for by Mgr. Chatard, the rector of the American College, with reference to a poor woman who came into the city with the Italian troops, and who is dying. He says she wishes to make a written confession, and as I was with him this afternoon he naturally remembered me as being able to take it. So I must go."

Meantime little May was perfectly happy and content, though of course sometimes questioning when papa would come to see her.

In a few days, by the next mail, came a package from Paul Raynor, with intelligence which shook Marion's soul to the centre. May's mother was found, and dead and buried! The unfortunate woman to whose bedside he had been led by a passing remembrance of Mgr. Chatard, was no other than the forlorn sinner for whom Ernest Graham had been seeking. Paul Raynor had been able to console her dying hours by an account of the happy home her child had found, and of the quest her betrayed husband was making for her, for the purpose of rescuing her from want, and, if possible, finding for her a place of safety. She died after an earnest confession of her sins and baptism in articulo mortis, leaving a letter imploring pardon of her husband and some legacies for May if he should see fit to give them to her. But the unhappy husband had disappeared as completely and suddenly as if the earth had opened and closed over him.

So the months grew weary for Marion. She had not known how much she had allowed herself to dream of what might be in the far

dim future, because she had striven conscientiously to keep all such thoughts out of her mind. But she found that they had crept in in spite of her. Strive as she would a melancholy settled down over her, against which she was powerless. This last sorrow was worse than the first. Mr. Raynor noticed the troubled change in his daughter,and could only grieve with her. The Christmas times were made merry for little May,and except her "papa" the child missed nothing from her life.

IV.

AT last with the New Year came a letter from Paul Raynor. Ernest Graham was found! He was very ill, and had, on hearing all that Raynor had to tell him, expressed his thanks and an ardent wish that he could see Marion. His long absence had been caused by illness and imprisonment. He had gone out to walk on the Campagna one day and been captured by a set of banditti, who, anticipating the march of their king, had impudently and boldly made their way almost to the gates of Rome. He had been held for ransom,and allowed to communicate with the American minister at Rome, but that functionary was too busy throwing up his hat for Victor Emanuel and entwining his country's flag with the arch robber's own colors to attend to his proper duties,and so the letter had been neglected until the writer was too ill to care what the result was. Perhaps he would never have emerged from the hiding-place of his captors, a rocky promontory between Rome and Naples, had not the chief of the band, assuming the dress of a Franciscan friar,made his way into the Eternal City and visited the American legation in person.

As soon as arrangements could be made the Raynors started for this unexpected journey, and made their way at once to Rome. On their arrival Paul met them with the intelligence that Ernest Graham had been very much better, but that nervous anxiety as to whether Marion would really come had brought on a relapse, and at present his life was despaired of. It was several days before he was conscious of anything. Marion took her place at his bedside, and devoted herself to him. Rome, with its glories and its shames, had no place in her mind. As soon as he was well, she said, she would have time to see all.

She had been inexpressibly shocked at the first sight of that fever-stricken form and sad face; he was in delirium when she first stood at his bedside, but at sight of her called her Marion, and so continued to do all the time. The physician said if sleep could not be brought about he could not outlive the attack. He had not slept for three days and nights previous to Marion's arrival. She saw the prescription administered which was to induce the sleep of cure, and seating herself by the bedside she laid one cool soft hand on the restless ones of the patient, and the other on his forehead, and gently, but firmly, passed it over the temples with an even, light pressure. In a very short time the muttering lips were silent, the staring eyes were closed, and presently a gentle, regular respiration told that sleep had come. For two hours Marion sat there, not daring to move, hardly daring to breathe. Then she had been looking out of the window, for from her seat at the bedside she could do so, down the Aventine hill to where the marvellous dome told her lay St. Peter's, and beyond that she could see a mass of bricks and stone which she knew was the palace and prison of the grand old man whose *non possumus* had confounded all the plans of kings and cabinets, when their machinations had threatened to trench upon his God-given prerogatives, or the rights and liberties of religion. Her thoughts had gone out of that fever-stricken room

over the free hills to the palace, and back over the years during which this glorious Pontiff had, as it seemed, gathered into his reign all the glories and all the sufferings of his one hundred and sixty predecessors. For a few moments she had forgotten where she was, then a slight tremor in the hands that lay beneath hers brought her wandering thoughts back, and looking at her patient she was met by the dark eyes of Ernest fixed upon her intelligently. He smiled a sad smile of satisfaction, and turning his head slightly on the pillow, fell off into a sleep as natural and as calm as an infant's.

V.

"MARION!" the second sleep had brought strength with it, and the first use of it had been to speak her name. "Marion, dear love."

"Yes, I am here; but you must not talk."

"I will not, if I can hear from your lips that I am forgiven, if—"

"You are—you are—get well, darling, for my sake."

Which he proceeded to do as quickly as possible.

When the Easter lilies bloomed that year there was a profusion of them strewn in front of the statue of Our Lady in one of the chapels of Santa Maria supra-Minerva; and one day, at the early hour of seven in the morning, during the Easter week, a young priest, just consecrated, baptized a tall dark man, who walked as though he were just recovering from a long illness, and who leaned on the arm of a young lady who wore the traditional robes of a bride, and who was supported on the other side by a dignified white-haired gentleman of about sixty. As soon as the baptismal ceremony was over, the newly baptized and the white-robed woman knelt before the altar and were made man and wife. Behind them knelt a servant and a little girl. Then the nuptial mass was said,—only the day before Paul Raynor had said his *first*,—and when all religious rites were over, no happier group paid their first visit to St. Peter's than Mr. and Mrs. Graham and Mr. Raynor, with Paul as a *cicerone*.

Ernest's wedding present to his bride was a bunch of Easter lilies in Roman mosaic, set as a locket in a frame of diamonds and pearls.

SONNET OF LOVE.

Is love the passion that the poets feign,
  Drawn from the ruins of old Grecian time,
  Born of Priapus and all earthy slime,
And tricked by troubadours in trappings vain
Of flowers fantastic, like a Hindoo fane,
  Or the long metre of an antique rhyme
  Dancing in dactyls? Is love, then, a crime—
A rosy day's eternity of pain?
If we love God, we know what loving is,
  For love is God's, he sent it to the earth,
    Half human, half divine, all glorious,—
Half human, half divine, but wholly his,
  Not loving God, we know not true love's worth,
    We taste not the great gift he gave to us.

THE LAST ACTS OF PIUS THE NINTH.

THE present year will certainly never be reckoned as one of those uneventful periods of time which leave little or nothing behind them for the historian to record. It has already witnessed the vacancy of the usurped throne of what is called the "Kingdom of Italy" —that creation of violence and mendacity which has caused so many deep sorrows to the Catholic Church. It has witnessed the termination of the war between Russia and Turkey, in what is already hailed or denounced as the overthrow of the Empire of the Sultan, at least in Europe. The death of Victor Emanuel may very possibly be the introduction to great political changes in the peninsula over which that grotesque historical personage claimed to rule. The prostration of Turkey will even more probably lead, not only to a state of things in which the conquered party in the struggle lies, for the moment, at the mercy of the conqueror, but to the entire political and social transformation of the southeast of Europe. The third great event of the present year, which will have moved men's hearts more deeply and truly than the other two, will produce far less of change and nothing of revolution. Pius the Ninth, the great Pope, in so many senses of the word great, of the nineteenth century, passes to his rest, so well-earned by long years of vigilant activity and patient suffering for the cause of the Church. He passes away "like a shock of wheat brought in its season," ripe, over-ripe, as it might seem to human calculation, for the garner, and yet too soon for the love and devotion of his spiritual children. The enemies of the Church have long been calculating on his removal, and have been so often disappointed, that even they had almost ceased to calculate. His children all over the world had been so long consoled by his unparalleled vitality, that they had almost ceased to feel anxiety about his increasing age and failing health. To enemies and friends of the Church he seemed either an unconquerable obstacle or an indispensable bulwark, and yet we venture to say that, whoever may be his successor, and whatever the state of the world or of Europe with which he may have immediately to deal, the course of the Catholic Church on her heavenly work will continue as it has hitherto continued, after his removal as before it, and the changes which follow on his demise will be changes of persons and not of principles. The Church is no mushroom kingdom, no tyrannical dominion founded on conquest and kept up by violence and oppression.

We do not intend, in the present paper, to attempt any estimate of the life and character of the great and saintly Pontiff whom we have lost. Space and time would alike fail us, if we were either to chronicle the events of a Papacy, the long years of which are so crowded with great deeds and wonderful sufferings, nor would it be easy to write adequately of the mixture of firmness and gentleness, of simplicity and wisdom, of prudence and of the most venturesome faith, which characterizes the personal actions of the ninth Pius. By the time that these pages are in the hands of our readers, there will be outlines enough published of the chief events of the most remarkable Pontificate of modern times. The personal character of the Pope must be left to his biographer; and we are certain that the more intimately that character

comes to be known, the more saint-like and Christlike it will seem. To few even of the most famous Pontiffs can those Scriptural words be more truly applied: "The Lord hath sought Him a man according to His own heart, and Him hath the Lord commanded to be ruler over His people."* It has, indeed, often seemed to us that the character of the late Pope had many features in it which are found in that of the holy king of which these words were spoken. His simplicity, his readiness in giving his confidence,—alas, too often to have it betrayed,—his patience with his enemies, his wonderful faith in Providence, his heavenly-guided prudence, and his boldness in enterprises for the glory of God, are some among such features which will occur at once to any one who studies the two histories. The latter years of both were saddened by rebellion, in which those who ought to have loved them most were the causes of their sorrow. The heart of each was pierced, more sharply than by anything else, by the ingratitude and the hypocrisy of those whom he had benefited. But we must not linger on thoughts of this kind. Our present business is with one or two of the last acts of Pius the Ninth,—acts expressing entirely his uniform bearing towards some of the giant forms of evil against which he had to contend. The first of these acts, on which, as we are told, he was occupied very shortly before he died, was occasioned by an incident—an incident, like so many others of his reign, full of bitterness and sorrow to him, as well of shame to those who insulted as well as opposed him. We refer to the breaking off of diplomatic intercourse between the Holy See and the government of Russia—a government, which, almost in the heyday of its triumph in war, has thus closed its dealings with Pius the Ninth by an outrage to which his Secretary of State does not hesitate most justly to affix the epithet "brutal." The other act on which we shall shortly dwell is the protest which was made shortly before the late Pope's death, and by his order, against the usurpation of the Pontifical dominions by the Piedmontese government—a protest in which Pius the Ninth expressly declared once more that that usurpation made it impracticable for him to govern the Catholic Church as his duty required.

We should be going over ground which we have often traversed if we were now to speak at any length on the condition of the Polish and other Catholics in the dominions of the Czar. That condition when considered by the side of the engagements entered into by the Russian government, when it first became sovereign over a part of Poland, and on more than one subsequent occasion, furnishes the gravest of the many grave charges which may be brought against that government on the double ground of tyranny and perfidy. The two other governments which had a share in the iniquitous partition of Poland have not, at least, stained their good name in the same way and to the same extent as the government of Russia. The Catholic Poles under the dominion of Prussia share with all the Catholic subjects of that state the oppression and unprincipled persecution which is the result of the Falk Laws. The Poles under the dominion of Austria may naturally regret the extinction of their national existence, but they do not labor under any special hardships on the score of their religion. But in Russia the government is schismatic, and has made the schismatical religion of the country into an engine of the state. On several occasions it has goaded its Catholic subjects into rebellion—a rebellion unfortunately assisted if not originated by the secret plotters against

* 1 Kings, 13: 14.

society in Europe, who are the enemies alike of throne and altar, and the suppression of the rebellion has always been followed by renewed religious persecution. The Roman Pontiffs have never failed to remind their suffering children in Poland of the duty of submission and obedience to the civil power, badly indeed as that power may have discharged its duties, but the return which has been made to them by the Russian government has been almost uniformly some fresh aggravation of the measures which that government has devised for seducing and forcing the Catholics into apostasy from their faith, or for making it impossible for them to have the full advantage of intercourse with and direction from the Holy See. Impossible as it may appear to change the policy of the Czar in this respect, as long, at least, as the present relations between Church and State exist in Russia, the Holy See has gone to the very extreme of concession and conciliation, in the hope of alleviating the miseries under which the Catholics in question are suffering. But we need not repeat a tale which must be familiar to our readers, and which fills one of the saddest pages in the history of modern Europe. The same fatal, and as we believe, suicidal policy has been followed by Czar after Czar, and Alexander the Second, whose reign will hereafter be memorable for the emancipation of the serfs, and, as it seems, the extinction of the Turkish power in Europe, has had no compassion for his Catholic subjects, no regard to the solemn obligations of his crown towards them, not even decent respect and courtesy for the Holy See, or the aged Pontiff whose name has been revered all over Europe.

It appears that in the course of the summer of last year, the late Holy Father, Pius the Ninth, having over and over again tried in vain to obtain from the Russian government the simplest justice to its Catholic subjects, and the plain observance of its own engagements, had determined to take the only step which remained to him, and to publish to the whole world in an Allocution the miseries of the Polish Catholics, and the iniquitous measures of their rulers. It was at the time when Rome was thronged with pilgrims from all parts of the world, who came to do homage to the Holy Father on the occasion of his Jubilee. It might seem as if it were a comparatively trifling matter to a government so strong as that of the Czar that an old man, practically imprisoned in the Vatican, unable to defend his own states from invasion, and his own throne from usurpation, should lift his voice before the assembled cardinals to denounce injustice and oppression at a distance, in a country so entirely prostrate before a military despotism as Poland. Nevertheless, the purpose of the Holy Father seems to have inspired the Czar and his advisers with fear. They were then just at the beginning of their war with Turkey, which had not as yet turned out so one-sided a conflict as it afterwards proved. They had won no battles and had captured no hostile armies. In the days in which we live, miserable as are the delusions and extravagancies of what goes by the name of public opinion in Europe, that opinion has yet the power to make despotisms tremble before it if they are disappointed in their ceaseless endeavors to corrupt it and to pervert it. With that extreme courtesy which characterizes all the proceedings of the Holy See with foreign governments, the "officious" representative of Russia at Rome, Prince Ouroussoff, was informed of the intention of the Holy Father to address the cardinals, and through them, the whole Catholic world, on the subject of the treatment of the Catholic subjects of the Czar. It was just at the time when a numerous deputation of Poles from

the parts of the country not subject to Russia was about to visit the Holy Father. Prince Ouroussoff immediately exerted himself to avert the coming blow. He entreated Cardinal Simeoni that the remonstrances of the Holy See might be addressed to the Russian government in the usual diplomatic manner, and that no appeal to Catholic opinion might be made. His Imperial master was entering on a war to which the attention of the whole of Europe was turned, and the publication of an Allocution on the subject of his treatment of his Catholic subjects might injure his cause by raising a strong feeling against him, and would even give the impression that the Holy See was taking a part, though only a moral part, on the side against him in the war.

It seems that these representations were allowed to have some weight with the Holy Father. The Holy See can never wish to seem to take a side in war, much less, we may suppose, in such a war as that which has lately been terminated. The Holy See will gladly deal with the government of any country that will listen to its complaints and candidly consider their force. Moreover, the request of Prince Ouroussoff certainly implied—if it were not a mere *ruse*—a kind of undertaking on the part of the Russian government to reconsider its former decisions as to the points at issue between the Holy See and itself. On these and other grounds the formal denunciation of Russian tyranny was adjourned, and the Holy Father ordered a memorial to be drawn up, in which the oft-recounted wrongs of the Catholic subjects of the Czar were to be briefly summed up and once more laid before Prince Gortschakoff.

It is not our present business to go through the various heads of complaint which are contained in this document. It is drawn up with all the clearness and all the moderation which characterize the statements of the Holy See in such matters, for the Holy See has nothing to conceal, no unavowed policy lurking behind its simple words, and, as it pleads for simple justice and good faith, it has little need to do more than to state the case plainly. Any one, however, who wishes to have the Catholic grievances summed up for him in a short compass, will find the document of which we speak very useful. The fifteen heads of complaint embrace almost the entire system of what may be called the State-Church method of persecution,—a method very different in its details from that with which our Catholic ancestors in England or Ireland were familiar, probably because in their case, in this country at least, there was no longer a visible body which the government could endeavor to assimilate to the national communion over which it bore so absolute a sway. We can have no kind of doubt that the measures by which the Russian government is endeavoring to stamp out the independence of its Catholic subjects, seem to it as natural and unexceptional as the rack, the scourge, the fire, and the wild beasts in the amphitheatre seemed to the Roman emperors who had to deal with the inexplicable obstinacy of the early Christians. First of all in the long catalogue of the Russian methods of oppression comes the prohibition, under the severest penalties, of all free intercourse between the Catholics, whether simple faithful or ecclesiastics, even of the highest grade, and the Holy See. Then follow the governmental interference with the seminaries, not only as to discipline, but even as to doctrine; the withdrawal of even religious instruction from the bishops; the reservation of ecclesiastical causes to a commission appointed by the government; similar interference with the management and arrangement of the dioceses; the prohibition of freedom in the exercise of their religion on the part of the Catholics, who are

forbidden to have processions outside the churches, while no priest may either preach or give spiritual exercises or catechize children, except in his own parish church, or leave his district, even to go to confession, except with written leave from the civil authority, or preach on any points of doctrine proscribed by the same authority, or hear the confession of an unknown person without a certificate that that person is a Catholic—a certificate which in some provinces can only be given by a lay magistrate—or baptize the children of a mixed marriage, even when the parents ask it, or give Holy Communion to any one who has but once communicated in a schismatic church. Then come a number of acts of personal and local oppression—three bishops and a number of ecclesiastics arbitrarily banished, episcopal sees left vacant, and four such sees suppressed; the diocese of Chelm, the population of which has in great part been forced by extreme violence and outrage, which has rung through the whole of Europe, to conform outwardly to the schism, formed into a district of the national Church; and lastly, measures of extreme and arbitrary oppression against the religious Orders, or the forcible introduction of the Russian language into the services, or the interference of the so-called "Roman Catholic College of St. Petersburg" in spiritual matters, its toleration by the Holy See having been made expressly conditional on its abstention from such interference.

Such is the condition, as represented by the Holy See, of the Polish Catholics under the dominion of the Czar. We have already said that it is more than possible that it may seem surprising enough to such a government as that of Russia that a Church should object to be interfered with in such matters, just as we know that it was a matter of intellectual perplexity to Pliny, when he was governor of Bithynia, that the Christians should be so obstinate as they were in holding to their religion in the face of the law and the chances of prosecution. But it is easy to see that the Russian government has not the excuse which might be made in the case of a Roman governor in the time of the Emperor Trajan. All these measures are distinct violations of pledges given by the Russian Czars themselves over and over again, and of the Concordat between their government and the Holy See. These measures, moreover, embody the principles of state persecution—principles which have been repudiated by the civilization of modern Europe, even although the new Bismarckian phase of that civilization seems to tend to their readoption. It is no excuse to say that the circumstances of the case are peculiar, on account of the repeated insurrections by means of which the Poles have endeavored to regain by force their national independence. We are far from justifying rebellions which were entered upon or carried on in defiance of the express teaching and declarations of the Holy See, and which were fomented, if not originated, by the secret societies which are the bane of Europe in our day. The religious rights of the Catholic subjects of Russia have been guaranteed to them by the solemn promises of the sovereigns, and if these promises had been observed, and if those rights had been maintained, there would have been no danger of insurrection. Poland would be a strength to Russia instead of a weakness. The truth is, that the policy which has been pursued by the Czars in this case is a policy of infatuation, and the infatuation has been produced by the spirit of schism, which is more violent in the Russian government than elsewhere, on account of the reduction of their national Church to the level of an instrument of government. The Czar is,

practically, the Pope of the Russian Church, and his political advisers urge him to make himself the Pope of all the Christians under his rule, in order that in their case also religion may be made an instrument of government.

Infatuation of this kind is certain, sooner or later, to receive its chastisement, and perhaps, before long, the Russian Czars may learn at the hands of their own people the lesson which so many other European monarchs have learned in the course of the last hundred years. The moment that political power passes in Russia, as it has passed in other countries, into the hands of the nation itself, that moment we may expect to see changes in that great empire, the limits of which it would be foolish to predict. It will be fortunate, indeed, for the present ruling family if they stop short at a moderate constitutionalism, which will destroy that subserviency of the Church to the State which is the foundation of the persecuting policy of the present government. But whether from within or without, the Nemesis will surely come, and the despots who may have dreamed of an Empire washed on the north by the Northern Ocean and on the south by the Ægean and Black Seas, may bitterly rue the long series of acts of cruelty and perfidy which make up the history of their treatment of their Catholic subjects.

The document of which we have been speaking, and which was drawn up at the order of Pius the Ninth that it might be transmitted by Prince Ouroussoff to the Imperial Chancellor, was sent to the former in the course of last summer. For a fortnight no acknowledgment whatever was made of the reception of the paper. After some time, however, Prince Ouroussoff himself brought it back to Cardinal Simeoni, saying that "his government was not accustomed to receiving criticism from any one, and that, in consequence, he did not feel authorized to transmit the document to Prince Gortschakoff." "In vain," writes the Cardinal, "did I call his attention to the act which he was about to commit, an act which no words can characterize, and which was without all precedent in diplomatic history, as also to the very lamentable consequences which it would entail, and which perhaps he had not sufficiently calculated. He remained inflexible, taking on himself the whole responsibility of his step, and added that if the Holy See desired war, war it should have. In reply to this declaration I could not forbear pointing out to him that the Holy See neither desired nor began war against any one, but that the moment such war had been raised and long carried on by the Imperial government, which had now added thereto provocations and menaces, the Supreme Pontiff, trusting in the help of the Lord, who would never fail him, would know how to defend himself in all due measures against all hostilities, whether against the integrity of the Church or the dignity of his rank and his sovereign authority." In fact, when the Pope was informed of the refusal of Prince Ouroussoff to transmit the document in question to the Chancellor, the former was informed by his order that all further relations between himself and the Roman Curia were useless.

There was still a way open to the Russian government of avoiding the great breach with the Holy See which the conduct of its representative at Rome had rendered so imminent. Prince Ouroussoff had taken upon himself the entire responsibility of his refusal to transmit the statement drawn up by order of the Holy Father. The document was forwarded to St. Petersburg by means of a friendly Catholic government. But the Cabinet of the Czar refused to read it, and appears to have declared that Prince Ouroussoff acted, not only in a manner

which was approved by his government, but according to directions actually received by him from it. It appears, therefore, that Prince Gortschakoff and his master had made up their minds that a statement on so important a subject from the Holy See was not even to be transmitted to them if their "officious" representative at Rome did not think it fit for transmission. After this, it cannot be a matter of surprise that Cardinal Simeoni should have declared that the Holy Father, who had always faithfully observed all the rules of diplomatic intercourse, was now no longer bound to refrain from other measures, and could no longer remain passive and silent in the presence of the wrongs inflicted on so large a number of his spiritual children. We believe that the circular in which the document in question was transmitted, along with statements relating to the conduct of Prince Ouroussoff, to the representatives of the Holy See in the various Continental capitals, was not sent out till the 10th of October last. Since that time, statements have appeared in some of the papers that Prince Ouroussoff had again presented himself to the Vatican, and, a little later, that the negotiation had been broken off a second time. It could hardly be other than an insult to the Pope to send him again the same envoy, unless that envoy had been instructed to make an ample apology for the insult which he had offered to the Holy See. It has also been stated that if Pius the Ninth had lived to hold another Consistory, he would have delivered an Allocution in which the grievances of the Catholics and the want of faith of their Russian masters, would have been vigorously set forth. However this may be, it is certain that the question cannot be left in its present position by the Holy See. Perhaps in the very moment of its triumph over the ancient foes of the Church, Russia will have to listen once more to some of the severest reproofs and protests which have ever issued from the lips of a successor of St. Peter.

It has not been the appointment of Providence that Pius the Ninth should survive to see the triumph of the Church which he has guided so long and so faithfully over the many obstacles which have beset her in the discharge of her heavenly mission in the days in which we live. The conflicts in which, in various degrees of active hostility, the late Pontiff has been engaged, both with the Russian government and with the revolution in Italy, were not his own personal quarrels, but the quarrels of right against wrong, justice against iniquity, truth against mendacity, the Church against the world, the Holy See against the gates of hell. Such conflicts may break out into greater intensity than before at this epoch or at that, during the lifetime of this or that Pontiff, in this or that condition of Europe, or of society; but these are but phases of the inevitable and endless struggle between the Church and the instruments of Satan in this world,—instruments who are often men of much personal respectability, of good though misdirected energies. It is not wonderful, therefore, that a great champion of the cause of right should be removed by the action of Providence before he has achieved the triumph which is due to his exertions, as Moses was removed from the leadership of the Israelites before the entrance into the promised land. But there is something significant, as well as something hopeful, in the fact that the last acts of the late glorious pontificate should have included an energetic protest against the infatuated policy of Russia, and against the specious but hollow fabric of Italian unity built up on the spoliation of the Church, and the violation of a score of sacred pledges.

Late events have brought Russia

into a very prominent position in the world, and, although she is very far from being able to disregard the wishes or the rights of other European powers in the settlement of the Eastern question, the mistaken policy which left her to do alone the work which all other civilized nations recognized as necessary, has also placed in her hands a very large share of power and responsibility with regard to the determination of details connected with that settlement. She is thought to have the cordial support of Germany—if Germany, under its present rulers, can cordially support anything or anybody but herself and her own interests. For our part, we do not grudge her her victory, if it is to be used for the benefit of the Christian populations of the East of Europe. Never, we feel sure, will the social and religious regeneration of those populations be achieved until they are freed from the blasting and desolating yoke of the Ottoman race. If they are once freed from that yoke, there seems to be nothing to forbid the most sanguine hopes as to the future of those glorious countries. We who have seen such good results in the way of the progress of Catholicism in our own country, dating from the epoch of the civil emancipation of Catholics, need not be afraid to look forward to a return of multitudes of Eastern schismatics to Catholic unity as the fruit of what will be truly their emancipation, in a far fuller sense of the word than that in which it can be applied to our own fellow-subjects. Let the peoples of the East wake up into true national life; let them have full liberty to develop the great resources which Providence has treasured up for them in the lands which they inherit, but which Mussulman domination has made little better than a desert; let art, literature, mental culture follow in the train of liberty, and we venture to hope that the deathlike sleep which has so long benumbed their Christian life will soon be shaken off, and the instincts which reach forward, in every truly Christian community, to the divinely appointed centre of unity will not long lie dormant among them. When, in the sixteenth century, the Church lost the north of Europe and so large a part of the Teutonic races, new worlds were opened to the zealous charity of her missioners, which were intended to teem with Christian churches flourishing enough to repair the losses of what had once been Christendom. In the present century the Church has lost much. If no fresh nations have fallen off from her, at least multitudes in every Christian nation have been led away by new forms of error, and her position as a visible and material power with which kings and states had to reckon has been greatly impaired. To some extent these losses have been again compensated by the revival of vigor, of active charity, of zealous enterprise of all sorts, which has marked her history since the outbreak of the French Revolution, but we may hope that still more than this is due to her sufferings, especially to her sufferings under the pontificate of Pius the Ninth, and we may perhaps have to hail as a further boon a great accession to the flock of the Vicar of our Lord from among the Eastern schismatics. Surely it is time that the East should shake off its state of torpor. It is time that the finest and most historical regions of the earth should no longer remain at the lowest level in point either of religion or of civilization, and that the lands and cities which we connect every day with the names of the ancient saints and doctors of the Church should be illuminated by spiritual and intellectual glories worthy of such an ancestry.

Certainly it does not seem that aspirations such as these can be shared in by the Russian conquerors

of the Turks, or that results such as those which are here contemplated are likely to be brought about with their co-operation. And yet, over and over again, in the history of the world and of the Church, the blows which have shattered powers which were her enemies have been dealt by hands which did not belong to her friends. Even in the present century, the two powers who were mainly instrumental in delivering the Church by the overthrow of the First Napoleon were, the one schismatic, the other Protestant—Russia and England. It would be nothing new, therefore, in the providential history of the world, if God were to use the armies of the Czar to break down the power of the Sultan, and then throw aside without further use the weapon which has served his purpose. It may, however, be the case that Providence has selected the Russian power for the destruction, partial or complete, of the empire of Islam, in order mercifully to give that power an opportunity of abandoning, as it could so well afford to do, or rather, as it could not do without immense political advantage to itself, the detestable policy which it has hitherto pursued towards its Polish subjects. That the abandonment of that policy will eventually come in the course of the development of political and intellectual life in the Russian empire is, we consider, as much a matter of course as was the abandonment of a very similar policy toward Ireland on the part of the English government half a century ago. English statesmen are now thoroughly ashamed of that policy, and we trust that, long before the lapse of the time which has passed since Catholic emancipation among ourselves, Russian statesmen will be as heartily ashamed of their treatment of Poland. The Irish policy, however, of the last centuries has left a permanent wound in the strength of England, and, if Russia is not wise in time, her treatment of Poland may lose her many resources of which, in future conflicts with other European powers, she may sorely feel the need. The voice of Pius the Ninth is now raised, almost from his grave, to warn the Czar and his advisers as to what is their truest wisdom. They are now entering, as it appears, on an epoch of power and influence which they have never yet enjoyed. Let them make peace with the Church, or at least, let them leave the Church alone. To do so will not make them one atom less powerful or less influential. On the contrary, it will deprive many of their enemies of the strongest motive for their hostility, it will turn a dangerous, because a discontented and oppressed province, into a loyal part of the empire, and, above all, it will bring down on them the blessing of heaven, which lets many grievous crimes, moral or political, remain unpunished in this world, but which is bound not to let the persecutors of the Church pass unscathed and unchastised even before the eyes of men. The voice which was to denounce the crimes of Russia has been silenced, for the moment, by death; but we may be sure that should Leo the Thirteenth find himself forced to speak, he will not lack the courage to utter the denunciation which He whose Vicar he is will not allow to be uttered in vain.

The accident, as it appears to human eyes, which made the death of Victor Emanuel and the accession of a new sovereign to the throne of the so-called kingdom of Italy precede the last illness of Pius the Ninth by a few weeks, furnished the reason why one of the last acts of the great Pontiff was to protest once more against the usurpation of his dominions by the Piedmontese government. Pius the Ninth has thus passed out of this life with a repetition on his lips of the declaration which he had so often made—not only as an ordinary sovereign might

protest, that his rights had been invaded and his States taken from him by violence, but that as the Vicar of our Lord and the supreme earthly governor of the Catholic Church, he found himself deprived of the necessary powers and means for discharging his high office by the violation of his temporal sovereignty. It can never be said of Pius the Ninth that he spoke on this subject without the fullest cognizance of all its elements. The very history of the years which have elapsed since the seizure of Rome by Victor Emanuel seems to us to enhance the importance of the testimony of the Pope—we speak, of course, of its importance in the ordinary sense of testimony, and quite apart from all considerations of the authority which all Catholics allow to be inherent in his pronouncements. Here is the Pope who did not fly from Rome, as many of his predecessors had done, and as many, perhaps, of his self-appointed advisers might have urged him to do. If he had left Rome, men might have said that he had never tried what it was to live as Pope under the so-called "guarantees" by which the usurping government endeavored to impose upon Europe. Not certainly out of reverence for his person, or out of fear of any physical force that might be brought to his aid, but out of an eagerness to show to the world that the existence of the Italian kingdom in Rome was compatible with the independence of the Holy See and with the free discharge by the Pope of all his functions as the ruler of the Catholic Church, the advisers of the usurping king, glutted with the booty of Naples, and Florence, and Modena, and other minor states, held their hands awhile and stopped short of the full accomplishment of their sacrilege by the plunder of the Vatican. Just in the same way, after the death of Pius the Ninth, at least up to the time at which we write, they have used every effort to convince Europe and the Church that the Conclave for the election of his successor can be held in Rome, in safety and liberty, though Rome is occupied by strangers, and that successor have no protection but that of the usurper. Pius the Ninth, on the brink of the grave, has spoken, as we have already said, not only to complain of the spoliation which he has suffered, but to declare that he has not the independence which his lofty station requires for the discharge of his duties.

And, indeed, we may venture to say, if he had not spoken, the facts themselves would have made the matter clear enough. It is not a year ago that the late Pope had occasion to draw up a statement of the many difficulties which had been thrown in his way by the suppression of the religious orders, the forced enlistment of the ecclesiastics, and the many entirely anti-Christian measures which had been passed as laws by the usurping government. It is quite clear that, although the personal liberty of the Pope has not been violated, his independence has been partly shackled, and, far more, made altogether precarious and uncertain from day to day, and month to month. Nothing can be more absurd than to suppose that because Pius the Ninth, surrounded by the reverence of all Europe, has not been interfered with in his secluded life at the Vatican, therefore any such forbearance could either have been insured to him in the future if he had lived, or can be secured to his successor. The master of Rome may be at one time Victor Emanuel, at another Garibaldi, at another the commander of a foreign army which has invaded Italy, at another the nominee of the provisional government of a momentary republic, sitting in the Capitol. The present rulers of Rome may find it good policy to let a Conclave deliberate in peace.

The rulers of Rome ten years hence may choose to prevent the assembly of any Conclave at all, or may endeavor to impose on the Cardinals a candidate of their own. The present state of non-interference, such as it is, may last ten years, or twenty years, but it will not any the more persuade Catholics that the independence of the Holy See is secure. For such security requires not only that by an accident no one should interfere with its liberty, but that the normal state of things should be such that no one can interfere with it.

This is the truth which, as we have said, almost with his dying breath, Pius the Ninth has once more proclaimed to the whole Christian world. The proclamation came with all the more force from his lips, just after he had shown his Apostolical zeal and charity in the pardon which he so willingly allowed to be accorded to the late penitence of Victor Emanuel. It was, of course, only natural, and in a certain sense inevitable, that when a new monarch ascended the usurped throne, the lawful owner of that throne should protest against the wrong. But at the present moment, when so many efforts are made to persuade Catholics into a belief that a compromise is possible between the Papacy and the new "kingdom," the fresh pronouncement of Pius the Ninth comes with peculiar opportuneness and with a force of its own. Thus, we venture to say, the last utterances of the late Pope have had a singular dignity and fitness. At the moment when Russia seems at last triumphant, and when the ill-conceived and incoherent policy even of the friends of Turkey seems day by day to create fresh occasions for making her ruin more complete and final, the voice of the successor of St. Peter is raised to warn the conqueror of the wrongs which he inflicts on his own subjects, while he is undertaking to deliver the barbarously treated subjects of his enemy, who has at least the excuse that he does not pretend to be anything but an enemy of the very name of Christian. And at the very time that the Christian states of Europe, many of them still professing to call themselves Catholic, have been sending their representatives to attend the funeral of Victor Emanuel and to congratulate his successor, the same unwearied voice is lifted to remind Europe of the wrongs of the Church, and to warn her that the iniquitous act of spoliation which she has recognized and condoned is fraught with the most serious dangers to her own peace and prosperity, because it has destroyed the centre of light and the home of truth, without whose beneficent influence she could never have emerged from that barbarism into which she will once again fall unless the evil which she has sanctioned be undone.

THE LEGEND OF ROSES.

"For als moche as a fayre Mayden was blamed with wrong and sclaundered, . . . for whiche cause sche was demed to the Dethe, and to be brent in that place to the whiche she was ladde. And as the Fuyer began to brenne about hire, sche made hire Preyeres to oure Lord, that als wisely as sche was not gylty of that Synne, that he wold helpe hire, and make it to be knowen to alle men, of his mercyfulle grace. And when sche hadde thus seyd, she entred into the Fuyer: and anon was the Fuyer quenched and oute; and the Brondes that weren brennynge, becomen rede Roseres, and the Brondes that weren not kyndled, becomen white Roseres fulle of Roses.

"And theise waren the first Roseres and Roses, bothe white and rede, that evere ony Man saughe."—*Travels of Sir John Maundeville, Kt.* (1322).

THE space is cleared; around the murmuring crowd
Stand stricken with such awe, that few aloud
Dare speak the thought that springs in each man's breast,
So are his senses and his heart oppressed
With the stern conflict, that must ever be
When the lawgivers issue a decree,
'Fore which the voice of Nature in man's heart
With strong resistance rises to take part
Against injustice, sanctioned though it be
By time, use, law, and high authority.
For there, upon that slowly kindling pile,
Whose lurid vapor dulls the daylight's smile,
There shall be bound, amid the pitiless flame,
To die a death of torture and of shame,
A woman—still a child almost in years—
Whose passionate denials and whose tears
Can naught avail to save her, or to prove
Aught 'gainst the charge, that says a guilty love
Has stained her—marked her—as a thing to be
Doomed to slow death and endless infamy.
And now they lead her forth. Through all the throng
A tremor passes as she wends along,
Without a word, a tear, while in her eyes
A strong, deep, tranquil spirit calmly lies.
She knows the time to pray to man is gone;
She knows that hope from earthly aid is flown:
Life is behind, Eternity before;
And as she nears the dark, tremendous door,
Death holds the key to let her through, within
Her soul casts off all weakness, fear, and sin;
And these subdued, the tie that God has given
Binding the denizens of earth and heaven
In a communion man hath often riven,
But never God,—that tie, that vital spark,
Glows with transcendent radiance through the dark,
And light and glory shine where once was gloom,
Honor and life where a disgraceful tomb
But lately yawned.
Before the pile she stands;
To heaven she lifts her soul, her eyes, her hands:

"Hear me, Creator, for to Thee is known
My every act, my every thought. Thine own
Divinest teaching, from my earliest youth,
Hath kept my footsteps in the path of truth.
Hear me, my Saviour, Thou, the Man of Woes,
Whose life from its beginning to its close
Was one long course of suffering; for that men,
Having conceived an error, turned their ken
With desperate revolution from the truth,
Till savage grown, and destitute of ruth,
They craved Thy blood, Thou Holy One, Thou Just,
Trampling Thine honor in the common dust.
Hear me; Thou know'st that from this most foul,
Most loathed charge revolts my inmost soul;
Hear me, my Saviour; hear me, ere I die!
Not life I crave, but that from infamy
My innocent name be rescued;—send a sign
To show this people I am truly Thine,—
Thine unpolluted!"
Then her head she bowed,
And, while a shudder thrilled the gasping crowd,
Advanced, and 'mid the flames sublimely silent stood.
The flames? the flames?—behold, what meets the gaze!—
Down like a stricken creature drops the blaze;
The scattered brands divide to left and right,
And the first Roses greet the people's sight,—
Red from the kindled brands, from the unkindled, white!

A QUESTION OF HONOR.

I.

"I muse on joys which will not cease,
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
Pure lilies of eternal peace,
Where odors haunt my dreams."

HALF-UNCONSCIOUSLY, Carl Chester repeated the lines, as he stood on the porch and looked dreamily out on the garden. The fragrance of the white summer lilies refreshed him sweetly, and the soft music, floating out through the open windows of the drawing-room, blended with his musings, but disturbed them not. He had been detained in the city till a late hour, and now returning wearied, lingered without, feeling in no mood to join the gay guests that filled the house.

He stood leaning against a pillar, with the light falling full upon him. There was something strangely interesting and impressive in his appearance. Yet the pictured face of the Gabriel that hangs above my desk is not more pure and passionless than was the face of Carl Chester. Softly colored, delicately featured, it had yet no touch of effeminacy. He was full and well-built: rather slight, perhaps; but strong and supple as an athlete of the olden time.

A brilliant career was opening out before him. He was scarcely twenty-five, yet already favorably known in high literary circles. His attractions of person and manner made

him a social favorite, though he coveted not the distinction. He loved his profession too well to care much for any pleasure other than what its exercise afforded him. Besides, he was poor. He had to live by his literary labors. He looked not for ease until his fame and fortune should be an accomplished fact.

He had no near kindred. His parents had died during his early childhood, leaving him to the guardianship of Gerald Carrington, a distant relative. In the Carrington household he still resided. It consisted of father, mother, and daughter, the last-mentioned, a girl of eighteen years. The Carringtons lived in a pretty cottage in the suburbs of the city. They were not rich, and until their daughter had grown up, lived in comparative seclusion. But now, their once quiet home was the abode of gayety, for Flora was never happy save when entertaining or being entertained.

"A beautiful spoiled child, who will never be a woman," was Carl Chester's opinion of her, and he had known her from her babyhood. She was accomplished in those exterior graces which carry one easily and pleasantly through society; mind and heart, however, were but imperfectly cultivated. Her parents, it would seem, lived but to minister to her comfort. Had she possessed strength of intellect or natural nobleness of disposition, the tenderness that encompassed her might have proved less harmful; but as it was, her character, which needed in a special manner the sharp discipline of sorrow and sacrifice, was fast becoming hopelessly warped.

Carl liked her after a fashion. Her vivacious gossip was ofttimes a pleasant distraction after the grave toils of the day; and if sometimes it bored him, he had the grace not to manifest his weariness. So the intercourse between them continued easy and informal, and it seemed to Carl Chester so much a matter of course, that he never questioned whither it might be leading.

He had not thus far thought of loving. His was a lofty ideal; he doubted that he should ever meet its embodiment on earth. For no woman did he entertain a warmer feeling than that of tranquil friendship. But Flora was the type of a class to whom, if he gave a serious thought, it would be one of half contemptuous pity.

Sometimes, indeed, he mused fondly on the blessedness of those who forswear all earth love. Such musings enthralled his heart to-night; and therefore he shrank from the mirthful crowd within the house, fearing lest they might dissipate his dream of lilies.

He was a practical Catholic. The Carringtons were all Protestants; but Gerald Carrington had honorably fulfilled the trust confided to him, and had never tampered with his ward's faith.

Carl Chester held the faith dearer than his life. Should he win place and power, how loyally, he often said within himself, would he serve the Church therewith. Did it ever occur to him that even now he could render to her a man's noblest service? Ah, there was a mystic summons sounding in his ears to-night; and hearkening, he strove to understand its import.

II.

"YES; she loves him, and she's breaking her heart about him, poor child; but what does he care? O, the base ingratitude! After you had clothed him, fed him, schooled him, and to spare his pride, let it seem that it was with his father's money you were doing it all!"

"Hush, wife! he shall never know to the contrary if I can help it. His father was my friend. I am sorry if our child has set her heart on Carl. His way with her has never been lover-like."

"Much you know about it! Oh, I wish he had never crossed our threshold!"

The voices were low, but every word came distinctly to Carl Chester as he was crossing the porch to get out of hearing, and before he clearly realized that he himself was the subject of conversation. He walked down to the end of the garden, and threw himself upon a rustic seat, too bewildered at first to think. The night air felt hot and oppressive; the lilies at his feet looked wan and withering.

By degrees his thoughts grew clear—painfully clear. He had then for many years been a dependent on Gerald Carrington's bounty. He had won Flora's love without seeking it, and she was pining for his sake. He remembered that for some time past she had been unusually quiet, even sad; and he was the cause. Ah, well, there was one reparation in his power. Whatever it might cost him, he should make it without delay. "Honor demands the sacrifice, and I shall not refuse it. But, oh, if I had known! if I had known!" And thus his deliberation ended. To him there seemed no other course than the one he so quickly resolved on. What matter though the happiness of his life should be blasted! He had eaten the bread of dependence—ah, bitter thought! He had, albeit unconsciously, won the heart of his benefactor's child. Now he knew the expectations that had been entertained in his regard, and he would not disappoint them.

When all the guests were gone he entered the house. Flora was alone in the brilliantly lighted drawing-room. She looked listless and very sorrowful. She did not seem to notice his approach, but, when he sat down beside her, she looked up with burning cheeks and tearful eyes.

"What is it, Flora?" he asked, gravely.

"Why did you not come home earlier?" she sobbed. "Did you forget this was my birthday, Carl?"

"No; I did not forget the day," he answered, still in those grave, quiet tones that she did not like to hear from him; "but an important engagement kept me in town until within half an hour of the departure of your guests. Did my absence matter so much to you?"

"O, Carl, how can you ask me?"

He arose and walked up and down the room twice or thrice; then, standing before, and looking into the lovely, childlike face:

"Flora, will you be my wife?"

There was no passion in the voice that addressed her; no love in the great, calm eyes that met her gaze. She thought not of the lack. He had spoken the words she had longed for, and she gave a glad assent.

* * * *

"What a strange creature Carl is! He almost frightened me, he looked so pale and solemn! He wasn't a bit like what Minnie Palmer told me of how she became engaged. Well, ma says these writing people are all a little queer. I don't care, I'm very well satisfied. I know he'll be good to me, and he's so handsome and so much talked about. I've made a great catch, and just when I'd given up all hope of it, too. Oh, I wish it was morning, so I could run over and tell Minnie. Won't she be astonished, though! I wonder what kind of a ring I'm going to have? I hope it will be a diamond!"

Such were Flora's thoughts before sleep came to her, bright with dreams of the sensation she would create in the world as Carl Chester's wife.

Far different were Carl's. But now a measure of mental tranquillity was restored to him. The deed was done, and honor was satisfied. He knew that Flora would agree willingly to all the conditions which the Church imposes on the marriage of Catholic and Protestant. She was still very young; time might work great and

desirable changes in her; and by and by—but Carl turned wearily from the thoughts of the future. He took up an article which he had begun brilliantly the day before, and tried to concentrate his mind upon it, but in vain. The pen slipped from his listless fingers, and he dozed fitfully until the light of sunrise woke him to the care and labor of another day.

III.

YEARS have gone by. A handsome residence on Park Avenue is pointed out to strangers as the home of Carl Chester. He has more than fulfilled his early promise, and his name is widely known and honored. He is hard at work in his library this lovely summer morning. The apartment is furnished with simplicity almost severe, in striking contrast to the rest of the house. A child's chair is near the desk; a child's portrait stands on an easel so placed that the writer sees it whenever he raises his eyes from his work. It is a beautiful face, wondrously like Carl Chester's as it looked when we saw him first, and as he gazes on it love unutterable irradiates his countenance. Presently the door is opened a little way; he looks toward it with a reassuring smile; and immediately a little girl bounds in, and climbing on his knees, clasps her slender white arms about his neck, and lays her soft cheek caressingly against his. We know her at a glance as the original of the portrait on the easel; and we know by the still passionate embrace with which Carl Chester folds her to his breast that his heart is bound up in this little daughter, his only child.

"Is your mamma up yet, Ethel?" he inquires.

But Ethel's tiny fingers are busy with her papa's hair, and she heeds not the question.

"Oh, papa dear, so many white hairs! I don't like them; they're not a bit pretty; let me pull them out."

He smiles half sadly. (Which of us cares to be reminded that we are wearing old before our prime?)

"Never mind them, darling; but tell me, is your mamma still sleeping?"

"I guess so, Martha told me to be very quiet so as not to 'sturb her, 'cause it was so late when she got home from the party last night. But Martha needn't be afraid. I never 'sturb mamma. She doesn't love me in the mornings; but my papa loves me always;" and she nestles closer to him with a sigh of intense satisfaction. Then, after a long and reflective pause:

"Papa, dear, must every lady go to parties 'most every night? Must I when I am a lady?"

"God forbid, my darling!" he half whispers.

The lovely violet eyes dilate:

"Then God wouldn't love me to go to so many parties. Oh, I will not go to any; 'cause I love the good God most more even than I love my papa."

"What will my baby do, then, when she grows up?"

"Oh, I'll stay with my papa, always, and—write like papa," she adds, looking up archly into his earnest face.

"Ah, clever baby! to guess papa's wish so soon: but I must go to the office, now, darling. By-by, and pray for papa."

She is out on the doorstep with him by this time; and stands gazing wistfully down the street long after he has passed out of sight.

* * * * *

The fame which the years have brought to Carl Chester is slight balm for the sorrow of his domestic life. Flora the wife is far less lovable than Flora the maiden. Time has not accomplished the transformation which the young husband once thought possible. Alas! what can time *alone* do for any of us?

Motherhood brought not that self-forgetting love which is its peculiar glory. Flora Chester loves her child because it is hers, because it is beautiful; and she hopes, when the troublesome time of training and education is over, to have the éclat of introducing a charming daughter into the world of fashion in which she herself is now a queen regnant. But never since the first few months of her child's existence has she lost an hour's rest or amusement for its sake. Were it not for the father's watchfulness, little Ethel would be left entirely to the servants. But Carl Chester consecrates to his child all the time that most men yield to pleasure. He calls her his compensation, on her he builds all his hopes of earthly happiness. He it was who first clasped her baby hands in prayer. And now he watches with trembling hope every indication of natural disposition, crushing out instantly aught that threatens to mar in the least the beauty of the blossom which the Lord has lent him. Ethel is a wonderfully precocious child. She seems not so to her father. Since he is her only familiar companion, he marvels not that books are her only playthings, and a thirst for knowledge and a love for the beautiful her dominant characteristics.

The world admires Carl Chester because he is what it calls a successful man, and the world reveres success; but it loves him not, because he is not of it. His has been from earliest manhood a life of labor. His earnings are large, but so are the demands upon them. Flora has been used all her life to gratify her every caprice, unmindful of consequences; and her husband knows by experience that it is vain to speak to her of the desirability of occasional self-denial. He cannot look to her for sympathy in his work. She openly confesses to having no patience with what she terms his "heroics."

So during the long day while she rests after her gayeties, and during the night hours which she spends almost invariably in ball-room or theatre, the husband toils at his desk that he may avert from his name the dishonor of unpaid debt.

Now the task is growing heavier; he feels his strength failing, and his mind often refuses to work with its wonted vigor. Physicians warn and prescribe rest. "Yes, I need rest," he admits to himself to-day, "but not just yet. I must go on a little longer, till August, anyway, and then I'll take a week among the mountains. This is nothing serious; it will soon pass." But he wonders at his breathlessness and heart flutter as he ascends to the editorial rooms. It is as a journalist that he has attained distinction. "What has become of Carl Chester the poet?" is a query often heard among his literary friends. From his marriage his poetic powers seemed to have deserted him. One of the charms of his earlier writings was their intensely subjective character. Perhaps it is honor that forbids him to give voice in song to the anguish of a life which has forfeited for honor's sake what would have been its highest bliss on earth, its brightest guerdon of a special glory in the life hereafter. Perhaps he fears that the world might learn from his song the secret of his sorrow. So his harp is silent, and he, too, can say in all sincerity:

"No world's laugh or world's taunt, no pity of friends
Or sneers of foes, with this my torment blends."

He is a magnate in that place to which he has risen. Yet he caters not to depraved tastes, his voice is ever raised in behalf of the unpopular right, struggling talent finds in him a generous patron, the weak or the oppressed a brave defender, and his influence is above price.

Society sees him but seldom. He is only a man—heart-sore, disappointed—with all a man's infirmities,

but he knows his own heart, and he dared not trust himself in the way of that dangerous sympathy which the world offers to men who have not happy homes.

* * * * *

He returns to his home this evening wearied and sick in body, unusually depressed in mind. Ethel is waiting for him at the gate. One glance at his pale worn face stills her childish prattle, and softly stroking his burning hand, she goes with him into the house. Dinner is waiting, but Flora is not visible. At length she appears in elaborate toilette.

"Are you going out this evening, Flora?" asks her husband.

"Certainly. Have you forgotten the dinner at Mrs. Montgomery's? I knew I could not rely on having your escort, so I asked the Wards to call for me. But what is the matter, Carl? You look uncanny, do you know? I guess you are working too hard," she continues, laughing lightly.

Carl answers not. Strange feelings are overmastering him—weakness, loneliness, longing for companionship, even hers, which he has almost loathed till now. Once he could have crushed them down with contempt. Not so to-night. Weird presentiments rise up around him. When at last he speaks, his voice is husky and indistinct.

"Flora, I wish you would stay home, to-night. I ask it as a favor."

She looks at him with wondering eyes. "Impossible, my dear! I've set my heart on going. Why, there's the bell. It's the Wards, of course, so I must be off. We are already a little late. Good night, you most unreasonable man!"

She pauses at the dining-room door a moment, and looks back. Then she returns impulsively to her husband's side, and stooping, kisses his cheek.

"How your face burns, Carl!" she exclaims. "Do go to bed early and get a good rest. I won't be home for ever so long. Don't get sick, I beg of you. You know I'm not a success as a nurse. *Au revoir, mon ami!* Good-night, birdie," to Ethel, but the child turns sharply from her mother's caress.

By-and-by, the little one draws near her father. "Oh, papa, please eat some dinner."

He shakes his head. "Not now, darling. When baby eats her strawberries, we'll go over to the library for awhile."

But Ethel's eyes are full of tears.

"Papa, I cannot eat, everything tastes bitter, and I'm so afraid. Oh, my darling papa, what should I do without you!" And hiding her face against his bosom, the poor child weeps bitter burning tears.

* * * * *

Flora Chester is without doubt the belle of the brilliant assemblage that graces Mrs. Montgomery's parlors. Her heart beats high with feverish gladness. Ah! this is a triumph worth living for. Strange that Carl can never view those things as she does, she thinks, as she stands apart for a moment, gazing out on the moonlit lawn. Why does she shudder and pale as if a spectre had risen up before her? She hurries to the dressing-room, dispatches a servant for a carriage, and with her heart full of a nameless dread, is soon on the threshold of her home. She rings violently, but there is no response. The servants are all out, as is their wont of evenings in this charmingly regulated household. At last, she remembers the veranda on which the library windows open. Perhaps one of them is unlocked. Ah, yes, and there is a light, and the sound of a child's weeping breaks upon her ear.

Ah, God! What a cruel sight! Stretched upon the couch lies Carl Chester, dead, the hand-bell clutched in his nerveless fingers. Ethel, whiter than her snowy night-dress, stands beside him, wailing:

"Papa, papa, wake up, wake up!

Oh, speak to me, papa; speak to your own baby!"

The wife flings herself down beside her dead, there in the glory of her silken robes, with jewels flashing from arms and bosom, mocking with their cold lustre the eyes from which the light of life has fled.

"My God! my God!" she shrieks, "he is not dead, he cannot be dead! Oh, Ethel, my child, what is this?"

But the poor frightened little creature can only tell that she fell asleep in her father's arms; that by and by she wakened in her crib, heard the bell in the library, and running down found her father speechless.

"Oh, mamma, he tried to speak, but he couldn't, and his face got white and sharp, and he looked up at the picture of the Blessed Mother, and then his eyes didn't move any more; and now he is so cold, and I've been trying so long to wake him."

* * * * *

The sudden death of the distinguished young journalist made a profound sensation. Heart disease, aggravated by overwork, was the verdict of the physicians, and every one wondered and conjectured in the wonted way, until a new excitement came.

There was much sympathy for the bereaved ones, and for a few days the papers teemed with obituary notices, resolutions of respect, etc. But the voice of the Church went up in strong supplication for the soul of her child so suddenly called to his judgment.

And while men were yet busy with the sadness and the strangeness of it all, the young widow knelt in anguish by the deathbed of her child. But the little one, struggling in the delirium of pain, turned its face from her, reached out its baby arms as to a welcome vision, and closed its eyes on earth, murmuring with its last fluttering breath: "Papa, papa, come and take me to God."

A VISIT TO CARMEL AND BEYROUT.

NOTES FROM AN OLD JOURNAL.

BEAUTIFUL Carmel! No one who has spent three or four months in traversing the rugged and arid tracks which characterize Syrian travel can fail to be struck with the wonderful fertility and beauty of the parklike ground to which you ascend after leaving the marshy swamps of the Kishon, on the road from Nazareth to "Mohrakah," the undoubted site of the sacrifice of Elias. The so-called "Forest" of Carmel scarcely deserves its name in the English sense, but is more like a glade in our forest scenery, reminding one also of the Tyrol; with dwarf oak, bay, carouba, arbutus, and a multitude of flowering and aromatic shrubs; the sweet-scented olive, with its pale-yellow clusters; the mastic, with its pendent white bell-shaped blossoms, and the delicate purple acacia; while cistus, white and lilac, in full flower, color the ground for miles. All the similes of the book of Canticles find their natural explanation here: "My head is like Carmel;" "How beautiful art thou, and how comely!"

Scrambling through this thicket of shrubs, our travellers arrived at last at a magnificent amphitheatre, in the centre of which was a fountain, and by its side a beautiful

Turkey oak, under the shade of which they agreed to rest during the burning heat of noonday. The hewn stones at their feet marked the site of the altar which Elias rebuilt; from this very fountain must the water have been drawn which filled the trench before the sacrifice was offered—that sacrifice which, in its accomplishment, was to vindicate the majesty of God in the sight of his chosen people. . Here again, after the atonement had been made by the death of the idolatrous priests by the river Kishon, the welcome rain was obtained in answer to the prophet's prayer. The view on all sides is grand in the extreme, embracing the whole of Central Palestine, with the Plain of Esdraelon, and Tabor, and the "Cities of the Plain," Nain and Schunem, Megiddo and Jezreel. From the place of sacrifice the path leads through the native village of Espya to a high ridge covered with flowers and aromatic shrubs; and thence a ride of seven or eight hours through lovely scenery brings you to the Convent of Mount Carmel, built on a promontory overlooking the sea, with the little town of Caiffa nestling at its feet. Our travellers, although with a Carmelite friar for their guide, missed the right track, and found themselves, at ten o'clock at night, in a deep ravine, from whence apparently there was no exit except by the road through which they had come. But a Bedouin shepherd took pity on their exhausted condition, and showed them a path which led them at last to the convent gates, after more than twelve hours in the saddle. There the usual hospitable welcome awaited them, though no longer from their much-loved Franciscan Fathers. Carmel is the headquarters of the Discalced Carmelites, who received the rules of their Order from Albert, the holy Patriarch of Jerusalem, in the year 1205. The convent is a very spacious building, with a fine domed chapel; and the whole was built from alms collected by a single monk, who visited Europe for that purpose.

Early the following morning, the solemn mass for the "Commemoration of the Blessed Virgin on Mount Carmel" was said for the pilgrims in the beautiful church built over the cavern which tradition points out as the residence of the prophet Elias. A subterranean chapel occupies this spot, above which a double flight of steps leads up to the high altar. After mass one of the Carmelite Fathers volunteered to conduct their guests to the "School of the Prophets," which is a cave below the convent garden, overlooking the sea, and to which the descent is steep and difficult. Following the zigzag path to the left is the chapel of St. Simon Stock, an Englishman, who, in the thirteenth century, spent six years on Mount Carmel, leading an austere life of penance and of prayer. His eminent piety caused him to be elected general of his Order; soon after which he instituted the Confraternity of the Scapular of the Blessed Virgin, a devotion as to which he was instructed in a vision by the Mother of God herself. His chapel was beautifully restored by an English lady, whose little girl had a singular devotion to the spot. The intense heat prevented our travellers from continuing their explorations towards the wine-presses, which still remain on the slopes of Carmel, sole vestiges of its ancient fertility, for no vineyards now clothe those arid hills. Sadly and literally is the prophecy fulfilled: "He shall not tread out wine in the press that was wont to tread it out. Gladness and joy shall be taken away from Carmel, and there shall be no rejoicing or shouting in the vineyards."

Returning to the convent, they ascended to the roof of the dome, from whence a magnificent view was obtained on all sides, and then reentering the church, where a beautiful image of the Mother of God was

exposed, one of the party kneeling at the high altar received the scapular from the hands of the venerable Superior. "Ecce signum salutis; salus in periculis, fœdus pacis et pacti sempiterni!" With the words of the exhortation still sounding in her ears and the prayer in her heart, "Constantiam bene perseverandi," the English traveller bid adieu, with the rest of her party, to their kind entertainers, and descended the steep hill leading to Caiffa. It is a dirty straggling little town, with nothing to recommend it except the Convent of the Dames de Nazareth, and the hospitable house of the English consul, himself a man of great ability and talent, though for the moment buried in this quiet spot. From Caiffa our travellers galloped along the beautiful smooth sands towards Acre. The seashore is covered with shells, especially the murex, a beautiful violet-tinted donax, and above all the lovely purple haliotis, the "ianthina fragilis," supposed to have been used for the ancient Tyrian dye, which some of the party could not resist dismounting to pick up. Presently they came to "that ancient river, the river Kishon," which, swollen by a flood, compelled them to cross it in boats, while their horses swam alongside. A ride of two hours more, and the fording of the "Belus," now a shallow stream, brought them to the gates of Acre.

Here, again, they found their old Franciscan friends, and leaving their horses at the convent gates, they started to inspect the fortifications, under the guidance of one of the Fathers, and afterwards visited the church and palace of the Knights of St. John, sole remains of the good old times of the Crusaders, now in the hands of the Greek Catholics. The once magnificent cathedral is in ruins, but a portion of it has been restored, and is used by the Franciscans as their church. Our travellers lingered so long in this interesting spot that the sun had set before they thought of remounting, and the guards at the gate demurred at letting them out of the city. But a "bakshish" from the dragoman opened the way, and the party galloped rapidly on, past a beautiful villa, with groups of palm-trees, interspersed with orange, lemon, and pomegranate gardens, towards their tenting-ground, which they reached by moonlight at ten o'clock. The muleteers had, however, disobeyed their orders in order to save themselves trouble, a common trick in the East, and had pitched the tents in a swampy ground, which seemed to breathe nothing but malaria and fever. But it was too late to change, so, hastily dining, our travellers threw themselves on their little campbeds, resolving to start by peep of day the following morning, and thus, if possible, to avoid the evil consequences of the obstinacy of their Arab attendants. Daybreak accordingly found them in the saddle, and passing very sorrowfully the boundary between Palestine and Syria, they commenced the steep and perilous ascent over the magnificent cliffs which bear the name of the "Ladder of Tyre." No parapet protects the path on the shelving rock; and on several occasions the mules, with their loads, seemed on the point of slipping three hundred feet down into the sea. The cliffs were covered with wild pinks, red and white, and with a beautiful bright lavender-colored immortelle, of which the Bedouins gathered great bunches to decorate their horses. The travellers rested for luncheon amid the ruins of an old Phœnician city, called in the Syrian tongue "Iskanderyeh." It had the remains of a fine aqueduct and of a tessellated pavement still in perfect preservation. From this halting-place a gallop along a belt of smooth sand brought them to the base of a fresh cliff, called the Ras el Abiad, or "White Head;" a still more dangerous and precipitous ascent than the last, but from whence

the most beautiful panoramic view was obtained of Tyre and Sidon and the curved line of the sandy shores, on which rippled the blue sea; while inland, above the fertile plain, rose the magnificent range of violet-colored mountains, snowy Hermon towering, as usual, above the whole. Descending the "White Head," and passing by a beautiful ruined aqueduct covered with maidenhair fern and other creepers, a couple of hours' ride brought them into the dirty and straggling streets of Tyre. The Jesuits have established a large school in the town, which has offshoots in the surrounding villages; and one of the Fathers kindly volunteered to be the cicerone of the travellers to the cathedral, once the finest church in Syria, said to have been built by the Empress Helena. It is in the Byzantine style, but only the western wall and a few buttresses remain to show its size and ancient grandeur. Eusebius wrote the consecration sermon for the opening of this church. Paulinus and William of Tyre sat in its episcopal chair. Here Origen was buried, and the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa. But its glories are indeed departed. Filthy Moslem huts are crowded into its ruined aisles; broken columns and fragments of porphyry and granite are strewed on all sides. This cathedral is but a type of everything in this once magnificent seaport. All the ancient prophecies of her desolation are literally fulfilled: "What city is like Tyre, which is become silent in the midst of the sea?" "They shall lay thy stones and thy timber in the midst of the water." "The waters have covered her. She is a place for fishermen to spread their nets."

Our party pitched their tents outside the town on the bright sandy shore, close to the fountain called Hiram's Well; and the kind Father —— sat drinking coffee with them at the open tent-door, talking of his mission and its success, when suddenly a wonderful storm burst on the beautiful mountains which stretched beyond the desolate Phœnician plain before them, lighting up snowy Hermon with the most vivid and lurid brightness, and throwing purple and pink and violet tints on the mounds and villages in the middle distance, the brilliancy of which one of the travellers in vain endeavored to render on her drawing-paper. The storm subsiding, they made an expedition to Hiram's tomb, a great sarcophagus erected on a pedestal of square stone about four or five miles from the city, with a deep well on one side and the ruins of a once inclosed garden on the other, full of wild orange and pomegranate trees in full blossom.

The following morning by four o'clock, the party left the beautiful but desolate city, and crossing the Leontes struck upwards from the seashore to the old town of Sarepta, the scene of the miracle of the widow's cruse. Not a house remains on the original site, for the modern village has migrated up the hill. Only a few square stones are left, and the ruins of an early Christian chapel erected where our Divine Lord is said to have rested when travelling through the coasts of Tyre and Sidon. Here the storm, which had long been gathering in the mountains, burst with full force upon our travellers; but shelter being out of the question, they were compelled to brave it; and after fording one or two small rivers, fringed with pink oleanders in full flower, arrived within sight of the beautiful orange and citron groves which surround Saida, the ancient Sidon. It is situated, like Tyre, on a projecting isthmus, with a ledge of rocks and broken columns running out into the sea, but is a great contrast in the wonderful fertility and culture of its environs. Our dripping travellers were most courte-

ously received by the French consul, who gave up the rooms of his wife and daughter to the ladies; while the gentlemen were equally hospitably lodged at the Franciscan convent, which forms the opposite side of the square courtyard. This shelter was the more welcome, as the baggage mules having floundered in the Nahr-ez-Zaherany, or "Flowery River," with the tents and luggage, their beds and everything else were soaked through and through.

Here they first came upon the traces of that horrible massacre which seventeen or eighteen years ago filled the hearts of all Europe with horror. Upwards of eighteen hundred Christians perished in Saida in the month of June, 1860, in that outburst of Mohammedan and Druse fury, among whom were above one hundred and twenty priests and religious of various orders, both men and women. The cruelties and insults wreaked on the victims rival the scenes of the Indian mutiny; and again, there was the same misplaced confidence in the native honor. The venerable Jesuit Fathers, P. Rousseau and P. Pounière, at the risk of their lives, determined to bury the bodies of the victims assassinated outside the gates, especially that of the Vicar-General; of the Bishop, Monsignor Boutros, whose body, cut in half a dozen pieces, and part of it already devoured by dogs, was discovered with those of twelve other priests and several laymen within ten minutes' walk of the town. The horrible stench and the dreadful state of the mutilation of the bodies rendered this heroic service one of real martyrdom.*

The Sisters of St. Joseph have a large school and orphanage adjoining the Franciscan convent, "but they hold their lives in their hands," as all must do who labor in this land, and who have learned by bitter experience the treachery and fanaticism by which they are surrounded, and which it requires but a spark to kindle anew. After early mass the following morning in the chapel of the convent, the French consul took his guests to visit the port, which was originally a very spacious one, and is still strewed with fragments of porphyry columns and hewn granite stones, which must have formed portions of the quays. A fine ruined tower and a bridge of several arches connects the northern end of the city with the port. On these rocks must St. Paul have landed; and here, too, may our Blessed Lord have trod, for the only way from Sidon to Tyre is along this shore.

The day was fine and bright when our travellers, taking leave of their kind hosts, and purchasing from the clamorous venders some of the beautiful gold coins of Philip of Macedon and of Alexander, recently discovered in one of the gardens of the consulate, rode through the lovely Saida orange and acacia groves, loaded with fruit and flowers, on the path leading to Beyrout. The first river was crossed without difficulty, and a turn in the road brought them to a village where a Mohammedan wely or chapel is erected to mark the spot where the prophet Jonah is said to have been cast on the shore out of the belly of the whale. Sycamore, fig, date, palm, mulberry, and olive trees gave a pleasant shade for the noonday halt. But another river had to be forded, the Davour, about which the guides had been whispering in evident anxiety, owing to the recent heavy rains. At Saida a report was current that some travellers had been drowned in it the day before; and on arriving at its swollen and flooded banks the traveller thought with dismay of the evident risk to which her children would be

* The Père R. P. Rousseau and the Sister Rosa, Superior of the Sisters of St. Joseph, subsequently sunk from typhus caught in tending the wounds of the survivors among the Christians.

exposed. There was, however, no going back, and no boat could be obtained, as at the Kishon; so, plunging boldly in, with the strongest and most expert swimmers among the escort, leading the horses of the younger ones, the river was entered and safely crossed. Lighting a fire on the seashore to dry their dripping habits, the party watched with anxiety the passage of their baggage. But it was accomplished in safety with one exception; a mule loaded with saddle-bags was carried away by the violence of the current and drowned, while the contents of his pack, though recovered, were irretrievably ruined. Thankful, however, for no worse mischance, our travellers remounted and trotted on towards Beyrout, the approach to which is perfectly beautiful, through a succession of stone pine woods, with the glorious Lebanon mountains on the right, the lower spurs of which were covered with villas, and gardens, and woods, a picturesque convent crowning each tiny eminence, and the whole combining everything that is most lovely in nature and in art. It reminds one of the view of Fiesole from San Miniato, only that of Beyrout is far more rich and beautiful. The French, during their two years' occupation, constructed a fine carriage-road from Beyrout to Damascus—the *only* one in Syria—and two carriages, which look as if they had come out of the ark, have been imported in consequence. One of these nondescript vehicles met our travellers near the entrance of the town, and here a ludicrous accident was the result. The horses had never before seen a carriage of any description. Such a thing is unknown in Palestine. The consequence was that no persuasion could induce their steeds to pass or go near this terrible machine; and one of the party, determined to conquer what he considered the obstinacy of his beast, was violently thrown from the saddle. It was fortunate that evening had closed in before arriving at the hotel to which (for the first time in Syria) they were bound; for, with their clothes deeply stained with the yellow mud of the Dafour, and torn into shreds by the prickly-pear hedges, and their hats equally shapeless from the storms of Saida, our travellers presented the most sorry and ludicrous appearance possible.

The following morning found two of the party in the narrow street leading by a picturesque fountain to the Franciscan convent; but though it was only half-past six the last mass was over. There were but two Fathers belonging to this mission, to which no hospice for pilgrims is attached; but they courteously received the ladies in a large room hung with portraits of Franciscan martyrs, and offered them coffee and breakfast. The ladies, however, were anxious for a mass, and so asked for a guide to show them the way to the Jesuit church, which was instantly accorded to them. It is in the upper part of the town, near the eastern gate, and the travellers found themselves in a building crowded to excess, with a large school of boys at one end, and a multitude of Syrian women, in their white abbas, squatted behind a screen at the other. The seven o'clock mass was over, but another was beginning; and thankfully did one of the pair avail herself of the offer of one of the elder boys to leave the crowded Arab women's quarter for a place nearer the altar, and close to a beautiful picture of the "Pieta." After mass they were shown the schools, which contain upwards of five hundred boys, most of them the sole survivors of their families from the Lebanon massacres. They were preparing for a holiday and an expedition into the mountains, with their kind superior, the Père G——, a name once so well known in the Paris and London world, and now as eminent for his

labors of love among the little flock intrusted to him by the Great Shepherd.

After breakfast our travellers visited the immense establishment of the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul, which is the glory and pride of Beyrout. Entering by a gateway, on which the simple word "Caritas" is inscribed, you come into a square court, round which are built eight schools for different classes of girls, including one for the training of mistresses, and a beautiful chapel, which, however, the increasing number of their *pensionnaires* is obliging them to enlarge. The education given by the Sisters is admirable in every respect. Leading out of the *parloir* is a garden full of beautiful flowers, and at one end is the hospital and dispensary, crowded at all hours by the native sick. Beyond this garden is another large square, forming, in fact, a separate establishment, and containing between eight and nine hundred orphans, made such by the late massacres. Nothing can be more beautifully managed than this vast establishment by these noble and devoted women. Well may the Sisters of Charity be called, by a noted ecclesiastic, "the salt of the earth." If in Europe their loving step is everywhere hailed with thankfulness and joy, in the East they are the pioneers of civilization, the evangelizers of races, the regenerators of the whole country. Held in affectionate veneration alike by Arab and Moslem, Druse and Maronite, to whose physical wants and sufferings they are ever ministering without distinction of creed, they alone escaped in the hour of fanatical fury. But it is especially in the training of children that they are doing a work for God in those lands, which must be seen in order to be realized. One of the prettiest sights in the world might be seen in the large *parloir* at Beyrout on a Sunday. The Sisters have now been established there for fifteen or sixteen years, and can see the fruit of their work. On that day a crowd of young mothers, who have each and all been educated by the sisters, come in from the mountains and villages round to bring their children to the Venerable Sœur Superieur Gélas, and to take part again in the beautiful service which their girlhood has been taught to love. Her loving motherly arms were clasped round many a bright and smiling face, while the little ones nestled at her feet, all anxious to win from her a kiss or a smile, or else playing gently with the black rosary by her side. She has established, in addition to all her other works, an infant nursery in the hills, where such of the orphans as are too young or too sickly to thrive in the confined atmosphere of the town are reared and nursed by peasant women, under the Sisters' direction. From time to time she visits these her babies, riding on her white donkey, loved and respected by every one she meets. In the hospital, one of our travellers spoke to a Scotch engineer who had been badly scalded in one of the Pasha's steamers. He said, almost with tears, "What should I have done without this place to come to? I have suffered a great deal, it is true; but I have only got to turn in my bed for one of those kind gentle faces to come up and ask me whether I do not want something."

The sun was scarcely risen the following morning when two of our travellers started on an expedition to visit the interesting village of Deir-el-Kahmar. Their road lay through the pine forest outside the town, and through hedges of prickly-pear, pomegranates, and olives, till it began to wind up the steep mountain path, or rather staircase, formed of smooth slabs, which leads to the picturesque convent of Ain-Braba. From thence they had the most glorious view of Beyrout, with its white houses and golden sands, and

the bright blue sea beyond glistening in the rising sun, while date-palms and magnificent stone-pines formed the foreground of the picture. Oleanders blossomed by every rushing stream, and the ground was carpeted with pink linum, cyclamen, and other spring flowers. Ascending still higher, they came on a wayside khan, looking down on a magnificent valley, with a rapid river at the bottom, over which a picturesque bridge was thrown, to which they cautiously descend by a path which was bad and perilous even for Syrian roads. Then reascending on the opposite side, through an underwood of ilex, arbutus, myrtle, and cypress, a sharp turn in the road brought them within sight of the mountain village they had come to visit, called Deir-el-Kahmar, or "Mountain of the Moon," from the large figure of the Blessed Virgin standing on the moon, carved on the outside of the convent-wall. At the head of the valley, projecting boldly against the spur of the mountain, is Beteddin, the beautiful palace of the Emirs of the Lebanon.

Their tents being pitched in an orchard at the entrance of the town, the travellers started to deliver their letters of introduction to the Superior of the Jesuit Mission, the Père B., whom they soon found, encouraging a troop of young Christian volunteers, who were drilling on the plain outside the town under the instruction of an old French sergeant. The Père B. took the English ladies to his ruined convent, part of which has been lately rebuilt, together with the little church and a rude school, where two Sisters of Charity were occupied in giving a working lesson to about fifty native children. Terrible was the account given by him of the horrors of the massacre in 1860, during which he escaped as by a miracle. Trusting in the promises of the Turks, and the still more specious assurances of the Druses, the Christians refused to listen to his earnest words of warning. When the massacre began, on the 20th of June, fifteen hundred of the Christians, with their valuables, took refuge in the governor's house, believing in his solemn assurance of safety and protection. But an hour or two later the Druses were admitied by the Turkish soldiers themselves into the seraglio, and the work of massacre began.

The Père B. took our travellers to the courtyard where this horrible butchery was effected. Not content with murder, they tortured and mutilated their victims, especially the women and children, cutting off their fingers and toes one by one; and, when some clasped their crucifixes in their agony, blasphemous taunts were added to the rest. "Call now on your God, and see if he will come and help you!" Among the victims was M. Bischarra Soussa, one of the richest inhabitants of the place, and an intimate friend of the governor's. He was one of the earliest to take refuge in his house at the first rumor of danger, and refused to follow the counsel of the priest to escape to Beyrout, saying, "that with the friendship of the governor he was perfectly safe." He had just married a beautiful young wife of twenty-one, who had been educated at the pension of the Sisters of Charity, and spoke French and several other languages fluently. When the rest of the Christians had been butchered, Bischarra Soussa and his wife were summoned by the governor to descend into the court. In an instant the whole peril of their position burst upon them. The unhappy man threw himself at the feet of the governor, and implored him to spare his life and that of his wife. The governor coolly turned from him to a Druse standing by and said, "Dispatch him." Bischarra then offered everything he had in the world in exchange for his life. They pretended to accept the conditions, and made him sign a deed conveying to

them his whole fortune. This done, the assassins formed a circle round him; having garroted and thrown him naked on the floor, they strewed gunpowder over him, to which they set fire. They then endeavored to skin him alive; but, finding the operation too slow, dismembered him by degrees; and his wife was forced to be present during the whole of this horrible scene. From the governor's house the murderers proceeded to the convent and church, where a small number of Christians had taken refuge. In this case they were given the alternative of apostasy or death. They all chose the latter. Twenty priests, kneeling at the foot of the altar with their arms extended in the form of a cross, received the palm of martyrdom, the Druses in the meanwhile ringing the church-bells in derision, and calling out to the people to "come to the Mass of their priests." The Superior was reserved for more terrible torments. Stripped naked, he was first scalped, "to renew the tonsure," they said; then with long knives they carved the patterns of his sacerdotal vestments on his back and chest, and finally beheaded him.

More than two thousand victims perished on that awful day. When, a few weeks later, the French troops took possession of the town, they found the mutilated bodies still unburied, having been simply thrown over the wall of the court into the field below. Yet the principal instigators of these horrible deeds remain unpunished. It is true that the Druses and Mohammedans have for the moment been banished from the village, and the Christians are endeavoring in every way to fortify their position in case of a future outbreak. But everything points to further dangers for the Christians of Syria; and the day when the fear of foreign intervention shall be removed from the mind of the Turk will be the signal for a fresh outburst of fanatical fury, in accordance with the Friday's prayer in every mosque, "that the Cross may be uprooted from the soil of Islam."

The Père B., from whom our travellers received these terrible details, escaped through the fidelity of an Arab, whose life he had saved on some previous occasion, and who conveyed him secretly in the night to Beyrout, together with a young schoolmaster whom he had persuaded to accompany him.

On the following morning our travellers assisted at the mass performed in the newly rebuilt Church of the Covenant, on the very site so recently watered by the blood of the martyrs; and to judge by the fervor and devotion of the large congregation, the terrible scenes of late years had not been without their fruit. After mass the Père B. accompanied the travellers to the beautiful but now ruined palace of the Christian emirs, by a steep and perilous descent, where the horses could with difficulty keep their footing. The situation of the palace is quite magnificent; and its architecture and decorations equal the most gorgeous of the Italian palaces. But now all has been destroyed. The beautiful Venetian mosaic, with its elaborate patterns; the rare marbles and agates which panelled the walls,—all are battered into small pieces. The luxurious baths have shared the same fate; the fountains are choked with sand and filth. In the midst of the desolation beautiful roses and ferns were springing out of the ruins, as if nature would efface the mischief which the wanton hand of man had caused. Broken columns; fragments of statues and of exquisitely colored tiles; beautifully painted door cases, and other vestiges of art and luxury, lay scattered about in every direction; while in the midst of all dark-red patches here and there, and crimson stains, told of the fearful deeds of silent horror perpetrated on that dreadful day which had made this

earthly paradise a byword for desolation.

Our travellers sat on the terrace in the once lovely but now neglected garden, looking down on the glorious view in the gorge below, and wishing that some English millionaire would come and restore a place so unequalled in all the world for beauty of natural position. A pretty Christian child brought them coffee and sweetmeats, with bunches of roses, jasmine, and honeysuckle; and a native "sair" pointed out the magnificent stables, capable of containing five hundred horses, which were erected under the arches of the spacious square leading into the garden. The Père B. told them that a multitude of little children were found concealed in the courts and rooms of the palace after the massacre was over; and these were rescued by the Sisters of Charity and brought to their Beyrout orphanage.

A few hours later, our traveller was among those very children in their happy convent home—for to-morrow was to be a grand day at the orphanage. M. de S. was on his visitation tour, and was coming to give the "First Communion" to all those whom the Lazarist Fathers and the Sisters judged fit for the sacred rite. But the lady, leaving the children and Sisters, who were preparing the chapel for the morrow's ceremony, descended the stairs, and turned with the kind and gentle Superior into a corridor on the ground floor, which led into the children's hospital. In one of the little beds is the figure of a beautiful child of fourteen, evidently in the last stage of consumption. She and her little sister were the sole survivors of a family of ten, murdered one by one on that fatal day in that beautiful palace of Beteddin. Her constitution had never recovered the frightful shock; but her gentleness and goodness had endeared her to every one around her.

"How is Marie this evening?" asked the Superior of a nursing Sister, whom they met on entering the dormitory. "She is sinking, I fear, ma seur," was the reply, "but good and patient as ever; and now only waiting and longing for *that*," she added with a smile, pointing to a little white veil which hung on a chair beside her.

A bright gleam lit up the young girl's dying face as her visitors approached; while the traveller drawing from her basket two framed casts of Jesus and of Mary, proceeded to hang them on the wall opposite her bed, and to decorate them with the flowers she had brought. "These roses are from your old home, dear child. We must make your room bright, you know, for *to-morrow*," said the lady, in answer to the questioning look of the dying child, who gently murmured, as she kissed her, "O, thank you so much! How good every one is to me! *It will not be long to wait.*"

And now the morning is come, and two hundred and fifty young souls dressed in white, with wreaths of white roses and soft white veils, are kneeling in that beautiful chapel, to receive for the first time the Bread of Life. Marie, too, has been dressed in white in her little bed; but not more pure are the roses round her head or the lilies by her pictures than is that spotless soul sighing but for one thing—to receive her Lord before she departs to see him face to face. Round her neck she wears the blue ribbon and medal of the "Enfans de Marie," which she has likewise received on that day, in compliance with her earnest wish. And now the bell is heard and the light approaches, while the attendant Sisters devoutly kneel. A moment more, and she has received him whom she has so loved and trusted in here. A few moments later she was with him in his kingdom.

ODE.

TO THE SOCIETY OF JESUS.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

ASSOCIATES of Jesus!
O privilege sublime,
Surpassing all the wildest flights
Of mythologic rhyme—
Companions of the Blessed Christ
In very truth to be,
In life and death to humbly share
His sweet society!

Dear company of Jesus!
Thy sainted founder prayed
That on the shoulders of his sons
The cross might, aye, be laid;
Ignatius! 'twere a needless prayer,—
Love ne'er is at a loss,
Who walketh close to Calv'ry's king
Is *sure* of Calv'ry's cross.

The bitterness of mortal pain,
Abandoned and betrayed;
The false tribunals of the world
Where justice stands dismayed;
The stripes, the thorns, the nails, the lance,
Men's scorn, and demons' rage,
Companions of the crucified!
These are your heritage!

But ever in the battle's front,
The vanguard of the king,
The great Society hath place,
Heroic, combating;
And in its fair celestial ranks
Full many a saint appears,
Rubies and diamonds the crown
Of martyr blood and tears.

Onward and upward, then, to swell
Those glad seraphic choirs!
Your feet are in the print of saints,
Sons of immortal sires!
From heaven's heights your brethren lean,
They beckon, lo! they call,
"God's greater glory be your aim,
His will your life, your all!"

A PLEA FOR A BACHELOR'S MANUAL.

A SHY SCHEME.

I AM a shy young man, with a limited income. My residence is in the country—my hair is light—my cheeks are rosy—my stature is small—my manners are mild—my name is Koddle.

How it is that professed literary gentlemen contrive to slide as smoothly as they do, out of one topic and into another, without the slightest appearance of any accompanying jerk, is a mystery to me. I want to tack on to the information imparted in my first paragraph two additional facts: first, that I am anxious to be settled in life; secondly, that I have my eye on a young woman. But there seems, somehow, to be a disrespectful abruptness in mentioning the object of my attachment in that way. It is as if I dragged her into this page by the neck and shoulders, instead of appearing serenely before the public gaze with my charmer escorted on my arm. Her residence is in the country—her hair is light—her cheeks are rosy—her stature is small—her manners are mild. Except that she has no income at all, and that her name is not Koddle, my young woman is wonderfully like me in everything, extreme shyness included. Under these circumstances, it is perhaps remarkable that I should be so fond of her as I am. I can't account for that. But I can smooth away another little difficulty, I can explain how it is that I have not yet imparted the state of my affections. I don't know how.

"Please, Miss, will you marry me?" Too abrupt. "My other self! plunge your hand into my bosom, extract the throbbing principle within, observe whether it adores you or not, and if appearances are satisfactory, keep it forever." Pretty, but perhaps at the same time incomprehensible to a practical young woman of the present day. Ogling? Will ogling alone do it? Possibly, but I have not the right kind of eyes for that exercise. My organs of ogling are too light in color, too small in size, and too stiff in their action for the purpose. Perpetual sighing? She might mistake my intentions, and fancy that I was only endeavoring to express to her a wretched state of health. A sudden dart at her in her father's presence, and an affectionate clasping of her round the waist under her father's astonished eyes? Could that excellent gentleman be depended on to start from his chair, and say, "Scoundrel, what are your intentions?"—and could I make sure of having presence of mind enough to drop on my knees and reply instantly, "Dear sir, they are strictly honorable?" I fear not, it takes so much to get some parents out of their chairs, and so little to upset a lover, like me. Shall I write to her father? Then there is the dreadful embarrassment of the first meeting with her afterwards. Shall I write to the charmer herself? The same embarrassment still lies in wait for me. I can't express it in words, or looks, or sighs, or sudden embraces, or epistolary correspondence. What am I to do? Again the humiliating confession escapes me, again I answer—I don't know.

This is a serious, and, as I am inclined to think, even a sad state of things. Here is my future depending on my doing something—and I can't do it. Even if I could find the courage to make the offer, I should not feel certain of discovering at the same time the right words in which to express it. In this matter such awful interests depend upon such

shocking trifles. I know a heart-rending case in point. A friend of mine, almost as shy as I am myself, armed himself with the resolution which I do not possess, watched his opportunity, and started with his offer of marriage to the object of his affection. It was in the wintertime, and he had a cold. He advanced about six words into the preparatory sentence, the lady was listening with modest, yet encouraging attention—he got to the seventh word, and felt a sudden titillation in the upper part of his nose—he pronounced the eighth word, and—burst irrepressibly into a shrill, raging, screaming sneeze! The lady (who can blame her?) after a noble effort to preserve her self-control, fell back in the chair in convulsions of laughter. An offer is an essentially serious thing. Who could proceed with it under those circumstances? Not my friend, at any rate. He tried to begin again, two or three days afterwards. At his first look of unutterable love, at his first approach to the tender topic, he saw the lady's face get red, and the lady's lips desperately compress themselves. The horrid explosion of the sneeze was firing itself off again in her memory, she was shaking all over with suppressed laughter. He tried a third time, the same result followed, and then he gave it up. They have not met since; they never will meet. They were made for each other by nature; they were sweetly and suitably matched in age, fortune, social position, and mutual tastes. And what has rudely torn them asunder forever?—a sneeze! I write this with tears in my eyes, and do not envy the feelings of any man or woman who can laugh at it.

To return to my own case. It is very hard, I think, that no provision is made for bashful men like me, who want to declare the state of their affections, who are not accustomed to female society, and who are habitually startled and confused, even on ordinary occasions, whenever they hear the sound of their own voices. There are people ready to assist us in every other emergency of our lives, but in the greatest difficulty of all, we are inhumanly left to help ourselves. There have been one or two rare occasions, on which one or two unparalleled women have nobly stepped forward and relieved us of our humiliating position as speechless suitors, by taking all the embarrassment of making the offer on their own shoulders. I know an instance of this, and I feel bound to relate it as a soothing and cheerful contrast to the harrowing anecdote which I have just told. Our doctor where I live has been all his life a martyr to shyness, and, but for the admirably decided conduct of his wife under trying circumstances, I happen to know that he would never have been the father of the ten sweet children who now enliven and adorn his existence. He was just in my miserable position when he was kindly invited to tea (and muffins) one evening by his charmer's agreeable mother. At the head of the table sat this estimable woman in a new cap. At the foot of the table sat her accomplished daughter in a new gown. Between them sat my friend the doctor, looking in speechless confusion at a plate of muffins placed exactly opposite to him. No other visitor marred the harmony of the domestic scene. They had a cup of tea all round, and a plate of muffins—and my friend never spoke. They had a second cup of tea, stronger than the first, and a second plate of muffins more richly buttered. Even this encouragement failed to loosen the doctor's tongue. At the third cup, and pending the arrival of the third plate of muffins, the expressive eyes of the daughter rested significantly on the countenance of her maternal parent. "Mamma," she said, with a kind of silvery calmness. "Mamma, shall I have him?" "My dear," replied the indulgent lady, "Have I ever thwarted you in any of your little caprices?

Please yourself, love; please yourself." The third plate of muffins came in. It was set down in solemn silence. The mother took a bit encouragingly, the doctor took a bit confusedly, the daughter took a bit meditatively. "I think," she said after a moment of charming reverie, "I think, mamma, I will have him." She turned and looked critically at the doctor, waited till he had, with great difficulty, disposed of a mouthful of muffin, and then held out her hand, with fascinating frankness. "There!" she said, "don't let us make a fuss about it. There is my hand!" Six weeks afterwards he was married, and has been the happiest man in existence ever since.

Such a case as this is, unfortunately, an exceptional one. It has been most hastily and most unwarrantably established as a social principle that all men are audacious and enterprising in their love affairs, because they are men, and on these manifestly false grounds, the conclusion has been adopted that it is invariably the business of the man to make the offer. Dear, dear me! are we all Don Juans? Is there no such being in existence as a bashful man? On the other hand, are all young women naturally struck speechless with confusion at the mention of marriage? Do they all fall into such convulsions of modesty at the first prospect of assuming bridal responsibilities, as really to lose the admirable self-possession which is one of the most charming attributes of the sex in every other circumstance of life? My own observation of the appearance and behavior of brides and bridegrooms, under the trying ordeal of the wedding-day, inclines me to believe that the loss of self-possession is almost invariably on the man's side. It is my firm opinion (supposing my mind to be robust enough to support a firm opinion about anything) that, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the offer of marriage would be much more quickly, sensibly, and irresistibly made if it came from the lady instead of the gentleman; and I would respectfully invite any man who disagrees with me to compare the behavior of the bride with the behavior of the bridegroom the next time he goes to a wedding. The wisdom of the ancients seems to have sanctioned some such salutary change of custom as that which I propose, at the period of leap year. But the practice has fallen into disuse, and the modest men of the community have suffered unspeakably in consequence.

If I only had the courage, I would suggest to some of those public-spirited ladies who are so nobly trying to take away from the men everything they have got, and to give it all to the women, that they might make out a very strong case against the male population if they accused my grasping sex of monopolizing the right of making offers. What is the use of talking of the equality of the sexes as long as one sex perpetually exercises the right of putting the question, and leaves to the other sex only the inferior and secondary privilege of giving the answer? Let it be understood for the future that the men are to take their turn of waiting until they are spoken to. Let every other year be considered for matrimonial purposes a leap year, and give the unhappy bashful bachelor a good twelvemonth's chance of getting an offer. It may be objected, I know, that even in the event of this wholesome reform in our manners being carried out, I could scarcely hope to be personally a gainer by it, seeing that my young woman is, according to my own confession, as retiring in her habits as I am myself. I can only answer to this that I have noticed, on the few occasions when I have had opportunities of exercising my observation, a great difference to exist between the shyness of a woman and the shyness of a man. To

refer to my own case, I have remarked that my charmer's shyness differs from mine in being manageable, graceful, and, more than that, in being capable of suppressing itself and of assuming a disguise of the most amazing coolness and self-possession on certain trying occasions. I have heard the object of my affections condemned by ignorant strangers as a young woman of unpleasantly audacious manners, at the very time when my intimate familiarity with her character assured me that she was secretly suffering all the miseries of extreme confusion and self-distrust. Whenever I see her make up a bold face, by drawing her hair off her forehead, and showing the lovely roots all round; whenever I hear her talking with extraordinary perseverance, and laughing with extraordinary readiness; whenever I see her gown particularly large in pattern, and her ribbons dazzlingly bright in color —then I feel certain that she is privately quaking with all the most indescribable and most unreasonable terrors of shyness. Knowing this, I should not be at all apprehensive of a long period of silence elapsing, if a reform in our social laws authorized my charmer to help me out by making my offer for me. She would do it, I know, with an appearance of extraordinary indifference and gayety—with her utmost fluency of utterance, with her most mellifluously easy laughter—in her gown of the largest pattern, in her ribbons of the fiercest brightness,—with her poor heart thumping the whole time as if it would burst, and with every nerve in her body trembling all over from head to foot. My experience has not been a large one, but that is my humble idea of the real nature of a woman's shyness.

However, it is useless to speculate on what might happen if the oppressive laws of courtship were relaxed,—for no such welcome event is likely to take place. It will be more to the purpose, perhaps, if I venture on introducing a little practical suggestion of my own, which struck me while I was meditating on my unhappy position, which involves no sweeping change in the manners and customs of the age, and which, so far as I know, has never made its appearance in print before.

I am informed by persons of experience in the world of letters (about which I myself know nothing), that the ladies of the present century have burst into every department of literature, have carried off the accumulated raw material from under the men's noses, and have manufactured it to an enormous and unheard-of extent for the public benefit. I am told that out of every twelve poems or novels that are written, nine at least are by ladies; that they write histories in six or eight volumes with great ease and satisfaction to themselves, while the men can only compass the same achievements with extreme difficulty in one or two volumes; and that they are perpetually producing books of travel, which are all about themselves and their own sensations, without the slavish fear of that possible imputation of self-conceit which so often lurks in the more timid bosom of man. I am particularly rejoiced to hear of this, because my suggestion involves nothing less than the writing of one gigantic book by all the ladies of Great Britain put together. What I propose is a Handbook of Courtship, written by all British wives, and edited with notes by all British daughters.

The magnitude of my own idea absolutely takes away my breath,—and yet the execution of it is so unimaginably easy that the Handbook might be ready for publication in six months' time. I propose that every married lady in the country shall write down the exact words (for surely her affectionate heart must remember them?) which her

husband used when he made his offer to her; and that she shall then add to the interesting report of the offer illustrative particulars of the circumstances under which it was made, and of the accompanying actions (if any) by which the speaker emphasized the all-important words as they fell from his lips. I would have the returns thus prepared collected as the income tax papers are, with the most extreme care and the most honorable secrecy. They should be afterwards shuffled together in baskets and distributed one by one, just as they happened to turn up, among the unmarried ladies of the country, with the following brief formula of two questions attached: First. Would the form of offer presented herewith have proved to be a satisfactory one in your case? And, if not, will you state in what particulars you think it might be improved? Second. Would the accompanying actions by which the offer was pressed on the kind attention of the individual addressed, have specially inclined you to favor it with a suitable reply? And, if not, what improvements in the way of addition or suppression would you be disposed in the strictest confidence to suggest? When the necessary answers to these questions had been given, I would have the papers again collected on the same income tax principle; and would immediately set the printers at work. The married ladies' returns should form the text, and the unmarried ladies' returns should be added in the form of notes. No names or addresses should appear anywhere. The book should be bound in virgin white, with orange flower decorations on the back. It should be printed in rose-colored ink, and it should be issued to the world from a publishing house established for the purpose.

What an inestimable bachelor's manual this would be! What a circulation it would have among all classes! What a delightful sense of confidence it would awaken in the mind of the diffident male reader! How could any man go wrong with the Handbook to refer to, before he committed himself to a positive course of action? If I had such a book within my reach at this moment, I might look out and learn the form of offer which I felt to be most suitable in my own case; might discover and correct its little human imperfections, by reference to the critical notes appended to it; and might become a happy accepted man (if I could depend upon my memory) by to-morrow at latest. How many other men might enjoy the same benefit, if the practical results of the experience of others were thus placed at their disposal,—how many extra marriages might be solemnized in the course of the first year after the publication of the Handbook, I cannot presume to say. I can only point to the serious necessity that there is for bringing out the great work that I have proposed. I can only implore the ladies to undertake it, in consideration of the literary honor and glory which it would confer upon the whole sex.

In the meantime here I am, shyly hovering around my fate, and helplessly ignorant how to rush in and close with it at once and forever. If I could feel sure that the Bachelor's Manual was likely to be soon produced, I might, perhaps, manage to wait for it. But in the absence of any positive information on the subject, I feel that I must make up my mind to do something desperate immediately. A spoken explanation of my feelings—unless I could manage to catch my young woman in the dark—being in my case manifestly out of the question, I suppose I must bashfully resign myself after all to the alternative of writing. In the event of my mustering courage enough to compose the letter and send it off when done, the

question is, How had I better behave myself when the inevitable embarrassment of the first meeting with her comes afterwards? Shall I begin with words, or begin with actions? Or to be plainer still, which shall I address first, her waist or her mind? Will any charitable married lady kindly consider my especial weakness of disposition, and send me privately one word of advice as to which of these two delicate alternatives it will be safest for me to adopt?

HOPE AND PRAYER.

'Twas moonlight on the heaving sea,
The stars peeped through the vessel's shrouds,
The wind was piping mournfully,
And pushing slow the silver clouds;
The exiles crowded on the shore,
The longboat rose upon the swell,
The shadow of a Nevermore
Hung dark on every sad farewell;
But she did say, "For aye, for aye,
My love, my darling, hope and pray!"

And shall I never see again
Those tearful eyes that lightened swift,
As after some slight summer rain
The sun gleams through a cloudy rift?
No, never, never, never more!
When did the sea give up its dead?
Its surges sounding on the shore,
In hollow moanings low and dread,
Forever say, For aye, for aye,
You need not hope, you need not pray!

'Tis May—the merry, happy May;
'Tis Spring—the foolish, selfish time
When careless souls can hope and pray,
And hollow hearts like bells can chime.
As through the crevice of a tomb,
I see the outside world of light,
That doubly darks my sorrowing doom
To rage and curse throughout my night.
The worldlings say, For aye, for aye,
You cannot hope, you cannot pray!

And yet she loved the month of flowers,
The distant chime of village bells
From out the church's voiceful towers;
As o'er the meads their sinks and swells

Went throbbing past, she stopped to hear
And laughing lightly, turned to say,
"Why chime the distant bells, my dear?"
I said, "They chime our wedding day!"
To-day they say, For aye, for aye,
Why do you hope, why do you pray?

O pious pansy! bending low
Thy poor shorn head with reverent air,
What hopings hast thou known to grow
From out the transport of thy prayer?
Another life renews thy bloom;
The grass shall grow and birds shall sing;
Far through the winter's chilling gloom
Thou'st heard the promise of the Spring;
I hear thee say, For aye, for aye,
For this I hope, for this I pray.

Oh, yes! this world is bright with hope—
This world is holier far with prayer;
I see the crest of life's dim slope,
Two angel voices call me there.
My first, my last, my only love!
I see a dawning near and far,
And in the rosy glow above,
The pale and radiant morning star!
Yes, all things say, For aye, for aye,
You need but hope, you need but pray!

LETTY DORMER.

"I WOULD rather die!" said Letty, passionately.

"Just so, my dear; all young girls would rather die than give up an unsubstantial fancy for a profitable reality. In general, however, they do give it up, and they do not die," answered her mother, quietly.

"Mamma, how cruel you are!" cried the girl, with a kind of angry despair in her voice.

"Because I am rational? How cruel you are, you ought rather to say, Letty, to give me so much trouble when I am acting only for your own good; and when you know that you will have to yield at last."

"I will not yield—I will die first," replied Letty.

"You are very fond of that assertion, my dear; but it does not move me. I know so well that you will marry as I wish you to do, and live into quite a respectable old age. You are healthy, though you do not come of a long-lived family on one side." She sighed,—it was a conventional sigh,—and then she faintly murmured, "Poor papa!"

"Oh, mamma! you are too dreadful with your cold sarcasms," cried Letty, flinging up her hands.

"And you are too silly with your mock heroics, my dear. If you had not me to guide you into common

sense, what a mess you would make of your life!"

"What a wreck you wish to make it!" cried Letty.

"Silly little girl," said Mrs. Dormer, with compassionate contempt. "You are like a naughty child who will thrust its hand into the fire, and thinks its nurse abominably cruel because she tries to prevent it. The day will come, my dear, when you will thank me instead of scolding me as you are doing now, that I put an end to this absurd affair with Mr. Ratcliffe, and gave you such an admirable settlement in Mr. Mounsey."

"Admirable settlement! A man old enough to be my father—a man I hate, and that no girl could like—only with money."

"And, having money, with all that a portionless girl can desire and more than she has a right to expect," said Mrs. Dormer, taking up a few dropped stitches leisurely.

"Oh, I know you don't think it necessary for a wife to love her husband," said Letty, sarcastically.

"To begin with?—by no means, my dear," answered her mother, with perfect good breeding and good temper. "Love comes by habit, by the fact of a pleasant home where there is no stint, and where everything goes on comfortably. One man is very much the same as another man when you know them; and, with a moderate amount of amiability, a well-principled girl is sure to be happy if she is properly provided for."

"Your opinions are absolutely monstrous, and I will have nothing to do with them," said Letty, angrily.

"Only to fulfil them, little goose, when you have worked off the froth." Mrs. Dormer returned the answer with a slight laugh; and the servant at that moment flung open the door with an air, and ushered in—"Mr. Mounsey."

A short, thick-set irascible-looking man, with grizzled hair cropped close, broad bushy eyebrows, and that kind of mustache and whiskers run together about a clean shaven chin which gives such a wild-beast expression to a face; a confident, aggressive, unsympathetic-looking man; a man to push his own way in the world without regard to those he shouldered aside, and to hold his own, let who would want; a man to be wary of in business, and with whom it would be necessary to be cautious how one made him friend or foe; a man strong in his own right, and standing four-square in his own esteem; but, as Letty said, a man whom no girl could love. This was the wealthy Mr. Mounsey who had been pleased to cast eyes of admiration on portionless Letty Dormer, and to demand of her mother as his wife and the mistress of Mounsey Park. And Mrs. Dormer had promised in spite of that "little folly" with George Ratcliffe, which she had encouraged eagerly enough when no better chances were on hand.

As he came in, his somewhat cruel face lighted up with a kind of masterful smile of pleasure, Mrs. Dormer rose and welcomed him; but Letty sat pale and rebellious, not fearful or trembling, not shrinking or shy, but with a look of set purpose, of undisguised hostility on her face, which her very pallor and rigidity seemed to intensify. Mr. Mounsey wisely ignored all unpleasant signs. His cue was to refer Letty's resistance to the coy reserve of maidenly modesty. Girls never know their own minds, not to speak of their best interests; he and Mrs. Dormer were fully agreed on that point; and as he had mamma's consent, he thought it waste of force to attempt an argument with the girl herself; trusting to patient holding on to his point, the dazzle of his riches, and her mother's influence for a happy issue out of all his perplexities.

"To their like," he said curtly, if gallantly, going straight up to Letty and offering her an open case containing a costly set of pearls.

"For me? Thank you, no," said Letty, coldly.

"It is usual, my dear Miss Dormer," answered Mr. Mounsey. He had not got yet to the length of calling her Letty—he had tried it once, and he had not repeated it.

"Usual to what?" said Letty, raising her eyes to him. "I know of nothing which should make such a present from you to me usual or possible."

"My dear child," said Mrs. Dormer, sweetly, "it seems to me you are rather wandering to-day. The heat probably," with an apologetic turn of her head to her future son-in-law.

"Probably," said that gentleman, a little fiercely; "but I own I should like to hear something more satisfactory from the young lady herself. All this coyness is very well up to a certain point; beyond that it is tiresome and annoying."

"It will all come right in time," said Mrs. Dormer, blandly.

"Never!" cried Letty.

"Silly little puss," said her mother; but her look was not so playful as her words.

"Mamma, why will you force this hateful pretence on me?" cried Letty, with tearful passion. "You know I will never be Mr. Mounsey's wife."

"My dear young lady, I can wait," cried Mr. Mounsey, suddenly changing his tone of annoyance to one of the blandest, most flattering tenderness. "And if I have to wait for the beautiful Miss Dormer as long as that old fellow in the Bible waited for his wife, I will. I have to conquer in the end, and you have to be my wife."

"Never!" said Letty.

"He is doing you too much honor, Letty," said Mrs. Dormer, severely.

"Honor!" she repeated scornfully. "Do you call insolence and tyranny honor?"

And with this she rose and left the room; and Mrs. Dormer and Mr. Mounsey looked at each other not comfortably.

Poor and genteel Mrs. Dormer prided herself on her birth and breeding. "Noblesse oblige" was her favorite motto, though there were some who said that her nobility was only a holiday garment worn for show, the obligations of which extended no farther than to kid gloves and silver fish-knives. Still, she was a lady; and as such she shrank from all things vulgar, perhaps more than from things sinful. And one of the strophes in her litany of praise over Mr. Mounsey was that, although he was confessedly a self-made man, he was not vulgar. Also, that he had no family belonging to him to show the rougher side of the web from which he and they had been originally made. All that was known of him, or rather that he choose to say of himself, was that he had been an Eastern merchant somewhere,—locality not exactly defined,—and that the result was Mounsey Park. And Mrs. Dormer sagely concluded to look no closer and ask no more.

Down in the village lived one Will Cobbold, a slippery, clever, ne'er-do-weel, a carpenter by trade, a mechanician by genius, generally supposed to be capable of anything to which he chose to turn his hand, but who had drunk away all his chances as fast as they had offered themselves, gradually passing from bad to worse till he was now the warning example held up as a moral scarecrow by parents and advisers. Will had a tidy kind of wife, poor body, and a son —a decent fellow enough—who, partly because the bad name of his father clung to him in the old place, partly because he liked rambling for its own sake, had gone off on his travels, until he had cast anchor in

a small village far away. Its precise name does not signify. It was made up of a couple of l's, as many r's, with a y and a w as the floating power. No one in Market Hill knew much about it, anyhow. Least of all did Mr. Mounsey, of Mounsey Park, trouble himself to learn where young Will Cobbold, the drunken carpenter's son, had bestowed himself.

As for old Will, he and Mr. Mounsey were always at twos, as the neighbors said. As a Christian, the gentleman reprobated the loose habits of the workman; as a magistrate he fined them, and that heavily. So that Will's days were, at this time, exceptionally evil, and his heart towards the new magnate of the district was bitter.

He wrote out his griefs to his son at the unpronounceable village; and expressed, as his private opinion, that "Miss Letty Dormer, of the Cottage, who was agoing to be his wife, and Mr. Ratcliffe put aside as if he had been nothing better nor a dummy, would have her hands full when she got the old Radical; and that she had better think twice afore she did what no one in the world could undo when did."

This letter young Will read to his wife Mary, as he sat by the fireside with her and her mother, not a month after his marriage.

"What Mounsey may that be?" asked Mrs. Jones, Mary's mother. "I was a Mounsey myself afore I saw poor Jones."

"Don't know," said young Will, "more nor he be a mainly rich gentleman as hav' been in the East somewheres; but no one knows much about him."

"His name mayn't be three M's —Morley Magnus?" asked Mrs. Jones in a vague way.

"Ay, that I know it is," said Will; "and many's the good laugh we've had over it in the town."

"Why, mother!" cried Mary, who had turned quite pale.

"Ay, lass, I know what you'd say," said her mother, rising, and speaking in an excited manner. "As sure as you're born that's the uncle you've heard me speak of so often! Will Cobbold, that Mounsey yonder in his fine park is my brother. There can't be another such name in the world; for father, he called him Morley Magnus after his two godfathers, the chemist and the draper of Herket. You see if your gentleman don't come from Herket in the Forest, you see if he don't. He went to foreign parts better nor twenty years agone. He was as clever as you please, but always a close gripe; and, if you'll believe me, he has never once wrote home since he heard that poor father died, and mother and me was in trouble, and he was asked to help with a few dollars; and he rolling in riches, as one may say."

"Well, mother," said Will, "suppose we give them all a start at the old place, and travel there unexpected? I reckon our fine gentleman won't be quite so down on father when his own niece has got his son, hey, Mary?"

"Not much of a get," said Mary, saucily.

But Will gave her one for her impertinence, and they cried quits over the punishment.

The preparations for Letty's marriage with the rich possessor of Mounsey Park were still going on in a languid, intermittent sort of way; the girl protesting, the mother insisting, the man persevering, and expressing himself confident as to the future. Meanwhile, George Ratcliffe came back to Market Hill, and his presence, while it comforted Letty, served to make all things more confused. His firm refusal to be dismissed on anything short of her expressed desire, and Mrs. Dormer's as firm refusal to allow of his pretensions, made a kind of tumult in the place which set every one talking. But no one knew the exact rights of the case. All that was certain was, that there

was a hitch somewhere; that Letty looked miserably ill, and George Ratcliffe miserably unhappy; and that of the whole of the quartette concerned, Mr. Mounsey, of Mounsey Park, was the only one who kept any appearance of content, or who seemed, as the doctor said, as if he could eat a mutton chop without choking. He never spoke to any one in confidence. He was not the kind of man to give his confidence. But he often said, as a matter of course, to his neighbors, "When I am married, I will do so and so;" "That must wait till we have come back from our tour;" "When I have my wife at Mounsey Park, this and that will be better arranged;" all said in the quietest and most positive tone imaginable—the tone of a man who, as he himself said, "rode to win."

One day Letty was sitting in the little morning-room, to which latterly she had retreated as a place of refuge, her mother having the fine lady's natural disinclination to sit in anything but the drawing-room. Here she was hiding in sad mood enough, thinking over her position, and wondering how she should get out of the net that was being daily drawn more closely round her, when her mother came in.

"Letty," she said, abruptly; "things have come to a crisis, and now you must decide our future."

"Mamma! I have decided!" answered Letty, with her weary air. "Why will you torture me so cruelly?"

"The cruelty has not been on my side," said her mother. "I said so once before, and I say so now again."

"It would be hard to make me believe that," said Letty.

"So! then, I must tell you the whole truth. Listen, Letty; if you had been obedient, and had done as you ought, you need never have known it. I owe Mr. Mounsey several thousands of dollars; and if you do not marry him he will proceed against me. That is all. It is simply a question of our utter ruin—yours and mine together, Letty—or your consenting to be his wife. Now, I leave my fate in your hands."

"You mean in fact, mamma, that you have sold me to this man," said Letty, with a strained unnatural calmness; "and that I must pay the price—by myself?"

"You may call it what you like, Letty; but why choose such unpleasant terms? The fact is the only thing to be dealt with; unfortunately for us both."

"Unfortunately—yes, indeed!" sighed Letty, still with that fixed, strained look. "But I must speak to George. I can do nothing, say nothing, without him."

"I don't see much good in going to him for advice," said her mother, irritably. "It is your affair, not his."

"Mamma!" remonstrated Letty.

"Well, my dear, so it is. The question is one which you alone can answer. Will you marry Mr. Mounsey, or must I be ruined and rendered penniless for the remainder of my life? That you have no love for me, I know——"

Here Letty raised her large gray eyes with a plaintive look, saying, in a deprecatory manner, "Mamma, I do love you! You know that I do!"

"But," continued Mrs. Dormer, in a martyr-spirit, sweetly self-forgetful, "if you have no love for me, you surely have some kind of family pride; you would scarcely like your father' name (you loved him) to be dragged through the mire, as it must be."

"Oh, mamma! mamma!" cried poor Letty, breaking down in sobs and tears, "do not mention poor papa's name in the business; there is sacrilege enough in it without that!"

"You are hard on me, Letty," said Mrs. Dormer, tears in her eyes, too, "but perhaps I have deserved it; and if it will make matters better for you—I am sorry for you, my

poor child!" she added, with a genuine burst of feeling rare in her.

Then the two women, the ice broken, clasped in each other's arms, sobbed out their grief in concert, which at least destroyed the coldness that had sprung up between them, and made them partners in suffering, not, as formerly, antagonists and enemies.

While they were sitting there, both feeling the sacredness of the anguish of the moment, the servant came to tell them that Mr. Mounsey was in the drawing-room, the time of his daily visit having arrived.

"Letty, what am I to say to him?" asked Mrs. Dormer, drying her eyes, yet still weeping; "am I to tell him yes or no? He has come for his final answer to-day, and I dare not put him off any longer."

"I cannot, mamma, till I have seen George," sobbed Letty. "If it is only a question of this money, George may help us. So long as I thought you wanted me to marry for a settlement only I did not mind refusing you; and I could not put George forward; I could only remain true to him, and hope for the future; but if it is money that can be paid off, mamma, if he can raise the sum you want, will not this set you free? and then will you not release me?"

"Certainly, if I could get out of the man's debt I would not press you, my dear. But it would be a splendid provision for you!" said Mrs. Dormer, regretfully, looking back to the flesh-pots. "You must come yourself now, Letty! I dare not face him alone any more. Ah! my child, you little know what my life has been of late between you both," she added, shuddering.

"I will go with you, mamma," said Letty, resolutely. "From me, at least, he shall learn the truth."

And they went together, arm in arm; the two who had been so long estranged suddenly become friends.

"I augur well from this happy companionship," said Mr. Mounsey, gallantly, as the two women entered the room. "Is my term of probation at last come to an end?"

This last was addressed to Letty, with a tender air that accorded ill with his fierce and fervid face.

"I have just heard that mamma owes you money," said Letty, plunging into the heart of the matter at a bound.

"A mere nothing, my dear."

"Don't call me dear, sir," interrupted Letty, angrily.

"Indeed, absolutely nothing—not so much as a cobweb between Mrs. Dormer and her son-in-law; rather a large sum, I confess, between Mrs. Dormer of the Cottage and Mr. Mounsey of Mounsey Park. You see I am a man of business, my dear young lady—pardon the slip, it would come—and though prepared to do all that is handsome by my relation, not prepared to give away my money to individuals who have no claim on me. Don't you see the justice of this for yourself?"

"Yes," said Letty, straightly. "Then the whole thing is a mere matter of money. If I can get this loan of yours to mamma paid off I shall hold myself free from the promise she has made for me. If I cannot—"

"This, my charming Letty, will be a receipt in full of all demands," interrupted Mr. Mounsey, taking her hand in his and forcibly kissing it. She wiped it with her handkerchief immediately after, with an air of the deepest disgust; and the man's fierce face took a dark look it was well she did not see.

At this moment there passed the window which looked on the drive a group of four, two of whom were men and two were women. The men were the Cobbolds, old and young Will, both dressed in their Sunday best, and both sober, which, for the elder of the two, was a blessed privilege becoming daily rarer. The women were Mrs. Jones,

from Wales, and her daughter Mary. The front door stood open, as is so often the case in the country, where there is neither fear nor danger, and the party entered the hall without knocking. They did, however, knock at the drawing-room door, and then they all entered.

"Who in heaven's name are you all, and what do you want? Cobbold! young William!" cried Mrs. Dormer, angrily.

"Morley Magnus! brother Morley Magnus!" said Mrs. Jones in a tearful voice, wiping her eyes with her shawl. And, "Well uncle, and how are you?" said Mary, who was a pert young woman in her way.

Then Mrs. Jones fell on his neck and kissed him, and Mary took his hand and shook it heartily, sideways.

"Who are these lunatics?" said Mr. Mounsey, with a fine air of disdain. He did not start, nor blush, nor show any other emotion than that of surprise tempered with pity and contempt.

"Your own sister, sir," said old Will.

"My wife, Mr. Mounsey," chimed in the younger man; and Mary, with her head in the air, repeated airily, "Your niece, uncle."

"Sister! I have no sister! who dares to say I have a sister?" said Mr. Mounsey of Mounsey Park, fiercely.

"Hear to him! Hear to him how he disowns his own flesh and blood!" cried Mrs. Jones, more tearfully than before. "Oh, Morley Magnus, that ever I should have lived to see this day! And mother and me has always looked for you to come when your time was out, and you was a free man once again; and father died in trouble, and they took our house!"

"Silence, you old witch!" shouted the owner of Mounsey Park; but Mary, who had a spirit, flashed out with "Witch yourself, old man. No man shall miscall my mother to my face, if he were twenty times an uncle!" And the two Cobbolds rubbed their hands behind their hats, and looked as if they liked it.

"My word, but she has a spirit, Will!" whispered the father, with a grin.

"Fine!" returned Will, with an approving nod.

Her tone startled Mr. Mounsey into sudden reflection.

"There must be some mistake here," he said, in a mild voice, turning to Mrs. Dormer and Letty, and speaking in a conciliating manner.

"No, ladies, there is none," said Mrs. Jones. "That man is my own brother, who got into a little bit of trouble when he was a lad, about some sheep as found their way to father's. He were transported, he were, sorry am I to say it; and when his time was out he wrote as how he had gone farther off to foreign parts. But he never wrote no more, though we heard of him, and how he had made mines of gold. He left us to starve, if we'd a mind. He never sent us a penny, or a pair of old shoes, though he knew we were bound to be in trouble when father died. His name is Morley Magnus Mounsey, ladies. His poor father, he named him the three M.'s after Mr. Morley—he were the chemist, and Magnus were the draper, of our town—who was his godfather, and stood for him. And this girl of mine, Will Cobbold's wife—and a good girl she is, and a tidy wife he have got, though I say it as shouldn't, and though she has a spirit as would face a lion—she's a Mounsey, too. For I kept the old name to her, as the Mounseys they was better blood than the Jones's; and many's the time poor Jones and me have had words on the same. And hearing from Will Cobbold there that you had Morley Magnus here among you, I made bold to come and see if he would help me and mine—for I am only a lone widow, ladies—and maybe raise Will and his father a bit in the world."

"Raise them so high, my fine friends, that you will all be indicted for conspiracy, and trying to extort money," said Mr. Mounsey. "In seeking to ruin me you have only destroyed yourself; and, by the Lord, you shall have it hot!" he cried, passionately.

"Mamma, this man is too hateful," said Letty, indignantly. "A thief, a convict, it is surely done with now!"

"You will be prepared with that little sum I spoke of this day week, when your bill falls due?" said Mr. Mounsey, with a frigid bow to Mrs. Dormer, and a fiery glance to Letty, whom else he ignored.

"Yes," said Letty, boldly.

Mr. Mounsey raised his eyebrows.

"Undeveloped resources," he said, with a sneer, still addressing Mrs. Dormer. "I can scarcely think your young beggar friend, Mr. Ratcliffe, can raise the funds; but I presume you know where to find your market. You have missed one good settlement, madam; but better luck next time!"

And, with an insolent laugh, he took his hat, and passed out.

"Pay it?" said George, when Letty told him all; "why, of course I will pay it. I can raise the money; never you mind how, Letty. We shall only have to wait a little longer, and work a little harder, and maybe live a little simpler, that is all. But we are safe now, and I think the money well spent."

"Ah! what a thing it is to have to do with a gentleman," said Mrs. Dormer, with languid enthusiasm, and her usual happy knack of setting herself just that one step in front of her circumstances which is the line that separates welcome from resignation. "Now, Mr. Mounsey was rich, but he was not a gentleman. And to think of Letty being old Cobbold's niece—how horrible!"

"And the wife of a convict," put in George, a little grimly.

"I should not have been old Will's niece, only his son's wife's mother's," laughed Letty; she had begun to laugh again in these later times. "That would have been near enough, however. Not that I should have minded Mrs. Jones or Will Cobbold, or the convict taint either, George, if it had been you," she added, fondly.

"My dear, don't suggest such horrible ideas," said Mrs. Dormer, shuddering. "There are certain subjects which are not to be jested on."

"So Mr. Mounsey seems to think," said George; "for I heard that he has left the Park, and put it into Brille's hands for sale."

"What a blessing," said Letty.

But her mother, with a glance in the mirror opposite, looked dubious.

"I am sorry it has all come out so ill against him," she said. "He was not a gentleman; but all the same, Mounsey Park was a charming domain."

"Even with Will Cobbold at the gates, and that conviction for sheep-stealing to be turned up at any time?" asked George, a trifle contemptuously.

"Money can do a great deal," answered Mrs. Dormer.

"Yes, it can," replied George, drawing Letty to him tenderly. "It can heal two broken hearts, and make two despairing wretches the happiest people in the world—can't it Letty?"

"Yes, George," said Letty, with her hand in his.

SAINT BERNARD.

In the year 1112, the Desert of Citeaux, within a few miles of Dijon, was a nearly inaccessible solitude "where the foot of man hath ne'er or rarely trod." In the depths of this solitude was a monastery where men dwell who had abandoned for Christ's sake all that the world holds dear. They had devoted themselves to a life of perfection and austerity, and their rigid practices had obtained a widespread fame, forming as they did so strong a contrast to the abuses and relaxed discipline which had crept into religious orders. That life of perpetual sacrifice was a tacit but true reproach to the degenerate communities where luxury and self-indulgence were the portion of those who had vowed themselves to poverty. The reproach was too cutting to be silently borne, and the monks of Cluny—sadly prominent among the communities which had fallen away from their first fervor, could not suffer the rise of an order which was to them an ever-speaking rebuke. Calumnies prompted by envy burst forth on all sides. The monks of the desert were denounced as innovators who carried asceticism to excess, and accused of introducing schism and division into religious orders.

The Abbot of Citeaux at the time was an Englishman, St. Stephen, justly celebrated for his great virtue. His patience never faltered, and to calumny after calumny, his only answer was renewed zeal and vigilance. Nevertheless his faith was put to a severe test. Gloom and depression of spirits began to overcloud the usually bright faces of the monks as they passed silently to their duties. Death had laid its icy hand upon their house.

A fatal malady had for some time been rife in the surrounding country, but nowhere did it prevail so severely as in the monastery. Day by day the ranks of the community were thinned by the loss of some dear brother. At last as St. Stephen knelt by the bedside of one of his dying children, a great weight of agony seemed to overwhelm him; he buried his face in his hands whilst cold drops of perspiration fell from his brow. Must he see his beloved spiritual children swept away one by one until the order shall become extinct? For the first time his confidence wavered. A harassing doubt arose as to whether there might not be some truth in the accusation of his enemies. Yet in this moment of harrowing uncertainty, a consoling spirit whispered to him to seek light from God himself, by a strange and superhuman means.

He rose from his knees and desired the other monks to be called. When all were assembled around the bed of death, he said to the poor sufferer lying there: "You see, my beloved brother, in what affliction and trouble you are about to leave us. We believe assuredly that we are walking in the narrow way which our blessed St. Benedict traced for us, but that manner of life may not be pleasing to God. Therefore in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, for whose sake we have chosen the narrow path, I command you by your vow of obedience, that when you shall be with God you will return to us at the time and in the manner which shall please him to inform us, according to his will, what we are to believe concerning our state and the life which we are leading."

The dying man answered in the same spirit: "Reverend father, I will most willingly do as you command me if you will aid me with your holy prayers, so that I may be permitted to execute your orders,"—and having thus spoken he expired.

Some days afterwards, as the Abbot gave the usual signal for repose after working with his brethren, he retired a little apart and began to pray, and looking up towards heaven he beheld the deceased monk standing before him all resplendent with glory. St. Stephen asked how it fared with him, and the monk answered: "I am happy and wish you to be a sharer in my happiness, for to your constant care do I owe the ecstatic bliss and peace which I enjoy, and which surpass all that man can conceive. In obedience to your command, I return to tell you, my father and all my brethren, that our Lord Jesus Christ looks upon this new order with especial favor. Banish your affliction then, and let it be changed into joy, for behold God will shortly make known to you the riches of his mercy, and will send you a great number of novices, among whom there shall be many mighty, noble, wise, and holy persons; and they shall so fill this house that they shall go forth from it like a swarm of bees to overspread all parts of the world."

"The monk," adds the ancient chronicle of the time, "having uttered these words, asked and received the blessing of him who had been so long his guide in the school of sanctity, and then disappeared, leaving St. Stephen in an ecstasy of joy and gratitude."

This revelation revived the courage of the monks, and henceforth they lived in the trustful expectation of its fulfilment. At last one day, when St. Stephen and the little remnant of his community were praying before the altar of God for the speedy accomplishment of his divine promise, a troop of men, to the number of thirty, headed by a youth of distinguished appearance, knocked at the monastery gate. St. Stephen went to receive them full of joy and hope, and they fell at his feet beseeching admission into his order.

"Such was the effect of their arrival," writes William of St. Thierry, "that the house seemed filled with the words of the prophet: 'Give praise, O thou barren that bearest not, sing forth praise and make a joyful noise.'"

The youthful leader of that chosen group of aspirants to the habit of St. Benedict, was St. Bernard. In the year 1113 he entered the order of Citeaux and at the age of three and twenty took up the cross of Christ, which was to be henceforth the sole enduring love of his heart. The great ardor and sensibility of his nature centred on the all high and unseen God, for whom to labor and to suffer was his dearest joy—the one thought occupying his mind: "What more can I do? What more can I suffer for my God?" Is this difficult to understand? No! Bernard loved! *Da amantem et sentit quid dico.* (*St. Augustine.*)

Bernard, the third son of Teclin, Lord of Fontaines, near Dijon, and Elizabeth, daughter of Count Bernard de Monthbar, was born towards the close of the eleventh century. His mother had always been remarkable for piety, and had offered her first two sons to God; but Bernard she consecrated more especially to him, for, before his birth, a man of great sanctity had said to her: "Behold, you shall be the mother of a child, who like a faithful dog shall guard the house of the Lord and bark loudly against the enemies of the faith; for he shall be a great preacher, and with his healing tongue he shall cure the wounds of many souls."

The mother accordingly watched and tended little Bernard as a most precious flower, and he amply repaid her love and care. Whilst yet almost an infant he often stole away to weep over his faults and sob forth some simple, childish prayer for forgiveness.

When of an age to go to school Bernard was sent to the college attached to the church of Chatillon, renowned in those days for the great

erudition of its professors, and in a short time he distinguished himself in the various sciences, sacred and profane. Poetry also was a favorite study, and he became, perhaps, too passionately devoted to *les belles-lettres;* yet even in the eager pursuit of learning he lost none of his early piety, it remained as fervent as in the days of his childhood, exalted and deepened by the dawn of maturity.

Bernard returned home just at this critical age, but there a bitter trial awaited him. Six months had barely passed when his mother, his idolized mother, was borne to the grave. Her death was the cause of keen sorrow to all her dear ones, but to Bernard the blow was heavier than he could bear without flinching. She had been to him mother, sister, friend, companion, all in one, and now that she was taken the sweetness of life was gone, no human consolation could reach the depths of that grief, and even religion seemed cold and silent in the hour of desolation. All the fervor which but a short time ago had animated his devotion vanished, and nothing remained save a sense of duty and unutterable weariness. Earth and even heaven itself had grown dark for him; yet his faith stood firm, shining like a star through the darkness, reminding him

> How sublime a thing it is
> To suffer, and be strong.

To distract his thoughts it was deemed well that he should adopt some new way of life and sphere of activity. Now came the eventful moment. Would he try to grasp and realize the dream of happiness in this world, or resign it here and secure its substance in eternity? Natural inclination pleaded for the former; the secret whispers of his conscience for the latter. Young, handsome, clever, and the son of a brave and chivalrous knight, how brilliant a career was open to him—yet that importuning whisper!

Thus assailed by contrary forces, he remained for some time undecided, when one day, as he rode along unaccompanied, and in deep thought, the world and its vicissitudes appeared to pass before his sight as a mere show, and spirit voices filled the air repeating, "Come to me, all you that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." These words penetrated Bernard's heart with a new force, and seeing a church close by he alighted from his horse and went in and prostrated himself before the altar. Then a deep peace fell upon his weary soul; the old fervor of his love returned, and he vowed to consecrate himself to God forever. Comforted and at peace with himself, he returned home and announced his resolution to bid adieu to the world. Shortly afterwards he went to Chatillon to prepare for the great change in his life. There his words and example produced such an effect that numbers of the students determined to follow him wherever he went, and among these there were four of his brothers. All that had then to be done was to fix on an order, and Bernard's favorite maxim being *Si incipis, perfecte incipe,* "If thou beginnest, begin well," he chose the most austere—that of Citeaux, and his companions readily concurred in his choice. They settled their worldly affairs like men preparing for death, and Bernard and his brothers went to Fontaines to take leave of their father.

Having obtained the old man's blessing, they left him and rejoined their companions, with whom they set out for Citeaux, where we have already heard of their arrival at the gates of the monastery.

From the time of his entrance into religion Bernard's constant endeavor was to realize in himself his favorite maxim, *Si incipis, perfecte incipe,* and so prepare himself by practice for all that he was afterwards to teach. His observance of rule was unvarying, exact, and united with a simple joyfulness in the performance of the most humiliating and painful exercises of

St. Benedict's discipline, and the aged Saint who governed this nursery of laborers for Christ, watched with mingled admiration and surprise, the daily increase of his young novice's virtue.

At length the ardently longed for day of profession arrived, in the month of April, 1114. Bernard and his companions pronounced their final vows with deep emotion. They tasted the joy of attaining to the highest summit of one's desires, of the repose which can only come where the heart's void is filled.

Bernard's example drew so many novices to Citeaux that the monastery could hardly contain them, and St. Stephen was obliged to seek a place for a new foundation. In the province of Langres there was a marshy desert where it was suggested the religious of Citeaux could easily obtain permission to establish themselves. St. Stephen knew no one in that diocese who would help to maintain the new foundation, nevertheless he resolved to begin it and trust to God for its success. Accordingly he chose a certain number of monks, with St. Bernard as their leader, and desired them to go forth in God's name.

Bernard was only five and twenty, and his appointment as superior in so difficult an undertaking was looked upon by all with astonishment.

After the touching ceremony which invested him with the rank of abbot, Bernard left the church, and carrying his crosier, and followed by a little band of twelve monks, set out on a long and weary journey. They were obliged to cross tracts of uncultivated country and dense forests before they reached the swampy valley of Absinthea, and there, in spite of innumerable difficulties, founded the new monastery, and changed its name of Absinthea to Clair-Vallée (Clairvaux).

Years passed and St. Bernard became the most eminent man of his time. He was consulted by kings and princes, the rich and the poor, the learned and the ignorant, the strong and the weak—all sought this man of God. He was the adviser of the one, the consoler of the other, the revered of all. He was ever ministering to others, though constantly suffering himself from severe and prolonged attacks of illness, thus his whole life became one of uninterrupted devotedness and activity in the great cause of good.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE Dublin *University Magazine* is orange-colored, both in external covering and symbolically also, as its articles on the Church abundantly testify. The "Silent Sister," as Trinity College is called, does not keep her tongue when she has any opportunity of berating the Church. Then she is a veritable shrew. A leading article in the February number, entitled "The Hands that hold the Keys of Peter," is a coarse and vulgar critique upon the life and character of Pope Pius IX, of blessed memory. The article, of course, was written previously to the death of the Sovereign Pontiff. It charges him with the misfortunes of the Church, with infidelity and apostasy, and continues in a strain of weak and malicious invective. What the *University* means by misfortunes must be interpreted according to the Protestant idea, which seems to regard temporal loss as far more to be regretted than spiritual bankruptcy. A favorite Protestant argument for the Reformation is a comparison between the great earthly prosperity of Protestant countries and the poverty of Catholic ones. Macaulay said, you can tell the difference between the two religions in passing from a Protestant county in Ireland to a Catholic county, and from a Protestant Swiss canton to a Catholic one. Money is not one of the marks of the true Church, so far as our theological studies inform us. Spiritual growth in holiness is not parallel with the growth of manufactories, nor does purity of heart depend upon the excellence of underground drainage. There is no point in the argument. Catholicity is not an element of political economy; yet, even on their own grounds, we can challenge Protestants to a

comparison. They make the fallacy of mistaking effects for causes, and *vice versa*. What has Protestantism to do with the prosperity of England, as compared with Catholicity and the prosperity of France? It may be said that religion has very little, if anything, to do with either. The stock market and the chapel, whether Protestant or Catholic, are not on the best of terms. Christianity came to teach men not how to save money, but how to save their souls. There is no parity between the Church and sects. The Church civilized mankind ages before Luther. She had all the heavy work to do. She was the pioneer of civilization. Protestantism coolly appropriated the results of her labors, even to the meanness of stealing her cathedrals and churches, robbing her religious orders, and, most cruel of losses, spiriting away her children.

But to return to the *University Magazine*. The Church unfortunate under Pius IX! Hear it, ye heavens, and give ear, O earth! Why, she never enjoyed such glory. His was the grandest Pontificate since the days of St. Peter. Never did the unity, apostolicity, holiness, and catholicity of the Church—her four glorious suns—make such brilliant showing in the world before. The heavens and the earth were filled with her glory. Obscured by the clouds of the French Revolution, she was led out radiant as a bride by the hand of Pius IX. Unfortunate, forsooth! He canonized more saints, preconized more bishops, held the greatest of councils, and paid the most glorious of honors to the Blessed Virgin, that history records. We only hope that the Church will continue to be overwhelmed by such misfortunes as marked the reign of the great and blessed Pontiff who has passed away.

A WRITER in one of our popular monthlies has a sensible article upon "What our Boys Read," and he calls attention to the dangerous quality of the boys and girls' weeklies that flood the country. This sort of literature is shown to be mawkish in sentiment, extravagant in statement, and fatal to morality. The idea of boys and girls being introduced to a class of ideas and sentiments that children of a large growth cannot entertain without danger to their souls, is clearly brought out. Our juvenile reading was confined to such books of healthy adventure and interest as Robinson Crusoe, the Swiss Family Robinson, and the stories of Mayne Reid. Now, we understand, instead of the glorious prairie and the desert island, boys revel in luxurious apartments, and are frantically enamored of fair Dulcineas, shoot their rivals, run off with the damsel, and at the precocious age of thirteen speak solemnly of passing their declining years with love in a cottage. The idiots that write these tales should be summarily strait-jacketed, and some move should be made on the part of parents and heads of families, and of educational institutions, to prevent the issue and sale of the more notorious and deleterious of these papers. If Swift is right when he tells us that no man has ripe sense until he is forty, and if not then, he is hopelessly a fool, what sense have children just emerging from the nursery? What a miserable impression is left upon their receptive minds by the perusal of these infamous papers! The less children know about certain subjects the better, and as childhood and youth vanish, alas, too suddenly, a wrong is done them by acquainting them at an earlier age with the trials, crimes, and "general cussedness" that will soon enough assail them in maturer life.

THE two recent appointments to vacant sees in the United States are of such importance that we could not omit making mention of them here, notwithstanding the fact that their lives have been so circumstantially detailed in the more ephemeral daily and weekly press. The Sees of Vincennes and Richmond have been supplied with pastors who, before their elevation, were eminent beyond their peers. Mgr. Chatard, as rector of the American College at Rome, may have become more widely known by his recent tour of the United States in favor of the institution in the government of which he showed the eminent qualities that fit a priest to rule a diocese; whilst Father Keane displayed the same rare talent by his prudent management of the important parish of St. Patrick, Washington, where he has been a faithful shepherd over a faithful flock ever since his ordination. Indeed, the Catholics of both dioceses have every reason to be grateful in piety for the excellent choice which the Holy See has made in the case of each; and we hope that this mission is only a preparatory step to high honors.

ON the first of April the daily papers announced the death of Cardinal Louis Amat di San Felippo e Sorso. He was bishop of Ostia and Velletri, dean of the Sacred College, archpriest of the patriarchal basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore, and prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Rites. Born at Cagliari, Sardinia, on June 21st, 1796, he had almost completed his eighty-second year at the time of his death. Gregory XVI raised him to the cardinalate on May 10th, 1837, intrusted him with the See of Palestinia on March 15th, 1852, and made him vice-chan-

cellor of the Roman Church soon after. *Requiescat in pace.*

AT the early age of thirty-seven the Rev. Philip Rappagliosi, S. J., has been called to his reward. For the last five years he had been laboring among the Flathead and Blackfeet Indians of the Far West. On Thursday, February 7th, he died in a rude hut in a camp of half-breeds on Milk River, Montana. Father Decorby, O. M. J., attended his last moments and administered the last sacraments to him. *May he rest in peace.*

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE FALL OF RORA. The Search after Proserpine and other Poems, Meditative and Lyrical. By Aubrey de Vere. Henry S. King & Co., London, 1878.

The name of Aubrey de Vere is familiar to the Catholic world as one written high in the temple of poesy. The characteristics of this great poet are his deep religious feeling, his powerful dramatic genius, and his consummate skill in the composition of the sonnet—a form of poetical composition in which few, even eminent poets, are successful. It is observable that Tennyson carefully avoids it.

The mention of the poet laureate's name suggests a comparison between him and De Vere, a comparison which results in giving the palm to the Catholic poet. Both belong to the same school, the Wordsworthian, and both have put forth their powers in the same field. Tennyson's place among the Victorian poets, at no time secure, has been of late years seriously threatened by the younger generation of poets. His Arthurian Idyls, on which his fame will ultimately rest, have been growing more turgid from year to year, while the chaste and elegant poems of Aubrey de Vere show a marked growth of the poetic talent and metrical skill. All critics are agreed that Tennyson's dramatic attempts have proved most unfortunate to his reputation, whilst De Vere's *Alexander* and *Thomas à Becket* abound in dramatic beauties and *tours de force.*

In this collection of his poems we have seventy-five exquisite sonnets on a vast diversity of subjects and themes, all treated with an eye to the enforcement of some deep moral truth or Catholic sentiment. The following on the saints as painted by Perugino, is very beautiful:

"Glory to God, of all fair things the maker,
For that he dwelleth in the mind of man!
Glory to man, of that large grace partaker
For that he storeth thus his spirit's span
With shapes our earth creates not, neither can,
Till like a flood, her vanished youth o'ertake her,
And Heaven's 'New Song' to loftier labors wake her,
High artist then, as now poor artisan.
Mark, mark, those awful sons of martyrdom,
With their uplifted hands, but eyes downcast,
As though the uncreated light had dazed them;
The error of our brief existence past,
They stand like saints resurgent from the tomb,
Suspended still on that great voice that raised them!"

Tennyson is exquisite in the songs that intersperse his longer poems. *The Bugle Song, Elaine's Song, and Queen Mary's Song,* are full of a subtle melody which dwells on the mind like music. But like songs intended for music, there is little or no thought in them. Not so the songs of De Vere. Our readers will find in this collection the best specimens of his genius, and we cordially commend it to the lovers of good poetry.

POEMS. By "Eva," of *The Nation.* San Francisco. P. I. Thomas, 1877.

The poems contained in this volume were originally contributed to the *Dublin Nation,* and relate to the heroic but ill-fated struggle of 1848, for the vindication of Ireland's right to all the liberties and prerogatives of a free country. The poems vary in character, tone, and sentiment, but in the main they are the expression of the writer's intense sympathy with the national movement for freedom, and their natural and fervid tone indicates the depths of her hope and grief as called forth by the varying fortunes of her country's cause. There are also several very well-executed translations of some of Beranger's songs, though no subsequent writer can hope to equal Father Prout's or Thackeray's success in this sphere. There is a monotonous *lilt* in many of the songs and poems, and a rigidity of metre that indicates a certain inexperience in the writer; but there are many poems which have an ease, vigor, and melody that show no uncommon poetic talent. This, on Our Older Tongue, is truly melodious:

"From dim tradition's far-off opal fountains,
Where clouds and shadows loom,
Deep in the silence of the tall, gray mountains'
Primeval gloom,

Thy silvery stream flows down with music bounding,
Oh, ancient tongue!
With love and tears, and laughter softly sounding
As wild bird's liquid song!"

We recommend the book as free from those blemishes which destroy some poetry on Irish subjects. It will awaken feelings of patriotic affection and reminiscence in the Irish mind, as it is on the whole the best collection of Irish poems and songs that has appeared since the days of Davis, with possibly the exception of the poems of Speranza, of whom we are reminded.

VALEDICTORY.

WITH this number the further publication of the CATHOLIC RECORD will cease. We have been brought to this conclusion reluctantly, not by want of sufficient support and encouragement to continue the RECORD, but by the conviction that it seriously interferes with our other publications, the *Catholic Standard* and the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*. It divided with those publications the time, attention, and energy which we feel it is necessary to give them, and which we desire to concentrate upon them.

These considerations have been in our mind for some time, but we were loath to yield to them. We are naturally attached to the RECORD, grateful for the generous patronage that has been accorded to it, and impressed with the conviction that it was an efficient instrumentality for good in supplying, along with other Catholic monthlies, a species of literature greatly needed in this country.

But looking at our relation to the other two publications already mentioned, each extending from different sides over the field occupied by the RECORD, we have been forced to the conclusion that it would be better for the cause of Catholic literature in the United States, and the general interests we have at heart, if the time, attention, and labor required to maintain the RECORD in the position which, with the co-operation of many warm and earnest friends and supporters, we have succeeded in gaining for it, were concentrated upon our two other publications.

The *Catholic Standard*, as we have already intimated, covers the greater portion of the ground occupied by the RECORD, and what it does not is effectually covered by the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*. In discontinuing the RECORD, and concentrating our time and energies upon the *Review*, we do not, therefore, feel that we are abandoning to neglect any portion of the field we have heretofore endeavored to occupy; but rather that we are preparing the way for deeper and more thorough culture.

In conclusion, we thank gratefully and most sincerely the patrons and readers of the RECORD for the kind and warm afterest they have ever manifested in our efforts to supply them in its pages with healthful and salutary Catholic literature, and for the generous support they have ever accorded us. We indulge the hope, too, that though the bond between us and them, which the RECORD formed, will no longer exist, yet that it will continue still, and be strengthened and drawn closer through the columns of the *Catholic Standard* and the pages of the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*. T. D.

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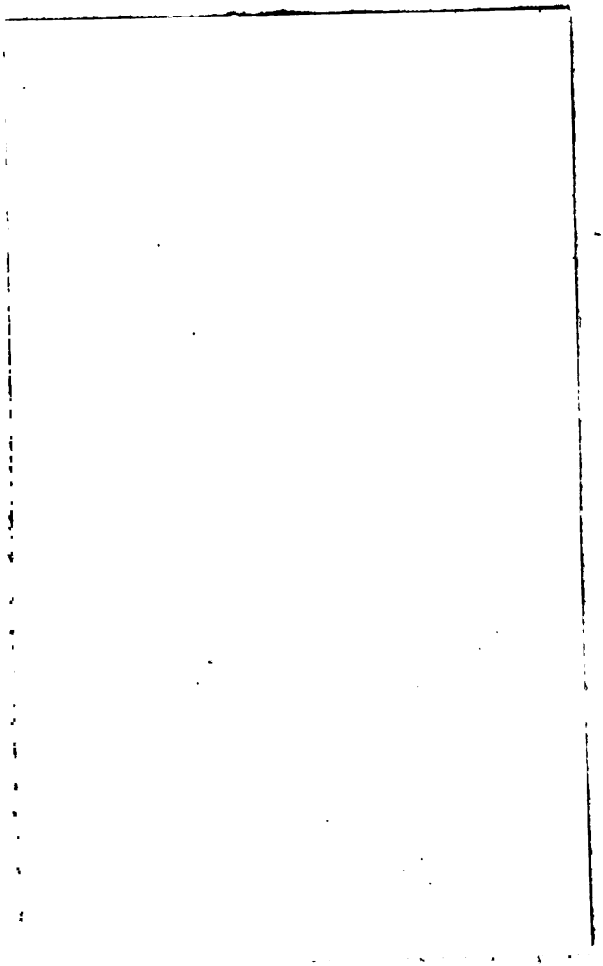

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